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An Invocation—Christmas, 1923

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

O Star of Bethlehem!
Rise o'er the fringèd hem
Of the horizon's bar.
Rise, and with radiance white,
Born of thy path's delight
Lead us away from night
To that poor Manger, lowly and afar.

"Once there were three wise men."
So spake the Scripture.
Wisdom, come again
And lift our blinded eyes.
Open, O threatening skies,
And let the fair star's light
Into our inner sight;
And we shall rise,
As once, in long gone years,
Men, whom we now know wise,
Followed despite of fears.

Scoffers have railed,
And those of ardent faith—
Yea even those—
Say that our Christianity hath failed
Because o'er God's green earth
Rivers of blood have run;
And, done to death, or blank with hollow dearth,
Myriads have grovelled, died beneath a sun,
Which, spite of woes,
Rises immutable, in golden calm,
Indifferent to alarm!

Here on this Christmas night,
When candles deck the fir trees, all a-light,
When Christmas cheer purges our hearts of fear,
And when in some deep cell
Of all our being there sings an undertone that all is well—
We know that Christianity can never fail!
That little Child born in the manger,
Jesus, meek and mild—
That Man divine,

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Righteous in wrath, though full of love's rare wine—
That Saviour, suffering because our sin
Ravaged his soul within;
Martyred and pale—
Nay! Christianity can never fail.

But, Fellowmen,
We, we have failed again.—
We, Nations of the world,
Who have unfurled
Standards of selfish greed, or slothful ease—
We, upon bended knees,
Must spread our palms, and joy to feel the nail
Pierce quivering flesh—
Or else our Lord *shall* fail.

Woe, woe betide
Unless each tender side
Shall bare itself to what the Spear may bring
Of quick, sharp sting—
'Tis, *we* O Christ! O Man of Galilee!
We, who have failèd thee!

And now on this thy night,
The night of joy,
When thou didst come, Heaven's promise to the Earth,
When Mary held thee close, a little boy,
Against a Mother's breast
For succor and for rest—
On this still night,
Thy star must shed its light,
Into our hearts, until,
With holy flame,
And in thy name,
We who believe that thou canst never fail,
Must rise, an army clad in steelèd mail,
And pledge ourselves anew to that deep love
Which thou hast died to prove.
Let us give love to all our fellowmen
Who, as we do, falter and fall, yet rise again
If love but faileth not.
O Christ, who standeth at the door,
Craving to enter—knocking as of yore,
Whose love is without blot—
The time has come when we, who know that thou canst never fail,
We must prevail.

Jesus, of Calvary and of the Cross,
Ourselves we dedicate
This holy night, when thou for peace wast born;
We, of a world disordered, torn and threatened by grim fate,
Pledge love again, peace and good-will to men,
Against thy loss.
Thou savedst us, who for our sins hast died—
Must we not now save thee, O Crucified!

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The "Toledo Standard"

BY LEIGHTON PARKS
Author of "English Ways and By-Ways," "The Crisis of the Churches," etc.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" murmured one of two travellers as the motor slipped across the Lombard plain, bearing them to the ancient city of Verona.

"Only it isn't June," replied the prosaic one.

"Not according to the calendar, but it feels and smells and looks like June, and that is what brought to my mind Lowell's line."

The travellers were John and Ruth Dobson, possibly not entire strangers to some of the readers of SCRIBNER'S.* Their journey was too hurried for letter-writing, but I learned of their experiences when they returned home, and venture to set down here a part of what they told me. Much of what they saw is too familiar to be recorded, but one experience was, I think, unusual, and that is what I shall tell.

The road across the Lombard plain winds through fertile wheat-fields thickly dotted with poppies, vexing to the husbandman but dear to the heart of the artist, and now sanctified by the memories of Flanders. At Tresso, where the River Adda rushes through a deep gorge, carrying the waters of Como to the sea, there is a promontory which almost bridges the river, and on it are the remains of what was once a mighty castle, in which the overlord of the region rested secure and, for his pleasure, tortured the captives whom his men-at-arms brought in from the lovely plain on which our travellers were now journeying, with "none to make them afraid."

"One might think," said Ruth, "that the poppies were the memorials of all the blood shed by those marauders."

"If all the blood had turned to poppies," replied John, "there would be no room for the wheat to grow. How our minds have been distorted by the picture of the Age of Chivalry as drawn by the Romantic movement! 'A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur' is a truer picture of those days than is 'The Idylls of the King.'"

"I do not believe it," said Ruth. "I think it is a detestable book! I do not say there is no truth in it, but I do say that the spirit of irreverence, an inability to see anything but the grotesque and the sordid, is not the way to read history. No doubt 'The Idylls of the King' has given us an idealized story, but, after all, it has revealed the heart of the men and women of those days, and there was much in it that we have lost in this industrial age."

When Ruth took this tone, John had learned to keep silence, or, what is perhaps better, to change the subject, and so he remarked: "Did I ever tell you about the first time I went to Detroit?"

"I dare say you have," said Ruth, "but I have forgotten what it was."

"Well, when I got out of the train and entered the hotel bus, there was but one other passenger, and after a moment's silence, while I was looking at the fine tree-lined streets of that new city, and wishing that New York were more like it, he said to me: 'When you come to a new town, do you ever wonder how they have gotten on without you?' I laughed and said that had never occurred to me, though I often thought afterward how strange it was that life went on just the same after I had left.

"'Yes, I know that feeling too; but what I guess I meant was, what is the point of view of the people who live in a town about which I know nothing? Is it the same as mine will be when I have become acquainted with it, or will it be something different?'"

"Well," said Ruth, "what is the

* See "English Ways and By-Ways," Charles Scribner's Sons.

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point?" She was evidently still a little piqued by the red herring I had drawn across the Romantic trail.

"Why, the point is this: when you go to a new town, you have some preconceived notion of what it is like. How far do you suppose that is from the notion of the people who live in it? For example, how do you think of Verona?—as a modern industrial town of northern Italy, or as the stronghold of the Visconti or the Scaligers or whoever the Lords of the land were, or do you think of it as in the days of the Renaissance when Paul and the other great painters were living and working here, or does your mind go back still further to the days when the Roman Empire was enriching it with mighty buildings?"

"I think of it in none of those ways," said Ruth. "I think of it in the only way I have ever known it—as the home of Valentine and Proteus, of the street in which Tybalt was killed, and the garden of Juliet and the tomb of Romeo."

"Well," said I, "it will be interesting to see which of the cities of the past is brought to mind when we walk its streets."

"As long as we escape the Industrial city, and hear no more about the 'Yankee' opinion of the Age of Chivalry," said Ruth with a laugh, "I shall not care. Verona is a dream-city, and if the reality does not correspond to the Ideal, so much the worse for the Real!"

Little she guessed what she was to hear!

There can be little doubt as to what impression is produced by the first view of Verona. It is the mighty spirit of Rome which still haunts the streets. Of course there is work of the Renaissance, such as the Tomb of the Scaligers and the noble bridge over the Adige; there is many a dark street in which one can picture Tybalt dying with curses on his lips against the wicked men whose foolish quarrels brought about his untimely death; one is shown the garden of Juliet, but how unsatisfactory is that to one who has seen the "Balcony Scene"! Not on the busy riverside of to-day did Valentine take ship for Milan and Proteus turn sadly away from his friend to solace himself with his fancied love for Julia. No, it is Rome which still holds sway. The noble arch which spans the street on which the modern tram passes into the Palazzo Vittorio Emanuele, and the great Arena built in the days of Augustus Cæsar, make one feel as perhaps nowhere else how long was the arm which Rome stretched out to the provinces and reproduced the splendors of the Capital on the very confines of the Empire.

Ruth was disappointed, and as we returned from our first survey of the city remarked: "'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,' and how fortunate it is that we are!" She had little time, however, in which to indulge her dreams, for as we approached the Albergo Milano we were greeted by a man standing in the doorway with the homesick inquiry: "Are you Americans?" When he learned that we were, his face lighted up, and he said: "You are the first I have seen in three days and you look good to me." He went on to explain that he did not speak Italian, and as the vocabulary of the concierge was limited, he was hungry for some one who could speak a language he could understand. It turned out, however, that, like many other lonely people, what he really wanted was not some one to speak to him but some one to listen to his talk. This we were glad to do, and the substance of what he said, as it developed in several conversations, can be condensed into our record. He told us that his name was Slade and that he came from Toledo. He proved to be the typical American, or as near that somewhat mythical character as one is likely to see. That is, he combined to an unusual degree the shrewd common sense of Franklin and the irreverence of Mark Twain with the kindliness of Lincoln. His views on Verona, and indeed on all Italy, past and present, may interest the reader as they interested me, as my friend John recited them.

He began by saying that he supposed that I was a college man, and when he learned that I was, he sadly remarked: "I sometimes wonder if the man who has had a college education appreciates what an advantage that gives him over the man who has never been to college?"

I made the obvious reply that a college diploma was no evidence that a man was truly educated; that some of the best-educated men I knew had never been to college, and reminded him of what Lord

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Charnwood says in his "Life of Lincoln," that Lincoln was the best-educated man of his day, inasmuch as he had absorbed the teaching of the few books to which he had access and had been able to interpret them in the speech of the men and women with whom he came in contact on the street and in the store or in the court-room. I reminded him that education is too often confused with information, whereas they bear the same relation to one another as food bears to digestion, the healthiest man being not he who eats the most, but he who digests what he does eat. And, then, mounted on my hobby, I went on to point out that the questions frequently posed in the newspapers to determine whether a man was or was not educated threw little light on the subject, for the difference between an educated and an uneducated man was not that one could answer offhand every question which might be asked, while the other could not, but that the educated man knew where the answer was to be found, and the other did not.

He was good enough to say that he thought this was worth remembering, but then went on to point out that it seemed to him the difference was also to be found in the judgment the two passed on the things they heard or read. "Take my own case; I have never been to college, but I have read, I suppose, as often as most men who have been to college the plays of Shakespeare, and I enjoy them; but my wife, who went to Vassar, says that I judge them by the 'Toledo standard.'"

"What is the 'Toledo standard'?" I not unnaturally asked.

"Why, what I mean is that Toledo is our home-town, and she says that when we read Shakespeare, or any other writer for that matter, we should put ourselves into the spirit of the place and time where and when the scene is laid. And she can do it. If she reads 'Othello,' why, she *is* in Venice, and feels just as those people felt at the time. But with me it is different. I read about the marriage of that sweet girl Desdemona to a colored man, and I feel just as I felt last winter when the daughter of one of our ministers married a Japanese. I don't know anything against him, and I don't say it won't turn out all right, but I think it is unnatural, and I expect trouble. Or take the play written about this town—'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' According to my notion, neither of them was a 'gentleman.' Proteus was a mean sneak, and we would have thrown him out of the Country Club if he had lived in Toledo. And as for Valentine, all I can say is that when he offers to give up his girl to Proteus, simply because he says he's sorry for having tried to break off the match, from my point of view the outlook for Silvia is a poor one. Now my wife says I must get the point of view of the Age of Chivalry; that in those days a man's friend was more to him than any woman. Maybe so; but who wants to see that spirit again in good society? I asked her if I had told Jim Hawkins, who wanted to marry her and was all broke up when he heard of our engagement, that he could have her if that was the way he felt about it, would that have been her idea of chivalry? Well, sir, for once I had her! But she says: 'How then can you take any pleasure in reading of those days?' And I say: 'Well, they are not all like that, and anyway I get pleasure in reading about things of that time by thanking God that I did not live then, and in saying to myself that, after all, the 'Toledo standard' is better than anything the Age of Chivalry knew about.

"And it's the same about history. My wife goes into fits over works of art that have been produced by men hired by the Scaligers and the Visconti and the Medici and others of that sort. But I say, what was it those men had it in mind to do? Last winter we had a lecture in Toledo by a learned man on Plato, and he talked about the Just and the Unjust man. He told us about men who were fit for the penitentiary, and yet, because they did things which were good for the city, were counted Just. Yet they really did those things not for the benefit of the public at all, but only that they might have the name of being benefactors. Well, what I say is that many, indeed most, of the people who have these beautiful monuments were simply out for the money. They hired artists to build wonderful buildings, not because they themselves loved beautiful things but as a form of advertisement to boom the town. My boy threw more light on the Age of the Despots than you will find in that

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book of Symonds which my wife carries round with her. When he had been round the town with his mother, I said to him, 'Well, Benny, what did you see to-day?' and he said: 'Oh, we went to see that bridge built by the scalawags.' Can you beat it? I did not let on that I thought it was a good one, because I knew his mother would not like it; but is it not the truth? When you talk of the Scaligers, you think they must have belonged to one of the best families, but when you look at their crest you find on it a ladder; in other words, they were the original 'climbers,' and the rungs of the ladder were made of the bodies of the men whom they had killed because they stood in their way. I wish some of those highbrows who talk so much about the glory of the past would look into things a little more closely, and I guess they would find that compared with the commercial organizations of the past the modern Trust is a Provident Loan Association. For look at the matter from the 'Toledo standard'; what were those Scaligers and Visconti and the rest? They were nothing but 'Bosses.' The modern boss is a mild and gentle creature compared with them. And when they get too bad, we can turn them out, for a time at any rate; but if the people were not satisfied with the Italian despot, and let the fact be known, they ran a good chance of spending the rest of their lives in a dungeon or of having their eyes gouged out. No, sir, political life in no country is what it ought to be; it isn't in America, though we don't admit it over here; but it is so much better than it was in the days it is the fashion to praise, that if the poor people who built these works of art—with no liberty to strike—were to come to life again to-day in any American town, they would think they were in heaven, specially if they are in the place the priest told them they would be in if they did not believe everything he told them, and did not reverence their betters. My wife likes to read me pieces written by a man named Ruskin, and while she is reading, I feel as if I was in a warm bath—it is so soothing to hear about the times when everything was beautiful, and there were no noisy railroads and smoking factories, and every man worked at his trade as if he was taking a day off and enjoying himself. But when I go down into this town and see how the people are living, and note that they can go on an excursion on Sundays if they have a mind to, without asking any one's permission; that they are better clothed, better fed, and better housed than the nobles were of old; that their children are going to school and learning to read and write—a thing precious few of the nobles could do—I say to myself: 'That man was writing pipe-dreams. The world is a better, cleaner, healthier place than it has ever been, and we are on the right track.' Then when the people once learn how great their power is, there will be an end of wars, and we shall see the time that we read about in the Bible 'that prophets and kings desired to see and did not see.' Well, I guess I have talked enough and will go over to the square and have what they call here an apéritif, a thing we are no longer allowed to have in Toledo."

Instead of an apéritif, John says he and Ruth took tea, and were about to start out again to see the amphitheatre when the proprietor of the Albergo said: "You will see that to-night when you go to the circus."

"Is there to be a circus?" we asked.

"Something altogether magnificent," replied the host.

It may not have been all our enthusiastic host anticipated, but it was good, and, what was better, it gave us the opportunity of seeing the arena crowded with spectators, not as in the days of old to see the martyrdom of Christians or the gladiators fighting wild beasts, but to enjoy the antics of clowns and to marvel at the agility of the acrobats. How I wished that our Italian was sufficient to enable us to follow the conversation between two clowns, which convulsed the audience, though I suspect the Italian speech of polite society would not have helped us much in understanding the *argot* familiar to the soldiers who crowded the upper tiers and to the bourgeoisie who occupied the reserved seats. All I could understand was that one of the clowns put many questions to the other, to every one of which he replied by the monosyllable "*Si*," sometimes as an interrogation, sometimes as a positive answer, sometimes with an air of indifference. But in each case there was a roar of laughter. A little

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girl who sat near us was so hypnotized by the display of wit that she forgot where she belonged and came over and stood beside me, and then perched on my knee, and throwing her arm around my neck squeezed me with delight at each sally of the monosyllabic clown, much to the confusion of her mother, to whom I motioned not to disturb the child.

We did not stay to the end, for the show was long, and Ruth whispered to me that we had come for the "atmosphere," and she thought she had had about as much of that as she could stand! So we left, feeling that we could moralize on the change that had come with the centuries, without the aid of Mr. Slade.

We were, however, to see him again that evening and hear more about the Middle Ages. As we emerged from the passage which leads to-day, as of old, from the interior of the amphitheatre to the Palazzo, we saw him standing near the entrance, and with him a poor little boy, to whom I saw him hand something, and I said: "Encouraging begging, Mr. Slade?"

He was much confused, and gruffly said: "I was only handing the kid my 'rain check.'"

The poor little creature looked at it with longing eyes and, as the band brayed out, ran off to find a friend who would dare with him the majesty of the doorkeeper. Whether he was allowed to enter I do not know, but I could not help thinking of the deep significance of this familiar American gesture in the old slaughterhouse.

"What did you think of the show?" I asked.

"It was not a bad show. Indeed, I think the man with the dog was worthy of Barnum and Bailey."

The act to which he referred was the introduction of a dog who answered all the questions put by his master that admitted of a yes or no, or of counting. He told the date and the day of the week, and answered many other questions which surprised the spectators; but the acme of delight was reached when, to the great confusion of the lady and the delight of the people, he pointed out the most beautiful lady present, by indicating the side of the arena on which she was sitting, the number of the tier and the distance of her sitting from the end of the bench, all this with short sharp barks as if he also enjoyed the confusion of the *bella donna* and the delight of the populace. Mr. Slade was loud in his praises of this, and said that he guessed that if it had been done in the Middle Ages the people would have thought it was the work of the Devil. He was much surprised when Ruth told him that that was exactly what they did think, and that the account of the same scene could be found in "Notre Dame de Paris," though then the dog's part was played by a goat.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "just see what education does for one. Benny was reading that book in Paris, but all he told me was that there was an awful red-headed dwarf in it that gave him nightmare. I sometimes wonder if there is not more truth than we think in the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps the men of old knew a lot of things that have been forgotten and then rediscovered. Well, I don't know how you feel about it, but I guess I'll call it a day, for I find this sightseeing takes it out of me more than a day's work at home, and, what is more, I have to be up early in the morning to meet my wife and boy, who have been to Venice, while I had to stay here to see a man who wants some machinery which we make and could only see me here. So I guess I'll bid you good night. But I am sorry you are off early to-morrow, for I should like you to see Mrs. Slade, and she would like to know you, for I think you would find her more like yourselves than I am." With that we parted, wishing that we too might meet Mrs. Slade and see what she made of this half-educated and yet genuine man.

Something was the matter with the magneto, and in the morning the chauffeur said that it would take half a day to fix it, and so we met Mrs. Slade, after all.

When we came down to take our coffee, she was sitting alone at a little table, for Mr. Slade, we learned, had been obliged to go into the town to meet his business friend. I spoke to her, telling her that we had met her husband the day before, and that he had promised to introduce us if we had not gone before she arrived. She was rather small and might have been thought insignificant till one looked more closely at her face, and then it was

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seen that she was intelligent to an unusual degree. Her brow was like George Eliot's, but the lower part of the face expressed a sweetness that was lacking in the portraits of the great novelist. Her eyes were a deep gray, showing both thought and humor. She had also that "excellent thing," a low and sweet voice; but when she said, "I am glad you met Mr. Slade, for I like the English to see the best our country has to show," I did not know whether this was an example of her intelligence or humor. I hope we did not show the astonishment we felt at having Mr. Slade held up as a model of America's best, but if so she did not notice it, so sure was she of herself and of him. I laughed and said: "But we are not English."

"Oh," she said, "I do not know why, but I thought that you and your wife were English; but if you are Americans, I need not tell you how wonderful Mr. Slade is, for you must have seen others like him. He is the most unselfish of men; he had to go to work when he was fourteen to help his mother, and so missed the schooling I wish he might have had. But he has read far more than many college men and is so original in his opinions. He accepts nothing on authority, but makes up his own mind about everything from music to sculpture." Then she laughed and I heartily joined in. "Did he talk to you about the Middle Ages?" she asked, and when I admitted that he had mentioned them, she said: "You know that is just a pose with him. He likes to think that the world is growing better and that America is the best the world has ever seen. He is an ardent Republican, and believes that the tariff is the corner-stone of our prosperity. I am a Democrat, and tell him that we are prosperous because we are the greatest Free-Trade country in the world. He only laughs, and once said: 'The trouble with you is that you never took a postgraduate course after you left Vassar. You are like the son of the Congregational minister at home who has always voted the Republican ticket and sent his boy to Yale. When the boy came back, his father told me that he had made the mistake of his life in sending him to Yale, for he was now a free-trader. I told him not to worry but to give the boy a postgraduate course in some business. He put him into the Monongahela Rolling Mills, and now he has gotten rid of all the foolishness he learned in college.' So we agree to differ. I am an Episcopalian, he says he is a 'general' Christian. If you were to ask him if he meant by that that he is a 'Catholic,' he would think you out of your mind. But what a good man he is! There is no reform in which he does not lend a hand; no charity which he does not help; no one in trouble comes to him in vain. When I asked him if he was willing to send Benny to a 'Church' school, he had a talk with the Rector and then said: 'All right.' I said: 'You know, dear, that it means that I would like him to become a member of my church.' He only replied: 'Have you ever been in Minneapolis? If you have, you know that there are fifty different brands of flour being put on the market, and every one is from hard winter wheat. What difference does the label make? Can you tell when you eat the bread whether it is made from "White Rose" or "Snow Flake"?'

"I almost wish you were English, for if the English, who in spite of all the after-dinner speeches do not like us, could see a real American—shrewd and hard to beat in a bargain, and yet so kind that there is nothing he would not do for a friend—I think they would not only understand us better but would also respect us more, and then the relations between the two countries would be what all good men wish them to be."

As we went on our way that afternoon to Venice, I said to Ruth: "Was it not refreshing to meet a man like Mr. Slade? Mrs. Slade is right in thinking that the English would like him. The day of the professional diplomat is coming to an end—I wish the end of the professional politician were in sight! If a man like Slade could be sent abroad to tell the 'shopkeepers' of the world how we who—as well as France and Italy and Germany—are now a country of shopkeepers, just as England was in the days of Napoleon, feel about the disorders of the world, the people of Europe would understand him and respect him. But now the politicians on both sides of the water are printing cartoons of the grotesque Englishman and the ridiculous American, and neither

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understands the other. Slade is the real thing."

"He is part of the 'real thing,'" replied Ruth; "but the 'realest thing' is Mrs. Slade. She is the one who ought to be sent abroad as our Ambassador to England. They are not all shopkeepers any more than we are. She is an idealist, and could say without offense something that the English ought to learn, and that is that some of them are making it hard for their friends in America to combat the hatred of the German-Americans and the ancient grudge of the Irish, to say nothing of the ingrained suspicion of England in the minds of half-educated Anglo-Saxon Americans. The people of Europe see nothing but the Mr. Slades; the cultivated hate him and the workers envy him. They need to see Mrs. Slade. Do you remember"— Ruth has her own process of thought, which it is not always easy for the uninitiated to follow—"do you remember a sermon which Doctor Field preached last winter on Elisha?" *

"No; you remember I was in Baltimore at the time. What did he say that bears on this?"

"He said that the Jewish people had produced two types—Elisha, the idealist, and Gehazi, the unscrupulous money-getter, and that the tragedy of the Hebrew people has been caused by the struggle between these two."

"Well, as you are fond of saying, what is the point?"

"Why, the point is that the same is true of America. We too have the idealist, who never counts the cost, and the money-getters, who count nothing but the cost."

"Still, I don't see; no doubt Mrs. Slade stands in your parable for the idealist, but do you mean to say that Mr. Slade is a Gehazi?"

"Not quite," said Ruth; "but I do think that he looks at things too much from the business point of view, and the only reason he has not become a 'Gehazi' is that he had the good fortune to marry Mrs. Slade."

But this led to so many searching questions that for a little space "the rest was silence."

* II Kings 5.

Berlin and Vienna: Likenesses and Contrasts

BY LOTHROP STODDARD
Author of "Through Rhineland and Ruhr—via Morocco," etc.

I HAVE just visited the two capital cities of the Germanic world. To one who, like myself, has not seen them since the pre-war days of their glory and their pride, Berlin and Vienna strike a common note of loss and melancholy. Both cities are very much "down at the heel," in both, the physical "plant" has obviously deteriorated and stands in urgent need of repair. Even in the main streets and best residential districts most of the houses show the accumulated neglect of years: peeling stucco, broken cornices, shabby woodwork, dingy paint, everywhere meet the eye. The saving factor is the solid character of their construction. Splendidly built of stone and brick, Berlin and Vienna, though somewhat unsightly, are still habitable after a decade of misfortune. Had they been "jerry built" like so many of our American cities, they would by this time be almost in ruins.

And yet, even in their physical aspects, one can note certain well-marked differences between the two capitals. Berlin gives one the impression of a city which is materially still on the down-grade. Not only are the houses in bad shape, but virtually no attempts are being made to repair them. A little new building is going

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on here and there, but the old plant is left to get along as best it may. On Berlin's famous avenue, the Unter den Linden, for example, one edifice only stands out a striking (and significant) exception to the grimy rule: the Russian Soviet Embassy. Stretching fully half a block and provided with a single long balcony which would form an ideal rostrum for a revolutionary proclamation, the embassy of "Red" Russia fairly radiates an aura of fresh paint, shining varnish, and new curtains in the windows. Aside from this one exotic touch, the "Linden" is a melancholy spectacle. Once crowded with smart traffic, its broad sweep appears to-day almost empty by comparison, while such traffic as does pass is the reverse of "smart"—well-worn taxis, decrepit horse-drawn fiacres, and infrequent dirty-white buses forming the chief elements. Only now and then does some shiny new motor-car, crammed with fat "Schiebers" (profiteers) exhaling blatant prosperity, strike a note just as discordant as the Russian Soviet Embassy on the side-lines.

Quite different is the outward aspect of Vienna. In Berlin one sees a city still physically on the down-grade. In Vienna, on the contrary, one sees a city slightly on the mend. Although most of the buildings are still as neglected as those of the northern capital, there are numerous signs of improvement. In almost all the better business and residential streets one or more buildings have been obviously repaired or are in process of renovation. Those fairly numerous freshly stuccoed fronts stand forth cheerily against the sombre background—refreshing harbingers of a better morrow. Another significant (and hopeful) aspect of these same renovated buildings is that they are evidently the result of private initiative. To the public buildings little or nothing has been done, the most glaring example of this being the "Hofburg," the former Imperial Palace. The vast residence of the deposed Hapsburg dynasty to-day stands neglected and forlorn, its peeling stucco and crumbling cornices a symbol of departed glory. Of course, this failure of the new Austrian Government to renovate its public edifices denotes its lack of financial strength; nevertheless it is a more hopeful sign than would be the case if the government alone were making repairs while private property was sinking toward ruin.

Turning from material aspects to the appearance of the inhabitants, the observer soon discovers a similar mixture of likenesses and contrasts. The thing which most strikes the returning traveller who knew Berlin and Vienna before the war is their common demilitarization. Ten years ago the military set the tone; the streets were full of smart officers and soldiers, while most of the public buildings were guarded by pacing sentinels. To-day one practically never sees a soldier. Incredible as it may sound to those acquainted with pre-war Berlin, I saw only two sentries during my entire stay there. These were the sentries in front of President Ebert's official residence—and they were stationed, not at the gateway, but in front of the doorway to the house itself, which stands some distance back from the street. In their dull-green uniforms, dull-steel helmets, and short rifles without bayonets, those two lone German sentries were as inconspicuous as possible, almost blending into the lichened walls of the old house behind them. What a difference between them and the Prussian Grenadier Guards who used to pace so resplendently in front of the Kaiser's palace or stand about the Brandenburger Tor! The difference is rendered even more startling by contrast with surrounding countries, which are to-day just as militant in appearance as they were in pre-war days. Travelling from Germany to Austria, *via* Czechoslovakia, for example, as I have just done, is really an experience. Czechoslovakia, small though it is, has almost twice as many men under arms as we have in the whole United States and our overseas possessions put together. Prague, its capital, looks like an armed camp, full of barracks and with detachments of soldiery forever tramping through its streets. One can see more soldiers in Prague in ten minutes than one can see in Berlin or Vienna in a month.

However, though Berlin and Vienna are alike devoid of soldiers, the spirit of the two cities is, in matters militant, a wholly different one. In Berlin one instantly senses a mood of suppressed bellicosity. The stranger in Berlin has it constantly brought home to him that Germany is to-day practically at war.

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People talk constantly of "Der Ruhrkrieg"—"The War in the Ruhr," public places are placarded with flaming patriotic posters, shop-windows carry boycott notices against French and Belgian goods, while in the hotel lobbies one reads signs announcing curtly: "French and Belgians not served here!" People literally clinch their fists and grind their teeth in rage at their disarmament which forces them to submit to Franco-Belgian invasions of German soil, and take solace in prophecies of an ultimate war of revenge. Meanwhile their "passive resistance" campaign against the occupation of the Ruhr goes on month after month, with the apparent support of the great majority of the population. This is, in itself, an extraordinary performance, implying a discipline and cohesion of a high order. In fine, one feels regarding the Germans that here is a people which, though suffering intensely and bowed down by misfortune, is very far from being broken.

In Vienna it is quite otherwise. Here one encounters a psychological change of a truly astounding character. The soul of the city has radically altered. Ten years ago Vienna was an "imperial city; its inhabitants prided themselves on being citizens of the capital of the Hapsburg Empire, with its traditions stretching back through the Middle Ages to the Roman Cæsars. To-day, all that seems as dead as the Cæsars themselves. The Viennese have renounced their past, have resigned themselves to their loss, and have set their hopes on a modest future, either as a state within the German "Reich" or as a sort of second Switzerland (without the Swiss spirit), living by the good-will of its neighbors. One feels of the Viennese that here is a people which has ceased to struggle; which has, so to speak, "thrown up the sponge." We must always remember that Austria is no longer really an independent state; that it has passed under international control exercised by the League of Nations. A year ago Austria was bankrupt, hopeless, starving. Its government frankly informed the world that it could no longer carry on and that, unless something were done, collapse and probably chaos would ensue. The upshot was that Austria was placed under an international receivership exercised by the League. This has worked extraordinarily well. An international loan has rescued Austria from bankruptcy and has stabilized its currency. In fact, Vienna is fast reasserting its position as the natural financial and commercial centre of mid-Europe. The spectres of ruin and starvation have been exorcised, and its inhabitants are enjoying an increasing measure of moderate well-being. They are not precisely happy, these Viennese of to-day. One can hardly recognize in this quiet, semi-passive folk the laughter-loving, easy-going, prosperous people of pre-war days. But at least they are free from positive suffering and are evidently thankful for that fact—like convalescents passively enjoying relief after long-continued pain.

But all this has to be paid for, and the price is a practical loss of independence. The real ruler of Austria to-day is the League of Nations commissioner, the Hollander, Doctor Zimmerman. This man is a trained colonial administrator, with a record of many years' successful service in the Dutch Indies. He is a very capable and extremely tactful person, who keeps carefully in the background and always leaves the semblance of power to the Austrian officials. In fact, he is not formally part of the Austrian Government in any way, his position being "merely" head of the League Commission to protect the international loan. But of course, in reality, he has the last word, because he makes the loan payments which alone keep Austria from bankruptcy, and since these payments are made monthly he has the power to close the purse-strings if the Austrian Government should decline to follow his recommendations and should adopt a course of action which would endanger the interests of Austria's creditors.

It is really an extraordinary situation, this spectacle of a people only a few years ago the heart of a great empire now fallen under an international receivership. Nothing like it has been seen since Lord Cromer became "financial adviser" to the bankrupt Khedivial Government of Egypt. So far, the strange experiment has proved a success. The reasons therefor are fairly clear. In the first place, the sufferings of the Austrians during and since the war had been so atrocious, and

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the spectre of utter ruin was so menacing, that almost anything was better than the condition to which they had been reduced when the receivership went into effect a year ago. But there is another reason, even more fundamental, and probably destined to be more important in the long run. This reason is that the German Austrians were not, and never have been, a "nation." They were the favored element in a dynastic empire. Their political credo was, therefore, not the usual one of national patriotism, but rather a curious blend of feudal and imperial loyalty to the reigning House of Hapsburg. Accordingly, when in the débâcle of 1918 the Hapsburgs disappeared and their empire was hopelessly shattered, the German Austrians were left in a sort of political vacuum. Of course, as always happens, the German Austrians began casting about for new gods to take the place of the old. Their first tendency was toward political union with their kinsmen, their programme being the entry of German Austria as a federal state, a sort of second Bavaria, into the German "Reich." But this path was sternly barred by the veto of the victorious Entente Powers, particularly France, who gave the Austrians clearly to understand that union with Germany would not be permitted; that logic must yield to Allied self-interest, and that the principle of "self-determination," however laudable in theory, did not apply to the vanquished.

Thus thrown back upon themselves, surrounded by hostile neighbors, and possessed of no patriotic faith to give them moral strength, the Austrians fell into despair, covered their debts by inflating their currency, and plunged into the slough of misery and bankruptcy from which they were rescued only by the unique expedient of an international receivership.

The interesting question now arises, not merely whether Austria will succeed in attaining and maintaining a modest level of economic well-being under international tutelage, but whether she will develop an individual political consciousness, part national, part international, which will make of Austria a permanently neutralized state—a sort of second Switzerland. For the moment, at any rate, the omens seem to be pointing that way, largely owing to Germany's misfortunes. With Germany sinking daily into a condition similar to that of Austria a year ago—bankrupt, starving, and threatened with the spectres of chaos and civil war—few Austrians would under existing circumstances care to join Germany even if the Entente veto were removed. Even the leaders of the "Pan-German" party, the champions of political fusion with Germany, candidly admit that their programme is at present an academic one.

Few shifts of fortune have been more striking than the way Berlin and Vienna have changed places during the past twelvemonth. A year ago, Vienna was in the depths of despair, while Berlin, though far from comfortable, was hopeful that the worst was over and that things would soon be on the mend. Then came the Franco-German deadlock over reparations, the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, and the practical renewal of war in economic form. By waging the "Ruhr War" with paper money, Germany debased her currency to depths far below anything which Austria ever reached, so that the mark to-day stands almost as low as the Soviet rouble—and may well go even lower before the story is told. The upshot is misery and confusion past comprehension to a "hard-money" country like America.

I left Germany before the mark had taken its dizziest plunge, but it was falling portentously every day, and the resulting pyschological effect upon even a lucky "gold-standard" transient like myself was acutely depressing. Depression! That is the outstanding impression which the traveller in Germany receives, and which abides with him until, like a leaden weight, it drops away from him when he has once more recrossed the German frontier. It is almost terrifying to be in a country where the majority of the inhabitants are worried, harassed, and oppressed by forebodings of waxing ills; where the working men suffer from chronic undernourishment, and where the intellectual and middle classes are faced with absolute ruin. No man with a heart in him can walk unmoved through the Berlin streets these days; at every turn, even on the Linden, he sees thin, pasty faces, and ragged figures. Nine out of ten of the passers-by have a strained, harassed look. Laughter

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is a rarity, while obvious despair is all too common. Crossing the Thiergarten one beautiful, bright morning, when nature was in her cheeriest mood, I counted on the park benches at least a dozen figures slumped down in the most utter, abject misery that I have ever seen. Most pathetic of all are the Berlin beggars. Nearly all of them are clearly respectable folk who have "seen better days." Few of them know how to beg. Wrapped in the tatters of their pride, they rarely solicit and never pester you. Mainly middle-aged or elderly folk, they are the advance-guard of a vast army pushed relentlessly toward destruction.

Go into the homes even of those who are as yet some distance from the brink, and you will be shocked at what you see and hear. I shall not soon forget an evening I spent with two Berlin University professors and their wives; men whose names are both well-known in the American learned world. They described to me their pinched lives, and their haunting dread of the coming winter, which they felt would be far and away the worst that Germany had yet known. These highly educated folk told me how, for years past, they had been deprived of the simplest amenities of life—no books, no music, no theatres, no excursions. Recently they were giving up visiting their friends in parts of the city beyond easy walking distance because of the high cost of trolley fares (less than two cents in American money), while even correspondence had to be strictly curtailed owing to the high cost of postage—although postage in Germany costs but a tithe of what it does elsewhere. It was in this connection that they unconsciously revealed to me the full depth of their privations. An argument arose as to whether it was cheaper to use old envelopes by pasting gummed paper over the former address, or whether the gummed paper was more expensive than new envelopes of the cheapest possible quality! When university professors and their wives discuss such economies, the intellectual class is indeed in a bad way!

Nothing like this is visible in Vienna. Of course, Vienna is not particularly gay. Those of my readers who remember the happy, laughter-loving Viennese of prewar days would be sadly disappointed were they to return and see a people so sobered by misfortune that even on a Sunday in the Volksprater, Vienna's Coney Island, one hears but little laughter. However, though the Viennese are chastened and shabby, they are no longer plunged in the wholesale misery which today afflicts Berlin. The Viennese beggars are ordinary beggar types; I have seen but one obviously middle-class "down-and-outer" in Vienna who in raggedness and evident starvation compared with his frequent prototypes of Berlin.

One thing noteworthy in both capitals, but especially in Berlin under present circumstances, is the way in which the old German virtues of cleanliness, accuracy, order, and honesty have survived. During my entire Berlin sojourn, not only did no one attempt to cheat me, but no one made a mistake in reckoning. Considering that Germany is to-day a land of "stage money," which when I was there averaged about two hundred and fifty thousand marks to the dollar, this is a truly amazing record. A simple transaction like a dinner required a formidable bill running into six figures, while one's hotel score looked not so much like a bill as a budget. Another feat of mental arithmetic was involved in taxicab charges, which were computed at twenty-five thousand times the gold-standard figures shown upon the meter. I tested out those taxicab drivers many times by asking nonchalantly and in studiously bad German how much I owed them. Then, I would jot down the taximeter reading and the answer, and would figure out the problem at my leisure. The answer was always strictly correct! I cite this as a merited tribute not only to the Berliner's honesty but also to a standard of arithmetical ability far higher than is even suspected by the world at large.

I left Berlin with relief; I left Vienna without regret. Berlin is too afflicted, and Vienna too newly convalescent, to inspire a gladsome mood. The serious student of conditions may find much interest and profit in both cities, but to the ordinary traveller in search of diversion and relaxation, my advice is: "Stay away until better times. These towns have so little happiness themselves that they have scant joy to offer the stranger within their gates."

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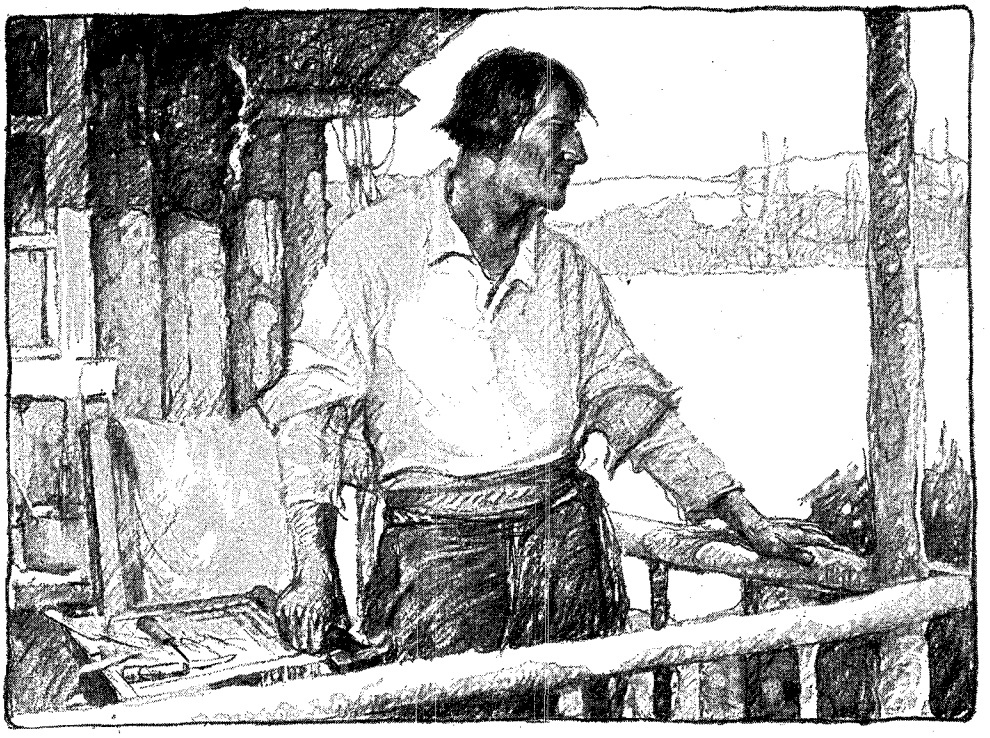

Ahbram stopped the hammer long enough

Extras

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover

ABRAM—pronounced Ahbram, because he is a French-Huron half-breed—has been imported from Indian Lorette into the new camp as carpenter. There are all sorts of jobs to be done. The roof of the outdoors dining-room was too high; also a woodshed is to be built against the side of the Chapelle, partly for the distinguished usefulness of a woodshed, but rather more because one cannot bear it that the Chapelle—the little guest-room—should rear so humble a head so high in air with nothing, nothing to comfort it. A certain forlorn look of pitifully failing to be a Greek temple in shingles, a lamentable, meek, sticky-upness, will be solaced, one hopes, by a long, falling line of woodshed roof. The new camp was built last winter with no M'sieur to supervise, and Josef, straining every nerve to do it super-right, putting tons and horse-powers of goodwill into the doing, has produced a few of the ugliest touches of architecture that the mind of man could evolve. The main building is good, for which thank God, but Ahbram's dexterity and M'sieur and Madame's guiding hands are needed around every corner. Ahbram is a busy man.

The roof is now done. It took pulleys and blocks and scaffoldings, and things one doesn't know the names of, and the four guides and Ahbram crawling around the contiguous kitchen roof and running up and down ladders, and hauling and pushing and grunting and lifting and hammering, all day long. Volumes of razor-edged Canadian French it took;

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to send us a heavenly gentle smile.

everything apparently was made to go with a chorus of directions. *As-tu-ma-hache*'s and *Monte-donc*'s, and *Ne-tire-pas-trop-fort*'s—all roared and sputtered and slapped about with untiring energy. Only Ahbram slipped in and out of the mess, quiet and composed, and did little talking, but, literally and figuratively, sawed wood. While M'sieur and Madame sat in the underbrush close to the sunshiny lake and wondered if somebody wouldn't get a neck broken now, and if ever they could accomplish it, anyway. It was a heavy job, a *fort ouvrage*, and everybody was glad when it was done.

One dined that night under a much-improved low, green roof, which was, by its simple self, the dining-room, and as the pea soup and broiled trout and bacon and the flapjacks and maple syrup were served one heard, over in the guides' camp beyond the kitchen, the constant tap-tapping of a hammer. Next night after dinner one went fishing, and as the canoe slid past the guides' camp, again the light continuous tapping of Ahbram's hammer. One saw Ahbram on the gallery, thin, aquiline, grizzled, fifty, with the small waist and broad shoulders and erect carriage and high-nosed outline of his Huron forebears. He stopped the hammer long enough to send us a heavenly gentle smile and a remark that it "makes fine" —*fait beau*—to-night—a cordiality not typical, likely, of his Indian ancestors. One gathered somehow next day that Ahbram was working overhours because he was engaged in wooden fancy-work of some sort and considered it honorable to use for such the time not paid for by M'sieur.

One day he came along the twisted trail over to the Château—the big camp —carrying his fancy-work. One had spoken vaguely of a little table needed for Madame's typewriter. Behold it. Ahbram had cut tiny bits of different colored woods and constructed an inlaid pattern for the top of Madame's table. The wine-red strips were *fausse arable*, he explained, false maple, a rare tree and hard to find. The silver-gray lines were

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birch; the rest of something else—one forgets. It was varnished shinily and built charmingly, and light and strong; Ahbram was proud of it. As one looked at it and at the big, rough hands that had fashioned its daintiness and remembered how they had toiled all day many days at heavy labor, and given many evenings from their time of rest to make this, as one regarded Ahbram's lean Roman face aglow with satisfaction in his success and in its enthusiastic reception—it wouldn't have been hard to cry.

It was a work of supererogation and of lovely good-will, and, with that as a text, one fell to considering how all along life it is the extras that count—the things one need not do. Ahbram was a capable workman, and hammered faithfully at roofs and woodsheds; one thought well of him for that and paid him three dollars a day. One had no thought of his doing more. But the affection with which M'sieur and Madame remember the elderly peasant, who could neither read nor write, is tied to the sound of a hammer tapping away summer evenings on a work unpaid. Yet, truly, the pay is higher for such work than for any other. The things one gives away without thought of return are the things which bring unmeasured rewards. There is an unwritten eleventh commandment, which says "Thou shalt spill over friendliness." And its fulfilment carries a blessing going and coming. A wistful world drops its mask of suspicion before those who, forgetting themselves, take time for the extras.

The Invulnerating Solution

BY DONALD OGDEN STEWART
Author of "Perfect Behavior," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

I AM not particularly fond of children—even my sister's children. But I am fond of my sister—and when I ask her every year to spend the first or last two weeks of May with me I naturally include John and Marian in the invitation. John is eight and Marian is seven and they are really lovely children—at least so every one tells Elinor. But, as I have said, I am not particularly fond of children, and a forty-year old bachelor engaged exclusively in the "pursuit and practice of literature" is no sympathetic or understanding critic of the relative merits and defects of the juvenile coming generation. Marian looks very much like her mother, which pleases me, and John resembles his ex-father not at all, which also pleases me. And when they come I have a good time with Elinor, and the children have always found plenty to do to keep them out of my way in the open fields around my "place."

This year, of course, was different. I no longer had any open fields since I had succumbed last winter to a particularly tempting offer and sold my "place." I was living, instead, on the edge of the city in more or less of a satisfactory apartment-house. Certain features of my new home—the plumbing, for example, and especially the bath—were undoubtedly an improvement on the quaint but inconvenient farmhouse in which I had spent the last six years of my literary life. One of the important factors in my long-postponed decision to move "into town" had been the vision of a beautiful long white enamelled bathtub. I like to make a ceremony of bathing. I like to experiment with imported soaps and different colored bath salts. I had always resented the Cotter's Saturday night.

In other details, however, I had reason not to be so well satisfied with my new quarters. In the apartment below me lived a thin, bald, German gentleman who had a flute, a piano, and a young daughter; we had words about all three—sepa-

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rately and in combination; we had been completely unable to come to any amicable decision.

And then, there was Mrs. Walters and her husband across the hall. Mrs. Walters had small feet, a small waist, a birdlike face, and a shrill voice. Next to the voice her most characteristic feature—at least figuratively speaking—was her nose, which seemed forever on the point of getting caught in the door to my apartment. I regarded Mrs. Walters with fear and aversion. As for her husband, he was a big, silent man who minded his own business. He was rather mournful and wore long underwear and a derby hat all the year round, but the hat was always too small for him and I liked him. I think that he and I had sort of an unconscious understanding about his wife.

On the whole, however, I was pleased with my new dwelling, and I looked forward to Elinor's coming with a good deal of pleasure. I knew that she would decidedly rejoice to find me living once more in the embraces of bathtubs, dumbwaiters and hot and cold running water. I was not so sure about the children. Coming from New York, they would undoubtedly miss the dogs, the chickens, and the romps in the daisy-filled meadows. But from the standpoint of the dogs and

He and I had sort of an unconscious understanding about his wife.

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"There, dear—there, dear—Mama Walters knows—Mama Walters knows——"—Page 661.

chickens the new arrangement was decidedly an improvement—and there were certainly plenty of nice vacant lots in the neighborhood where the children could play. I felt sure that they were old enough by this time to know how to amuse themselves—and on this last point I was certainly not deceived.

They came on Tuesday, and all was as I had expected—at least for Tuesday. Elinor was delighted and delightful. The children spent most of the afternoon roller-skating on the neighborhood sidewalk. At dinner there was much talk—especially from John, who is inclined, at times, to mimic the language and manners of his favorite Western motion-picture heroes—of a certain vacant lot which they had discovered and in which, on the following day, they were to engage in the digging of a "great big, huge, enormous" cave, in company with a mysterious personage named "Butch." Neither their mother nor I could get much more out of them; the cave was secret, "Butch" was secret; and both Elinor and I had too much to tell each other to bother further with the location of the cave or the genealogy of "Butch."

The next day I met "Butch." Several events and interrelated circumstances led up to the meeting. Elinor had gone into the city in the morning to visit an old Bryn Mawr friend, leaving me alone for the day with the children. On her assurance, I felt perfectly safe about letting them "run wild" in the neighborhood. After breakfast I announced the hour for lunch and retired to my study. They went out very excitedly, presumably to "Butch" and the cave.

About eleven I heard a howl. At first it seemed to be under my window and I paid no attention to it other than to bestow a momentary curse on the parents who let their children run yelling about

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the streets. I was in the middle of a particularly difficult chapter—a chapter I had already rewritten six times. The noise disappeared and I returned to my work.

Then I slowly became aware that the howl had entered the apartment building, and was coming up the stairs. I threw aside my pencil, lit a cigarette and paced up and down until the unbearable noise should have passed. It did not pass. It stopped outside my door. I suddenly remembered the children and rushed down the hall.

It was Marian—but Mrs. Walters had got there first.

"The poor little lamb has been stung," she said. "There, dear—there, dear—Mama Walters knows—Mama Walters knows——"

I was not sure just what it was Mama Walters knew—not evidently the way to make Marian stop howling, at any rate.

"Stung?" I asked.

"By a nasty, mean old bee—" answered Mrs. Walters.

"Hornet," shrieked Marian. "Mother!"

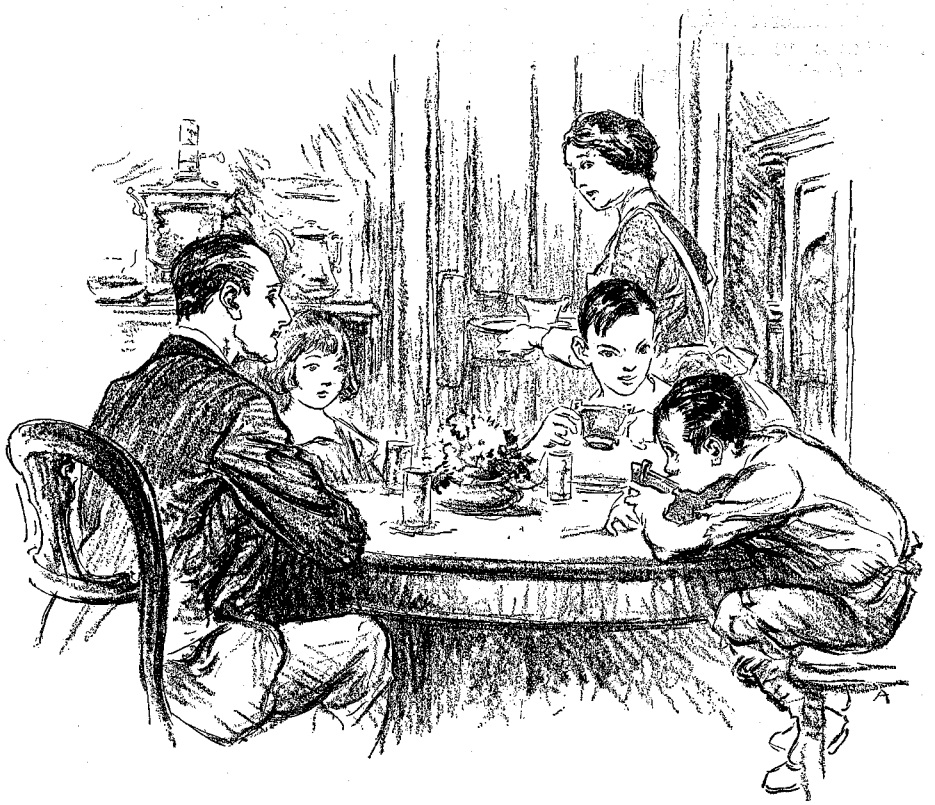
Before I knew it Mrs. Walters was in my apartment, and I was standing around helplessly holding a cup of alcohol, and wondering whether or not to telephone to Elinor for advice.

"There—great big brave girl," said Mrs. Walters briskly. "Just hold the poor hurt finger in this nice cool alcohol and the nasty old sting won't hurt any more—any more—Mama Walters knows——

"Mother," sobbed Marian, unconvinced.

"This is awfully nice of you" I said. "But don't you think I had better telephone——"

"Just leave it all to me," smiled Mrs. Walters reassuringly. "There's nothing any one can do. The child is just f-r-i-g-h-t-e-n-e-d—" This last was spelled out to me in a knowing whisper.



The noise was deafening.—Page 664.

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"I'm not frightened," cried Marian, somewhat indignant at Mrs. Walters's educational standards. "I want my mother."

"There, dear," cooed Mrs. Walters. "Mama Walters knows——"

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Sh—sh—sh—sh," said Mama Walters. "We aren't going to talk about it any more. We're just going to forget all about it, aren't we?"

"We were digging a cave," replied Marian, snuffling, "and oh—" she began to cry again.

"You see," triumphantly said Mrs. Walters, giving me a rebuking look. "There, there, dear—Mama Walters knows. Now we've forgotten all about it, haven't we? Look, dear—look at the pretty pigeons on the telephone-pole—the pretty, pretty pigeons. Wouldn't you like to be a little pidgie and fly and fly and——"

"No," said Marian.

"Oh, yes, you would," went on the demon comforter. "And your good, kind, handsome uncle who writes beautiful stories (neither as a portrait, a character study, or a piece of literary criticism was this acceptable) would write a beautiful story about his little niece who was a pigeon—think of that—a beautiful pigeon—and did you ever hear the story about the prince and the princess who—let me see—who lived in a wood——"

"Yes," answered Marian.

"Well, once upon a time," went on the unperturbed Mrs. Walters, "there was a prince who lived in a wood and he was in-vul-ner-able— Shall I tell you what that big word means?"

"No—" Mrs. Walters was certainly playing to a New York audience.

"It means that when you are in-vul-ner-able nothing can hurt you."

"Hornets?" the audience sat up.

"Nothing," continued Mrs. Walters, "can hurt you, and we are going to forget all about hornets, aren't we, dear?" Mrs. Walters was rocking back and forth in her chair and working very fast on her weakening subject. "Well, on the day on which this prince was to be christened his fairy godmother brought a nice tub of beautiful silver liquid—all silver. And that was the magic in-vul-ner-able solution—you remember, dear, what that means——"

"Yes," said Marian. "It means hornets can't sting you."

"Well, just as the little prince was about to be dipped all over in this magic liquid, there flew in the window a large, black beetle."

"What was it made of?" asked Marian.

"The beetle, dear?"

"No—the in——"

"If you don't mind," I interrupted, "I think I shall go back to my work. I have a great deal to do, and it has certainly been awfully nice of you——"

"My dear man, I have done nothing," shrilled Mrs. Walters, getting up, "I love children—I simply love them—and this is such a sweet child. I hope I may have the pleasure of telling her mother what a brave——"

"Oh, of course," I replied, "you and Mr. Walters must certainly come over some evening when my sister is here. Unfortunately——"

"What was it made of?" asked Marian, her eyes fixed on Mrs. Walters.

"We should love to," said Mrs. Walters, momentarily forgetting her love for children. "I have often sent little neighborly thoughts over your way, but Mr. Walters and I were beginning to be afraid——"

"Oh, not at all," I replied quickly.

"What was it made of?" repeated Marian.

"It's *so* much nicer, isn't it?" went on Mrs. Walters, nervously fingering the gold eye-glass chain over her left breast, "to be real neighbors—why, in the last place Arthur and I lived—in Los Angeles—I was *always* running across the hall——"

"Yes," I said helplessly, feeling the dark Walters closing down over my head.

"Have you lived in the West?" she continued.

"What was it *made of?*" Marian's demand had now risen to a shriek.

"What, dear?" asked Mrs. Walters, smiling at me so that I would not rebuke the child.

"The vulner-ation solution."

"The what?"

"The vul-ner-a-tion sol-u-tion."

"I think she is referring to your fairy-tale," I suggested.

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I left Mrs. Walters in the midst of a searching cross-examination regarding the exact chemical composition of the so-called magic invulnerating solution, and bowed the way out of the room.

surprises. Seated at the table, beside my sister's son John, was the dirtiest little Italian boy I have ever seen.

"This is 'Butch,'" announced John loudly and triumphantly. "'Butch' is

"Unten—ya—only come once unten and I will show you—ach Gott!"—Page 666.

It had been a morning of surprises, chief among them being the disconcerting surprise that Mrs. Walters had got into my apartment and that I had invited her to come again. I tried to resume my work but found concentration impossible. I sighed with relief when Cora finally sounded the gong for luncheon.

At luncheon began the second series of

goin' to take pot-luck along o' us, ain't ye, 'Butch'?"

"Butch" grinned but did not reply. I looked at Cora, who had entered with a trayful of consommé.

"*He* said"—she indicated John—"that *you* said it was all right."

"Of course," I agreed. "How do you do, 'Butch.'"

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I leaned over and sniffed, with the sickening realization of the sacrifice of my last four bottles of real bay rum.—Page 666.

Marian's seat was vacant. Marian, prim and shining in a clean, stiff, pink dress, was in my chair.

"I won't sit there," she said "next to that dirty boy. I won't."

"Don't mind her, 'Butch,'" shouted John. "Wimmen ain't got no place round these diggins nohow."

I took the seat beside our guest. On closer inspection he was even dirtier than I had suspected. Cora served the soup with dignity.

"Dig in, pard," gruffly advised John, "and let's get back to the 'Golden Girl.' We got work to do."

He and "Butch" dug in. Marian and I watched, fascinated.

"They think they're gold miners," she explained contemptuously.

"Think!" shouted John. "Listen at her, pard! Think! I don't callate we'll stand for any spindle-shanked, long-legged——"

"John," I advised, "eat your soup."

"Butch" took his consommé in the Italian fashion. John, the perfect host, followed suit. The noise was deafening.

"Did you know," I remarked, "that your little sister was severely stung by a hornet this morning?"

"Butch" grinned and John laughed.

"Ho! ho! ho!" he bellowed. "Did we know, eh, pard? Why, say, we pretty nigh plumb bust our sides laffin at the gal."

I noticed Marian's face and quickly removed the ketchup bottle from in front of her place. As a boy I had once foolishly disregarded that same look in the eyes of Marian's mother, and while I was wisely removing temptation from the daughter I felt reminiscently along the left side of my scalp.

But Marian did not translate her fury into action—at least not then. The meal progressed without violence other than that done by the visitor to Cora's clean table-cloth. It was an awkward luncheon party. John and his friend gradually became secretive. "Butch" did not say five words during the meal; John felt called upon to confine his communications regarding the "little old Golden Girl" to wink-punctuated whispers. As a host I felt embarrassed and a failure. I could think of nothing to say which did not sound patronizing and obvious.

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"Butch" and I, after all, had so little in common. But, curiously enough, about the middle of the meal, Marian seemed suddenly to have recovered from her aversion both to mining as a career, and miners as luncheon guests, and when I gladly excused myself after John's third "helping" of dessert she was apparently doing everything in her power to make the affair a success. If I had been John and "Butch" I should have been a little suspicious of this sudden complete change of front. I was almost tempted to warn them, but I remembered that in the rough life of a mining-camp there was probably no real need for the lessons in feminine wile so essential to the safe existence of a "tenderfoot," and besides I considered that there was quite a possibility that Marian had not, after all, inherited her mother's eye-for-an-eye disposition. At any rate, I wished them luck and returned to my labors in the cause of literature.

It was about an hour before I was annoyed by a knock on my study door.

"It's a gentleman, sir"—Cora's voice was apologetic, but stubborn.

"Cora," I said severely, "you know perfectly that I am not to be disturbed. Tell the gentleman to call later."

I plunged down the stairs, Cora following.—Page 667.

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"It's the gentleman down-stairs," she said. "He's crazy."

"Crazy!" I said. "I know it. What does he want?"

"He won't tell me," she replied. "I think you had better come——"

"You tell him—" I shouted—and then I strode to the door, opened it and swept down the hall.

Cora's description of my caller was fairly accurate.

"So," he said, "you have come—you have come—yes," and then he exploded.

"Sit down," I said pleasantly.

"Sid down!" he shouted. "Sid down! Ya—of course! Sid down! Gott—was für—listen, do you hear?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "Perfectly."

"Listen—do you hear—only come once—only come once and I will show you something. Ya. Only come once, my fine friend——"

By this time he was purple in the face, and the veins were sticking out at the top of his bald head.

"Come?" I said. "Where?"

"Unten"—it was a tremendously explosive "unten." He pointed to the floor and shouted: "Unten—ya—only come once unten and I will show you—ach Gott!"

"Unten?" I asked. "You mean down-stairs—in your apartment?"

"In my apartment? In my apartment? Ya. Hören Sie—in my apartment——"

He rushed out of the room and I followed. Mrs. Walters opened her door and stuck her nose out. All the way down-stairs he was muttering "So's" and "ach Gotts!" and "Sid downs!"

"Blease to enter——"

I entered.

"Only look—" he pointed up.

I looked.

"Good God!" I cried.

"Ya—ya—so—good Gott—ya——"

I turned and ran up-stairs three steps at a time. I tore through my apartment to the bathroom. I yanked open the door.

The bathroom was afloat—that is the only way I can describe it. I splashed across the floor to the tub and turned off the water. It was one of those modern tubs which fill from the bottom so that after the water has reached a certain level you never can be sure whether it is "on" or "off." I pulled up the drain plug and called for Cora.

"It's them kids," she muttered, vigorously sloshing back and forth through the door with a mop. "That Miss Marian—*she* said *you* said it would be all right."

"What would be all right?"

"I dunno," she replied. "It was something about vulner—vulner—I dunno. It was them kids."

Mrs. Walters's fairy-tale flashed into my mind.

"An invulnerating solution?" I asked.

"I dunno," she replied. "Miss Marian *she* said *you* said it would be all right."

I looked into the tub which by this time was almost empty and I groaned. There, in a wet soggy precipitate, lay the entire contents of my toilet cabinet—the contents of three tubes of imported shaving cream, the undissolved paste from six boxes of English tooth-powder, the crystalline remnants of my new jar of purple bath salts. I leaned over and sniffed, with the sickening realization of the sacrifice of my last four bottles of real bay rum, and the priceless ounce of "rue-de-la-Paix" I had given Elinor for Christmas.

I cursed Mrs. Walters and her fairy-tales! I walked angrily down the hall to the children's room. I knocked. There was no answer, and I opened the door.

In the centre of the floor were two piles of clothing—John's and, evidently, "Butch's."

"Cora!" I called.

"They must have gone out," she said, peering anxiously at my face.

"A brilliant analysis of the situation," I said sarcastically. "I suppose they went naked."

"Yes, sir, I dunno," she replied. "I seen that Master John with that Miss Marian's rain cape on—I thought they was playing some game. I dunno."

I looked out of the window but could see nothing unusual in the street below.

"Bring those bath-robes," I ordered, "and come with me."

"She said you said it would be all right."

"Do you hear," I shouted. "Bring those bath-robes."

As I ran out of the door of my apartment Mrs. Walters, of course, ran out of hers.

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"I hope nothing has happened?" she said.

"Nothing," I snapped and plunged down the stairs. Cora, carrying the bathrobes, followed. Mrs. Walters came last. On the floor below my thin German gentleman was waiting.

"So," he began.

"Blaa!" I shouted and dove through the revolving doors into the open air.

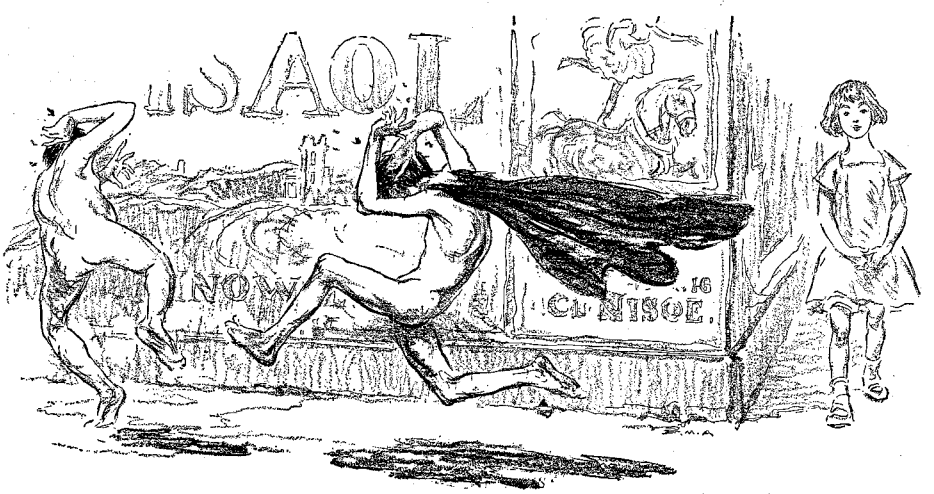
And then as I was momentarily hesitating whether to turn to left or right there shot rapidly across the street at the next corner a curious procession. First came a naked boy—a naked Italian boy. He was running as hard as it is possible for a naked, bowlegged Italian boy to run, and as his little fat stomach fled over the ground I noticed that he was frantically whirling both arms continuously about his head. Behind him—not far behind him—raced another howling nude, also slapping desperately his own neck and shoulders. Streaming out behind this second speeding youth, as if extended by wires, was what looked very much like a girl's rain cape.

They passed. After them there now appeared a little girl dressed in a dainty, well-starched dress of pink. She stood for a moment looking questioningly in the direction in which the torment-maddened figures had vanished. She was smiling faintly.

Then she saw us and the smile disappeared. With the grave serious expression of one who bears important tidings she advanced toward us. Her message was delivered to Mrs. Walters.

"It didn't work," she said. It was a simple statement addressed in the cold disinterested tone of a scientific report.

There was no shadow of disappointment in her voice.



Streaming out behind this second speeding youth was what looked very much like a girl's rain cape.

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A Child's Garden of Eden

BY BELLE WYATT WILLARD

IN OLD VIRGINIA

DREAMING dreams today in an old-world labyrinth of tangled vines and blossoms, the pungent perfume of the thorny yellow rose, which also grew in Omar's Persian garden, brought back a flood of memories—and I see again my childhood Eden as vividly as if still on tiptoe at the garden gate.

Distance lends enchantment, and this vision of a fairyland of long ago is now seen through a long vista of years and several thousand miles. But its beauty still grips my heart, and each overgrown garden I see brings back memories of that Southern childhood home which cling like the perfume of old-fashioned flowers.

It is a primitive land in which this fragrant Eden lies. The mad rush of progress has not disturbed its calm. Its beauty is still untouched by the ruthless march of railroads. Palpitating engines have penetrated almost every forest and mountain fastness in America—but they have not yet discovered this far-away corner of the world. This land flowing with milk and honey is still thirty miles from the nearest railroad.

Now, as then, man, beast, and his burden pass over the broad waters of the beautiful river on whose banks lies the garden of my dreams.

My earliest recollection is of a long journey, not over the blue river, but up hill and down dale, over rough, winding roads, under overhanging bowers of dogwood blossoms and tender greens, through dark forests and shining meadow lands, into—a broad valley of contentment. Here a straight road led through rich, fertile fields of luxuriant corn—its dark blades and silken tassels waving in the breeze.

At the end of this road stood a low, rambling house in a velvety lawn. Beyond—the promised land, my Garden of Eden, stretching down toward the beautiful broad river, here five miles wide, the loveliest river ever given to child or man.

Near the old garden gate stood giant box trees, like stern sentinels watching, guarding the forbidden fruit. Within low-hanging boughs laden with purple figs, tempting as Eve's own luscious fruit; lilacs and snowballs, violets and lavender, roses and lilies running riot, with low-growing, pungent, spicy shrubs that cling to mother earth and make the charm of old gardens. Bees, butterflies, and humming-birds darted from flower to flower, stealing honey as fragrant as any ever gathered on the Grecian Hymettus. Miniature yellow-birds, red-breasted robins, and brilliant cardinals flitted from shrub to shrub, giving life and joy and color to this bit of heaven, with its majestic dome of blue sky.

Each season brought its special glory, but the early spring days were steeped deepest in loveliness.

When winter had broken, great flocks of black-winged birds, migrating homeward from the far South, darkened the horizon, sounding the death-knell to winter desolation.

Then came the magic resurrection of trees and flowers and woodland.

The blue starlit nights were fragrant with perfume wafted up from the budding garden by the gentle river breezes. After those soft nights the early morning sun, with magic touch, turned our garden into fairyland, opened the sleepy eyes of hidden violets and trailing arbutus in the woods, shook up the lazy primroses, cowslips, and snowdrops in the garden, and helped Mother Earth put on her radiant vestments everywhere.

The lilacs suddenly burst into purple splendor, the japonicas into flaming glory, the apples and peaches into feathery pink, the plums into lacy white bridal

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robes, and all the brown winter twigs and buds into a thousand tender greens.

Then came long luminous nights, when we watched, across the flower-scented garden, the river gleaming in the moonlight, with dark high-masted schooners slowly passing by or tiny sail-boats suddenly darting off with the rising breezes.

There were misty nights filled with mysterious beauty, when the fireflies swung their twinkling lights through the garden on into green fields, toward the dark spreading pines near the old graveyard. Those soft green fields led to low, marshy lands jutting into numerous creeks and angles, the home of fish, game, and lovely feathered creatures—the happy hunting ground of all the cousins.

In those reed-covered waters lived a magic bird and insect world. Myriads of sounds dear to the heart of a child came up from the tall brown cat-tails, and the green lily-pads, and the pure white water-lilies, with their hearts of gold shining in the sun.

In the river, below the garden, were mysterious oyster-beds, where the daily feeding of the oysters was one of the wonders and interests of those early days. How oysters could eat and grow fat when their shells were so tightly closed that they must be hammered and pried open by a strong man was a mystery never solved. But they did eat and grow fat, even in midsummer, and there we enjoyed them all the year round, which spoiled us for all other oysters.

Beyond, at the left of the garden, were the servants' quarters, and still farther on, the stables.

My grandfather had his own pack of hounds, and the early morning hour brought them yelping for their run for the red fox. The gay fanfare of hunters' horns in the distance announced the return after a successful chase. No one else ever mounted my grandfather's pet hunters, Fairy Belle and the fleet-footed Gazelle. She was like a spoiled child, and at times as tempestuous as a storm. She had been left grazing for a moment one morning on the lawn, when a midsummer madness seized me. I dashed out to chase a butterfly. In jealous rage at thus trespassing on her domain, with ears thrown back, she darted after me, throwing me down, trampling, luckily, only on the little white dress, which must have been spread out for my protection by a kind Providence—for a vivid green hoof-stain remained, which would have been fatal to a little head.

I only knew my grandfather in this little Paradise after he had passed the meridian of life, but my visits there were like fairy-tales come true; though I confess I stood somewhat in awe of his commanding presence. When he died, at seventy-three, he was tall and straight as an arrow. Black hair without a silver thread; white teeth without a blemish; he could boast of never needing dentist or oculist. He attributed his splendid state of preservation to the fact that he never fully satisfied his appetite at any meal. There were few in those days, or now, who would have resisted the temptation of food fit for the gods.

There were terrapin, wild duck, specially fed oysters, fish, and game, home-cured hams from chestnut-fed pigs, turkeys, chickens, and geese rivalling those of Strasbourg fame, fruit and vegetables fresh from the vine, and no prohibition against the fragrant home-brewed cordials, brandies, and bounce made from luscious peaches, cherries, blackberries, and mulberries.

Those good old times have passed; the glory of country life in Old Virginia has vanished; but even now a few still offer to an unexpected guest a menu almost equal to those served in bygone days.

My grandfather's antidote for old age is now being heralded as a new theory by François Zavier Mayer, a Czechoslovakian, who proclaims complete fasting from time to time as the sovereign remedy for every ill.

THE HOUSE

As I remember now, my grandfather's home had no architectural beauty or interest. He moved there from a finer place up the river, which was bombarded during the Civil War. But to my childish fancy no masterpiece of Wren, Kent, or Adam could compare in charm with this simple, low, rambling house, filled with memories and mysteries and the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers.

A vivid impression still remains of the

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night I was allowed to sleep alone for the first time. It was a far cry from the baby bed, miles away, to this big four-poster, and the mere act of climbing up to it, on old mahogany steps, filled my soul with awe and my mind with a thousand fancies. The light of the glimmering candle cast fantastic shadows in far-away corners of the big room, and again, in imagination, I am "seeing things at night" as I saw them then.

THE BOYS

My guardian angel brother and my boy cousins, all older than myself, were my only companions, and led me a merry song and dance. There was no tree-top or roof too high for me under their guidance. But my brother taught me courage and calm in moments of excitement. To his early training and influence is due my quiet self-control when facing danger, which has saved my life several times in later years. I was always entrusted to my brother's care, and though we were tomboys together, he put the necessary limitations which kept me a gentle little girl when occasion required.

I lived in a sort of shadowy world or fairyland. The birds, the bees, and the butterflies were my friends. Imaginary characters dwelt behind every tree and thicket. There were two especially dreaded ones, Nicodemus and Bill Stumps, whose stentorian tones sounded to me like voices from another world. I often heard the voices by day, but I only saw the shadowy forms in the twilight hour, after the boys had disappeared through the waving corn.

These playmates were gallant little gentlemen; but when they grew tired of flying skirts, or wished to conquer new fields they feared too dangerous for me, they chose the most effective way of securing their freedom. With one accord they cast votes on a game to be played. Five against one always decided in favor of "hide-and-seek"—which they knew was my nightmare. The *mise-en-scène* for this summer twilight pastime was the cornfield just beyond the high white palings. The quivering noises of the waving corn in the twilight hour keyed me up to unknown visions, and after searching in vain for the hidden cousins I would give up the quest, staring wide-eyed into the deepening shadows, waiting for—I knew not what. Suddenly in the distance disguised voices, growing nearer and nearer, repeated in solemn muffled tones: "I am Nicodemus," "I am Bill Stumps." They needed no ghostly paraphernalia to conjure up in my mind biblical or other terrifying characters. I am not quite sure what Nicodemus represented to my childish imagination, but I know that I would rather have died than admit the uncanny feeling that overwhelmed me with the approach of those phantoms in the corn.

INLAND

Away from the river, through the virgin pines, my mother went to her Inland home when she was married. It was a long, low, two-winged, white house, where my brother and I spent the happy childhood days not spent in grandfather's garden. The chief glory of the place was a gigantic mulberry tree, with enormous trunk. Its great, overhanging branches formed a vast summer-house. Under its quivering green roof, with "moths of shadow and butterflies of sunshine" flickering through the thick foliage, we lived and moved and had our being. When we had played hide-and-seek in its boughs, chased real butterflies in the green fields, and gathered golden buttercups to our hearts' content, we rested under the dense shade of the mulberry tree and watched cool water drawn from the depths of a primitive well under its boughs to quench our parched little throats.

There were low-growing box in this garden, too, and the thorny yellow rose that grew in Omar's Persian garden filled the air with spicy fragrance. But there were no purple figs to tempt, nor a serpent in this garden, either; but sorrow came and the shadows fell when my father's gentle life went out like a flickering candle. There was never a happier little circle until his death left our lives empty and void.

This great sorrow was soon followed by my brother's departure for school, and I would have been the loneliest little girl in the world if my mother had not given herself completely to me. She was mother, father, brother, and playmate; but this marvellous relationship never in any way

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diminished my unbounded love and respect for her.

When my grandmother died my mother was only sixteen years old, and all the responsibility of my grandfather's house fell on her young shoulders. In those days it was no light weight, for every conscientious slave-owner trained his slaves in the straight and narrow way, giving them every possible care and attention. When they were freed, most of them preferred to remain with my grandfather, and some of these devoted servitors accompanied my mother to her new home and remained faithful until death, taking as much pride in the young members of the family as they had done in "Ole Master." And they all shared our grief when the final tragedy came.

THE FIRE

On a summer moonlit night the curtain fell to rise no more for us in that enchanted country.

In those old days there were no Bolsheviks or other lurking dangers in the night, so Uncle Cyrus, the trusted bodyguard, had permission to go whenever he wished, with all the old servants, to their favorite pastime, the all-night wakes. These always took place before a funeral, when all the friends and relatives joined the bereaved family in lamentations and weeping—and a general good time!

On that last night, when my mother and I were left alone in the far-away country, with only Mammy, Sarah, and little Josephine, we were awakened at three o'clock in the morning by the crashing of falling timbers.

Dazed by the noise and glare of the lurid light, we first thought it a horrible nightmare. But the terrific enveloping flames soon brought a full realization of our danger. The fire had already reached the low wing in which we were sleeping—luckily on the ground floor. We had not a moment to lose if we wished to escape with our lives. We had barely time to dash through the door, snatching coats and galoshes as we passed through a narrow passage, the only means of exit left by this wild fire. The lintels of the doorway fell with a great crash just after we leaped over the sill to the ground. Rushing around to the far end of the house, I climbed in a window, which the flames had not reached, and rescued a photograph of my father and eight small volumes of Shakespeare which belonged to him; there was little else saved from the ruins.

There were no fire-engines in that out-of-the-way world, and there was not one chance in a thousand of distant neighbors or stray passers-by seeing the flames at that hour. They could have saved nothing, though they might have brought sympathy and comfort in the shape of warm clothes. The two maids drew bucket after bucket of water from the primitive well. By this means we saved the glorious mulberry tree from the devastating destroyer. Then we sat on the dew-covered grass, helplessly watching our home consumed by the angry flames.

When there was time to think of ourselves, we discovered our eyelashes badly singed and our faces scorched by the heat—not seriously, but as one might be burned by tropical suns.

When daylight brought Uncle Cyrus and the negroes back, excitement reigned supreme for a time, but they soon calmed down, and drove away again to alarm the neighbors.

After seeing our whole little world thus turned to ashes, we were driven away barefooted in sackcloth—nightgowns and dust-coats—to kind friends, who comforted us as best they could, giving food, raiment, warm beds, and, for a brief space, forgetfulness in sleep.

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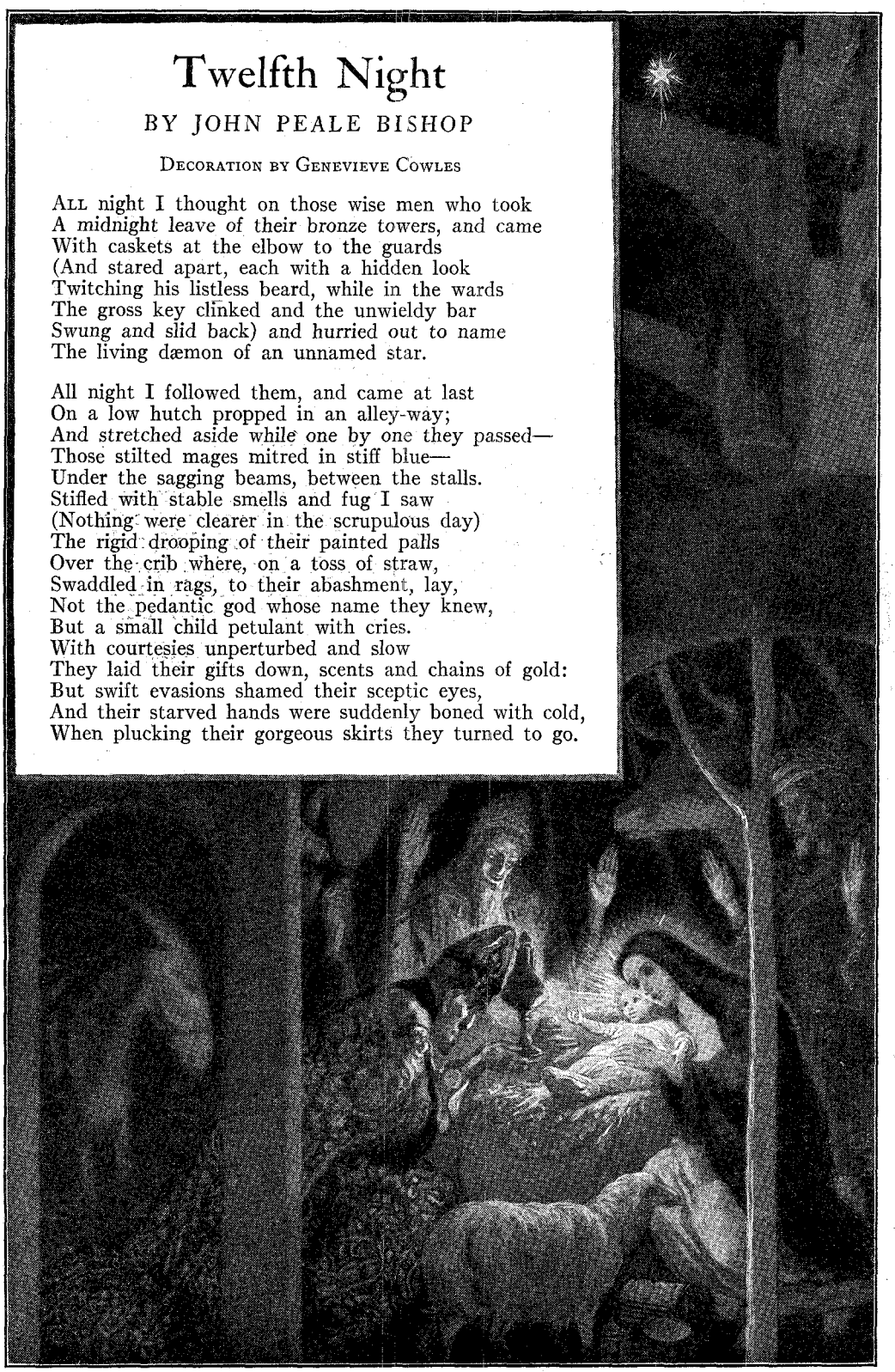
Twelfth Night

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

DECORATION BY GENEVIEVE COWLES

ALL night I thought on those wise men who took
A midnight leave of their bronze towers, and came
With caskets at the elbow to the guards
(And stared apart, each with a hidden look
Twitching his listless beard, while in the wards
The gross key clinked and the unwieldy bar
Swung and slid back) and hurried out to name
The living dæmon of an unnamed star.

All night I followed them, and came at last
On a low hutch propped in an alley-way;
And stretched aside while one by one they passed—
Those stilted mages mitred in stiff blue—
Under the sagging beams, between the stalls.
Stifled with stable smells and fug I saw
(Nothing were clearer in the scrupulous day)
The rigid drooping of their painted palls
Over the crib where, on a toss of straw,
Swaddled in rags, to their abashment, lay,
Not the pedantic god whose name they knew,
But a small child petulant with cries.
With courtesies unperturbed and slow
They laid their gifts down, scents and chains of gold:
But swift evasions shamed their sceptic eyes,
And their starved hands were suddenly boned with cold,
When plucking their gorgeous skirts they turned to go.



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An Intimate Portrait of R L S by His Stepson, Lloyd Osbourne

[A NEW and personal portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson is presented by his stepson, and collaborator on several novels, Lloyd Osbourne, who shared his life from 1876 until its end in 1894, and who for the first time gives his impressions and recollections. Osbourne has grouped his impressions round what might be called the pivotal years of Stevenson's life, and, in a series of vivid little vignettes of the great author at different ages, traces the developments and changes of his character. The chapters begin with "Stevenson at Twenty-six," and end with "The Death of Stevenson," at forty-four. This is the second of four numbers.]

II

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-FOUR

WHEN I came out to Hyères in 1884 I had been absent a year from my mother and R L S. A year is an immense period in a growing boy's life, and I was now almost sixteen, with the dawning perceptions of early manhood—a tall, diffident fellow of the embryo intellectual type, who had been promoted to have an overcoat for the first time, and was occasionally called "Mr." by short-sighted people.

I was aware of a curious change in my family, while in reality the change was largely in myself. I had expected to take up things where I had left off, and felt a little baffled and lonely as I readjusted myself to altered conditions. It was not that R L S was not extremely kind, or that anything was lacking in the warmth of his welcome. But somehow he had receded from me; and though my mother stuffed me with delicacies, and overflowed with confidences about the new life and new interests, she had receded, too. Woggs, the Skye terrier, alone met me on the old basis. That year was nothing to Woggs; there was no recession about *him;* he jumped all over me and smelled the same boy.

This first impression of aloofness gradually disappeared, but on marshalling my recollections it does seem strange that I strolled so seldom with R L S, and talked with him so little, and have nothing of any very personal kind to recall. Perhaps the atmosphere of robust Philistinism I had brought from my English tutor's repelled him; perhaps the effort to turn me into a conventional and commonplace young Englishman had only been too successful. But whatever the explanation, it was at least the only time in my life when Stevenson and I were not delightfully intimate. My own idea is that the routine of his days was so pleasantly filled that I was hardly more than a supernumerary; too old for any childish appeal, and too immature for any other. I was in the nature of an interruption, to be borne with amiably but exciting no special interest.

R L S looked very well, and much better than I last remembered him. His hair was cut short; he wore presentable clothes; and at a little distance, in a straw hat, he might have been mistaken for an ordinary member of society. The short black cape, or *pélerine*, that he always preferred to an overcoat was a typically French garment, and in France, of course, aroused no comment. In fact I found he had become very much of a Frenchman, even to the little "*Imperial*" on his chin. Speaking French as fluently as his own language; as familiar with French literature and French politics as with English; nowhere more at home than in his adopted country, he had shed nearly everything English about him.

"La Solitude," as our cottage was

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called, was a most coquettish little place; it had been exhibited at the World's Fair, and had won the first prize in its class—and looked it. Even the flowers that grew all over it had the unreal quality of a stage-setting. Passers by, gazing up at it from the road below, could be heard commenting on how it had been moved, with every board and brick carefully numbered, from its triumphant exhibition in Paris. It might indeed, have almost been called one of the sights of Hyères; and the outlook from it, with the islands in the distance, was superb. Here in the midst of a little garden was "La Solitude," with the air of asking you to stop for an ice or a souvenir postcard.

It is easy to understand what R L S wrote afterward, that the time he spent in Hyères was the happiest in his life. He was working hard and well; was gaining recognition and making a fair income; had many irons in the fire, or coming out of it: "Prince Otto," "The Silverado Squatters," "Penny Whistles" (afterward renamed the "Child's Garden of Verse"), and many essays that were later to become so famous. It is worth noting perhaps that his ambition for "Prince Otto" was inordinate; some of its chapters he rewrote as many as seven times; of all of his books, save the "Master of Ballantrae"—and later, "Weir,"—it was closest to his heart. For the "Child's Garden," on the contrary, which will probably outlive all his work and has entered into the soul of the race, his attitude was more of an indulgent indifference once the poems had been collected. I remember his saying: "By Jove, I believe I could make a little book out of those things if I wrote a few more; they are trifling enough, but not without a certain charm."

The routine of his existence suited him to perfection—at his desk all the morning; then luncheon with an excellent *vin du pays*, and never lacking a salad; a stroll afterward in the sunshine, to drop in and talk politics with old Le Roux, the wine-merchant, or to have a chat with his friend, Powell, the English chemist. Then home to look over his correspondence and write a few letters, with an excellent little dinner to follow and a conversation shared by Valentine, our vivacious cook and maid of all work. She was a charming girl, far above her class, and with a sparkling sense of humor, who reviewed the whole neighborhood and nightly brought its annals up to date.

Although R L S always wrote so feelingly about his friends it was remarkable how well he could do without them. Few men had so little need of intimacies as he. Human intercourse of some kind was essential; it was the breath of life to him; but any one with any originality of mind and power of expression would suffice. He was very happy with Le Roux, and Powell, and the dark keen local doctor, and a young Englishman in a bright-blue coat (his coat lingers long after I have forgotten his name and his face), who was raising early vegetables for the market, and finding much entertainment if but little money in an enterprise so singular for a man of his class and position. R L S loved talk and argument and discussion; it refreshed him; exhilarated him; brought him home with brightened eyes and a good appetite. It was his form of cocktail.

It must be remembered that he was one of the most prepossessed men that ever lived. Call him an egoist if you like; such is the common reproach of his critics; but it was his work that always came first, that animated all his thoughts, that was the consuming joy and passion of his life. Unconsciously I think he graded his friends by their interest in it; regarded them as helpful satellites who could assist and cheer him on his way. Doubtless this statement will be thought cynical—almost a disparagement. But it is neither. Stevenson offers the fascinating study of a man whose spiritual concentration kept him alive. He simply wouldn't die; refused to; and those who would have him different would not now be reading his books—because there would have been no books. In the light of modern psychology it is very plain what enabled him to hold death at bay till forty-four, while so many of his generation with the same disease, and infinitely less impaired, succumbed long before him. First, it was this tremendous prepossession for his work, and secondly, his invincible refusal

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to become an invalid. He was never willing to coddle himself, or to acquiesce in illness if he could possibly avoid doing so. He would say, with his habitual emphasis and determination: "Oh, hell, what does it matter? Let me die with my boots on."

It has always been a satisfaction to me that he did. Unlacing them as he lay dead that reiterated remark of his came back to me very poignantly. Intrepid to the end he had had his wish, which was symbolic of so much more.

I often think it was a mistake he ever left Hyères; it was so entirely congenial and suited him so well, though the last word must be used in a relative sense. The reason was absurd. My mother, with a view of keeping up with the advance of medicine and gaining some hints that might help R L S, subscribed to the *Lancet*—the well-known medical weekly. It was the worst reading in the world for her, as it is for any layman who foolishly tries to trespass on a highly technical domain. Stevenson, true to himself and wiser, left it severely alone. But my mother glued herself to it, and began to fill her mind with all sorts of bogeys. Vinegar was discovered to be full of perils; salads carried the eggs of tapeworms; salt hardened your arteries and shortened your days; heaven only knows what all she discovered in the way of lurking dangers, previously undreamed of; and when the climax came in an outbreak of cholera in the old part of the town, with a terrible death-roll amongst its poor, dirty neglected inhabitants, she fell into a panic and began to work on R L S to abandon Hyères as a place too dangerous to live in.

Had it not been for the *Lancet*, I doubt if R L S would ever have left Hyères.

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-FIVE

"WENSLEYDALE" was one of a tall row of lodging-houses on the West Cliff of Bournemouth, overlooking the sands below, and with a gloriously sparkling view of the Needles and the Isle of Wight. In that Golden Age there was a whole race of people who kept such houses, and who made you extremely comfortable and often fed you admirably for a few shillings a week. The Great War seems to have swept them away. One wonders on what battle-fields all those middle-aged ladies perished, for they have gone; and gone too, their competence, cleanliness and cheer; their brooches and rustling black and illegible weekly accounts, which however small, were invariably larger than one expected.

It was lovely Autumn weather when R L S and my mother arrived. They were in the highest spirits; everything pleased them; and although they were carrying all they possessed with them, and had neither home nor plans—and ought to have been rather forlorn, one should think—they were as happy as grigs, and seemed not to have a care in the world. They were supposed to come for a few weeks to see a little of me before I left my tutor's to enter Edinburgh University; nothing was further from their minds than to remain in England; it was taken for granted that they would finally return to the Continent to seek another and a more hygienic Hyères. Little could they foresee that their visit to Bournemouth was destined to last almost three years; and was then to lead, not to France or Italy but to America and the South Sea Islands.

I am dwelling on the gaiety of those months at "Wensleydale" because it marked what might be called the end of an epoch in Stevenson's life. He was never afterward so boyish or so lighthearted; it was the final flare-up of his departing youth. The years that followed, however full they were of interest and achievement, were grayer; it was a soberer and a more preoccupied man that lived them. The happy-go-lucky Bohemian, who had been rich if he could jingle ten pounds in his pocket, and who talked so cheerfully of touring France in a caravan, giving patriotic lectures with a magic lantern on "The Incomparable Colonies of France"—with an ensuing collection in the lecturer's hat—was soon to discover that success had its penalties as well as its sweets. It was all inevitable of course; such hard work could not escape its reward, and none of us can keep

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back the clock. Stevenson is to be envied that he retained his youth as long as he did.

But he left it at "Wensleydale."

Henley came—a great, glowing, massive-shouldered fellow with a big red beard and a crutch; jovial, astoundingly clever, and with a laugh that rolled out like music. Never was there such another as William Ernest Henley; he had an unimaginable fire and vitality; he swept one off one's feet. There are no words that can describe the quality he had of exalting those about him; of communicating his own rousing self-confidence and belief in himself; in the presence of this demigod, who thrilled you by his appreciation, you became a demigod yourself, and felt the elation of an Olympian who never until then had known the tithe of what was in him. There is still a fellowship of those who proudly call themselves "Henley's young men." I hope it will not sound presumptuous to say I was the first. It certainly calls for some expression of modesty, for amongst them are some of the most brilliant men in England.

Even after all these years there is a surge in my heart as I recollect Henley; he shines through the mist with an effulgence; that magic voice rises out of the grave with its unforgotten cadences. He was the first man I had ever called by his surname; the first friend I had ever sought and won; he said the most flattering things of me behind my back, and intoxicated me by his regard. How I idolized him! He would not have been Henley had he not responded to this hero-worshipping boy. If we had been gay before his coming, our gaiety was now intensified a hundredfold.

And he had come to make us all rich! Yes, the secret of Crœsus was in that shabby little black writing-case. We were enveloped in a gorgeous dream; the dingy walls of "Wensleydale" receded, and we found ourselves in a palace of "The Arabian Nights"; we gazed out over the sparkling sea, and it was our own yacht we saw in the offing, with the water foaming under her bows, and her bright flags streaming in the breeze. Dreams, dreams and always the cadence of that unforgotten voice!

R L S was no longer to plod along as he had been doing; Henley was to abandon his grinding and ill-paid editorship; together they would combine to write plays—marvellous plays that would run for hundreds of nights and bring in thousands of pounds; plays that would revive the perishing drama, now hopelessly given over to imbeciles, who kept yachts and mistresses on money virtually filched from the public; plays that would be billed on all the hoardings with the electrifying words "by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley."

R L S entered enthusiastically into this collaboration, though with his underlying Scotch caution I doubt if he allowed himself to be wholly transported into Henley's fairy-land. But he was stirred, nevertheless; shared to some degree, though reservedly, those ardent day-dreams of wealth; worked at the plays with extraordinary gusto and industry. "Beau Austin" was written in four days, and I shall never forget Henley reading it aloud—so movingly, so tenderly that my eyes were wet with tears. But deep down within me was a disappointment I tried hard to stifle. "Beau Austin" was beautiful, of course; it was a masterpiece—there could be no question of that; but was it likely to lessen the yachts and mistresses of the imbeciles? A doubting voice answered "No"; for as a constant patron of the imbeciles I found great pleasure in their plays, and was ashamed to admit I preferred them to "Beau Austin."

But disillusionment was slow in coming, even though the succeeding plays pleased me as little as the first. The gorgeous dream was not so easily wafted away. It persisted—for me at least—long after we had left that fairy palace on the West Cliff. But Stevenson, I think, came soonest out of the spell—was the first to rub his eyes and recover his common sense. His ardor certainly declined; in the interval of Henley's absences he very gladly returned to his own work, and had as a playwright to be resuscitated by his unshaken collaborator, who was as confident and eager as ever.

R L S lost not only the last flicker of his youth in "Wensleydale," but I believe also any conviction that he might become a popular dramatist.

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STEVENSON AT THIRTY-SEVEN

"SKERRYVORE" was an unusually attractive suburban house, set in an acre and a half of ground; and its previous owner—a retired naval captain—had been at no little expense to improve and add to it. Somehow it was typical of an old sailor; it was so trim, so well arranged, so much thought had been given to its many conveniences. One felt it was a dream-come-true of long years passed at sea—even to the natty little stable, the miniature coach-house, and the faultlessly bricked court, faultlessly slanted to the central drain. Of course it had a pigeon-cote; what old seaman would be happy ashore without one? And through all my memories of "Skerryvore" runs that melodious cooing, and the flutter of wings on the lawn.

The house and five hundred pounds toward furnishing it were a wedding present to my mother from R L S's parents. The wanderers were now anchored; over their heads was their own roof-tree; they paid rates and taxes, and were called on by the vicar; Stevenson in the word he hated most of all had become the "burgess" of his former jeers. Respectability, dulness and similar villas encompassed him for miles in every direction.

In his heart I doubt if he really ever liked "Skerryvore"; he never spoke of it with regret; left it with no apparent pang. The Victorianism it exemplified was jarring to every feeling he possessed, though with his habitual philosophy he not only endured it, but even persuaded himself that he liked it. But so far as he had any snobbishness it was his conviction—which was really somewhat naïve—that artists were instinctive aristocrats, who never could be content in the middle class. I suppose when he said "artists" he meant himself, and certainly of all men he was the least fitted for ordinary English suburban life. Not that he saw much of it; he was virtually a prisoner in that house the whole time he lived in it; for him those years in "Skerryvore" were gray, indeed.

His health throughout was at its lowest ebb; never was he so spectral, so emaciated, so unkempt and tragic a figure. His long hair, his eyes so abnormally brilliant in his wasted face, his sick-room garb, picked up at random and to which he gave no thought—all are ineffaceably pictured in my mind; and with the picture is an ineffable pity. Once at sunset I remember him entering the dining-room, and with his cloak already about him, mutely interrogating my mother for permission to stroll in the garden. It had rained for several days and this was his first opportunity for a breath of outside air.

"Oh, Louis, you mustn't get your feet wet," she said in an imploring voice.

He made no protest; he was prepared for the denial; but such a look of despair crossed his face that it remains with me yet. Then still silent he glanced again toward the lawn with an inexpressible longing.

Afterward in Samoa I reminded him of that little scene at a moment when his exile was weighing most heavily on him. We were both on horseback and had stopped for a cigarette; the palms were rustling in the breeze, and the lovely shores of Upolu far below were spread out before us in the setting sun. He gave a little shudder at the recollection I had evoked, and after a moody pause exclaimed: "And all for five minutes in a damned back yard! No, no, no, I would be a fool ever to leave Samoa!" And as though to emphasize the contrast, dug the spurs into his horse and started off at a headlong gallop.

Of course his health varied. There were periods when he was comparatively well, when he would go to London to spend a few days. Once he even got as far as Paris; once he went to Dorchester to see Thomas Hardy, and continuing on to Exeter was overtaken by an illness that lasted three weeks, and brought him to death's door. But in general he was a prisoner in his own house and saw nothing of Bournemouth save his own little garden. There could be no pretense he was not an invalid and a very sick man. He had horrifying hemorrhages, long spells when he was doomed to lie motionless on his bed lest the slightest movement should restart the flow, when he would speak in

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whispers, and one sat beside him and tried to be entertaining—in that room he was only too likely to leave in his coffin.

How thus handicapped he wrote his books is one of the marvels of literature—books so robustly and aboundingly alive that it is incredible they came out of a sick-room; and such well-sustained books with no slowing down of their original impetus, nor the least suggestion of those intermissions when their author lay at the point of death. Those years in "Skerryvore" were exceedingly productive. The "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was written here; so was "Kidnapped"; so was "Markheim," and any number of his best short stories; so too, was the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin."

One day he came down to luncheon in a very preoccupied frame of mind, hurried through his meal—an unheard-of thing for him to do—and on leaving said he was working with extraordinary success on a new story that had come to him in a dream, and that he was not to be interrupted or disturbed even if the house caught fire.

For three days a sort of hush descended on "Skerryvore"; we all went about, servants and everybody, in a tiptoeing silence; passing Stevenson's door I would see him sitting up in bed, filling page after page, and apparently never pausing for a moment. At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished, and he read aloud to my mother and myself the first draft of "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

I listened to it spellbound. Stevenson, who had a voice the greatest actor might have envied, read it with an intensity that made shivers run up and down my spine. When he came to the end, gazing at us in triumphant expectancy and keyed to a pitch of indescribable self-satisfaction—as he waited, and I waited for my mother's outburst of enthusiasm—I was thunderstruck at her backwardness. Her praise was constrained; the words seemed to come with difficulty; and then all at once she broke out with criticism. He had missed the point, she said; had missed the allegory; had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece.

Stevenson was beside himself with anger. He trembled; his hand shook on the manuscript; he was intolerably chagrined. His voice, bitter and challenging, overrode my mother's in a fury of resentment. Never had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged, and the scene became so painful that I went away, unable to bear it any longer. It was with a sense of tragedy that I listened to their voices from the adjoining room, the words lost but fraught with an emotion that struck at my heart.

When I came back my mother was alone. She was sitting, pale and desolate before the fire, and staring into it, Neither of us spoke. Had I done so it would have been to reproach her, for I thought she had been cruelly wrong. Then we heard Louis descending the stairs, and we both quailed as he burst in as though to continue the argument even more violently than before. But all he said was: "You are right! I have absolutely missed the allegory, which, after all, is the whole point of it—the very essence of it." And with that, as though enjoying my mother's discomfiture and her ineffectual start to prevent him, he threw the manuscript into the fire! Imagine my feelings—my mother's feelings—as we saw it blazing up; as we saw those precious pages wrinkling and blackening and turning into flame!

My first impression was that he had done it out of pique. But it was not. He really had been convinced, and this was his dramatic amend. When my mother and I both cried out at the folly of destroying the manuscript he justified himself vehemently. "It was all wrong," he said. "In trying to save some of it I should have got hopelessly off the track. The only way was to put temptation beyond my reach."

Then ensued another three days of feverish industry on his part, and of a hushed, anxious and tiptoeing anticipation on ours; of meals where he scarcely spoke; of evenings unenlivened by his presence; of awed glimpses of him, sitting up in bed, writing, writing, writing, with the counterpane littered with his sheets. The culmination was the "Jekyll and Hyde" that every one knows; that translated into every European tongue and many Oriental has given a new phrase to the world.

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The writing of it was an astounding feat from whatever aspect it may be regarded. Sixty-four thousand words in six days; more than ten thousand words a day. To those who know little of such things I may explain that a thousand words a day is a fair average for any writer of fiction. Anthony Trollope set himself this quota; it was Jack London's; it is—and has been—a sort of standard of daily literary accomplishment. Stevenson multiplied it by ten; and on top of that copied out the whole in another two days, and had it in the post on the third!

It was a stupendous achievement; and the strange thing was that instead of showing lassitude afterward, he seemed positively refreshed and revitalized; went about with a happy air; was as uplifted as though he had come into a fortune; looked better than he had in months.

When I abandoned college at the end of my second year, and returned to "Skerryvore" with the intention of becoming an author myself under R L S's tuition, I was dismayed to find that he had become religious. Not in the ordinary sense, but as a sort of disciple of Tolstoy's, then at the crest of his fame. With bewilderment I listened to the sentence about "the area of suffering," and others indistinguishable from the Sermon on the Mount. Christianity without Christ—that was about what it amounted to—and R L S expatiated on it at great length, and with an air of intense earnestness.

To a young collegian, fresh from an austere and uncongenial Scottish household, where the playing-cards were hidden when the minister called, and Sunday was almost entirely spent in church, it was disconcerting to the last degree to find his home thus altered for the worse. My beloved Louis, one of the most fiery of men, whose very mien as he once raised a row about a corked bottle of wine had emptied half a restaurant—to see him thus reduced to a turning-the-other-cheek condition was nothing less than appalling. I wrestled with him as best I could, but ineffectually. Tolstoyism had always its mild but persistent answer, which after all was rather irrefutable: "Do nothing to increase the area of suffering, and in time all suffering will disappear."

R L S was then steeped, not only in Tolstoy, but in all modern Russian literature. Perhaps its sombre and hopeless tone suited his own sombre and hopeless life. One of the most dramatic of men, perhaps he here sought and discovered a striking rôle that he himself could fill despite his ill health and imprisoned existence. But be that as it may, a nightmarish plan began to take shape in his mind, and one so typically Russian that I think it must have sprung from this source. To explain it more fully I must digress a little. He had been much worked up over the lawless state of Ireland, which was then filling the English press with revolting stories of boycotts and oppressions—people starving in the midst of plenty, their money refused at every shop; widows sitting beside dead husbands whom none would bury; cattle hamstrung; men struck down; women stripped and flogged; a most dreadful persecution of those who dared rent farms from which the previous tenants had been evicted by the British Government.

R L S's plan, though nightmarish, was quite simple. We were all to go to Ireland, rent one of these farms, and be murdered in due course. As R L S expressed it with an oratorical flourish: "The murder of a distinguished English literary man and his family, thus engaged in the assertion of human rights, will arrest the horror of the whole civilized world, and bring down its odium on these miscreants."

Such was the formula of practical Tolstoyism, which, though it sounds incredibly absurd, R L S had the most serious intention of carrying out. Indeed, he was in the deadliest earnest, and my mother scarcely less so, unbelievable as it then seemed to me. I suspect, nevertheless, that she would have thwarted the project had it ever matured into action; looking back on it I remember she was much more calm than the circumstances warranted. But to all appearance I was the chief martyr in this Irish fantasy, I, who cared nothing about evicted farmers, nor "areas of suffering," nor figuring in a Russian romance ending in the death of a whole family of whom I was one. I wanted to learn to write; to strike out a modest career of my own; my head was

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full of boyish hopes and ambitions in which "dying to arrest the horror of the whole civilized world" was certainly not one. For me there was a shadow over that whole period. I knew that every day brought Ireland nearer.

Then R L S's father died suddenly, and we all had to go to Edinburgh to attend the funeral. I returned soon after, but my mother and R L S remained several weeks. In the course of time two letters arrived, the first from my mother—such a heartbroken letter—saying that the doctors had ordered R L S to leave England at once for Colorado as the only means of prolonging his life. England was ended for him; he was never to set foot in it again. She wrote of her "little nest" and the unendurable wrench it would be to leave it. "Life had been too happy in Skerryvore—the envying gods had struck it down." It was all in this strain of anguish at abandoning her home for a future that loomed before her black indeed.

Expecting to find R L S's in a similar note of tragedy, I opened it—when it arrived a day or two later—with a sinking heart. But it was cheerful, almost jubilant; the prospect of Colorado or New Mexico seemed to fill him with joy. Were we not to live in the wilds with rifles on our walls and bearskins on our mud floors! Sombreros, ha, ha! Mustangs, silver spurs, spaciousness, picturesque freedom; "Scottie" of the something or other ranch! There was not a word about cosey nests, nor envying gods, nor eternal farewells to happiness. None whatever. "*Vive la vie sauvage!*" He was plainly glad to be off, and the sooner the better. When at last he did return to "Skerryvore" it was in the same spirit of elation.

One might have thought that this was the ideal moment to go to Ireland; why Colorado and an uncertain search for health when in three weeks the whole matter could be so easily and definitely settled by bullets in our backs? But the mad idea had dropped from his mind, never to be mentioned again. As for Tolstoyism, it simply vanished into thin air and all the Russian novelists with it. R L S had become his own fiery self again, and as chivalrous and impulsive as Alan Breck, with whom he had not a little in common. By nature there never was any one less submissive, and he resumed his ordinary character with unmistakable pleasure.

I have often wondered since whether the Irish venture had not its origin in an unsuspected desire to leave "Skerryvore" at any price. Hopelessly embedded there, locked in and double-locked, had he not seized on this as the one possible means of escape?

STEVENSON AT THIRTY-EIGHT

IN 1888, Saranac was a little backwoods settlement in which log cabins were common, and venison one of the staples of diet. On the edge of the Canadian border, and encompassed by a trackless country of woods and lakes which had not then been abbreviated to "the Adirondacks," but was still called "the Adirondack Wilderness," it had in winter the isolation of an outpost of the snows.

Sleighs, snow-shoes and frozen lakes; *voyageurs* in quaint costumes and with French to match; red-hot stoves and streaming windows; guides who spat, and looked like Leatherstocking; consumptives in bright caps and many-hued woollens gaily tobogganing at forty below zero; buffalo coats an inch thick; snowstorms, snow drifts, Arctic cold; the sensation of rubbing snow on your congealed ears and unfortunate nose—of such was our new home in which R L S was hoping to regain his health.

We had rented the half of a small house, and I hesitate to use the words "semi-detached" in regard to it from the simplicity of its separation. It stood bald and isolated on a bluff overlooking the river and was the kind of house that a prosperous guide would run up in his spare time with the help of the local carpenter. Its lack of conveniences may be imagined; except for the organ in the "parlor" it was starkly primitive. At times it was unbelievably cold, when one was really comfortable only in bed, with a hot soapstone at one's feet. We had made the mistake—or at least our neigh-

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bors had shaken their heads over it—of not blocking the big fireplace in our sitting-room, where we had our meals and spent most of our time.

"You'll sure frizz to death with that yar chimbley of yourn letting in all the air," said Leatherstocking, with a grin of not unpleasurable anticipation; and it certainly did let it in, and to such a degree that during the blizzards we were chilled to the very marrow of our bones. But as all our windows were caulked with cotton-wool, and as otherwise we were sufficiently sealed in to sink to the bottom of the sea unscathed—perhaps we had not been as foolish as we seemed. The only fresh air that ever entered the place was down our despised chimney, and often the hearth before the fire was the coldest spot in the house.

Colorado had been foregone for Saranac, then in the beginning of its vogue as a cure for tuberculosis. R L S arrived there in an exhilaration of mind which of itself was likely to help him as much as the climate. When he stepped off our old cattle-boat, the *Ludgate Hill*, in which we had taken nineteen days to cross the Atlantic, it was to find himself famous. Hordes of reporters met him; the lobby of his hotel buzzed with callers; he was headlined in all the papers—interviewed, photographed, lionized—his coming a veritable sensation. His reputation, silently spreading, silently infiltrating through a vast public, had suddenly with a universal acclaim risen to a place second to no novelist in England or America.

He was almost dumfounded; it was too incredible for belief; and at first he was inclined to ascribe it to American exuberance. But it was no flash in the pan, no temporary manifestation of excited journalism. It began to reverberate back from England, and took on the very convincing form of big checks and dazzling offers. From that time until his death he became, indeed, one of the most conspicuous figures in contemporary literature. That he enjoyed this sudden elevation goes without saying. He exulted in it; it did much to keep him alive; it gave him an assurance and an authority he had never felt before. In those nineteen days on the *Ludgate Hill*, he had passed from one epoch of his life to another. The recluse of "Skerryvore," working so hard in fancied obscurity, had sprung at a bound into world-wide fame.

At Plattsburg that Autumn, as we were waiting on the platform to take the train to Saranac, there occurred one of those incidents of which that time was so pleasurably full. The station-master came running along the line of assembled passengers with a telegram in his hand. After accosting several well-dressed men he stopped at last with obvious incredulity before Stevenson, and said: "Say, you ain't Mr. Stevens the famous author, are you? Yes? Well, I guess it must be you that's meant. I have a telegram here from Albany to put the private car at your disposal; and here's the money you just paid for your tickets—compliments of the company, and Mr. Burdick, the general manager."

Saranac suited R L S extremely well. He gained in weight; his spectral aspect disappeared; in a buffalo coat and astrakhan cap he would pace the veranda for hours, inhaling that piercing air which was so noticeably benefiting him. He worked hard, hard and well, first on a series of essays for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE —"Random Memories," "A Chapter on Dreams," "Beggars," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Letters to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art," "Pulvis et Umbra," "A Christmas Sermon," and others; then on the "Master of Ballantrae," which he half finished; and then, at the close of our stay and in a whirlwind three weeks of industry, on the "Wrong Box"—my own book, which had cost me a winter's toil.

This collaboration, if so it may be called, was conceived on the spur of the moment. R L S had finished the reading of my final draft, and I was sitting on the side of his bed in no little suspense for his verdict. It meant a great deal to me, for S. S. McClure had promised to publish the book if R L S thought it good enough.

"Lloyd, it is really not at all bad," he said musingly. "Some of it is devilishly funny; and I have burst out laughing again and again; your dialogue is often better than I could have done myself at thirty; there is no reason at all why McClure should not bring it out, and with any luck it might be a very successful book."

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Then after a pause, he added, through the faint cloud of his cigarette smoke: "But of course it is unequal; some of it is pretty poor; and what is almost worse is the good stuff you have wasted—thrown away—just because you didn't know how to use it. It made my fingers itch as I read it. Why, I could take up that book, and in one quick, easy rewriting could make it *sing!*"

Our eyes met; it was all decided in that one glance.

"By God, why shouldn't I!" he exclaimed. "That is, if you don't mind?"

Mind!

I was transported with joy. What would-be writer of nineteen would not have been? It was my vindication; the proof I had not been living in a fool's paradise, and had indeed talent, and a future.

McClure, to whom I have just alluded, was then in the beginning of his meteoric career. Still in his twenties, vibrating with energy, endowed with an ability, initiative and originality that at times almost approached genius—for surely there is genius in business as well as art?—he was one of the most inspiriting of men, and had a vital part in shaping our future destiny. Slight, blue-eyed, excessively fair, with hair the color of cinders that he constantly ruffled with his hands, he was ready at a moment's notice to take fire with excitement, and to soar into the azure of dreams and millions from which Stevenson had constantly to pull him down by the legs, so to speak.

But to one of his many plans R L S responded with unqualified enthusiasm—to charter a large yacht, and to sail away for half a year or more in the Indian or Pacific Oceans, supporting the enterprise by monthly letters, which McClure was to syndicate at enormous mutual profit, guaranteed beforehand. It was undeniably practicable—no azure here, no pulling down of those slender legs—all R L S had to say was which ocean and when.

Ah, the happy times we had, with outspread maps and Findlay's Directories of the World! Findlay, who in those massive volumes, could take the sailor anywhere, and guide him into the remotest bay by "the priest's small, white coral house on a cliff bearing N N E"; or "a peculiarly shaped rock, not unlike a stranded whale and awash at high tides, which when in line South half West with the flagstaff on the old calaboose insures an absolutely safe entrance into the dangerous and little-known harbor of Greater Bungo."

How I wish I had here those noble books to quote from, instead of trusting to my uncertain memory; but alas, they lie—these two particular volumes—in the ocean grave of my old friend, Captain Joshua Slocum, who disappeared in the *Spray* and was never heard of again.

"Master mariners should be on their guard against the treacherous character of these natives, and should on no account allow any of their crew ashore except armed, and in a considerable party. Excellent water can be had beside the dilapidated pier, built by the castaways of the *Dormouse* in 1868; and for a few trinkets, preferably jew's-harps, the natives can be induced to cut wood of a fair quality." "Captain Prout, in the hermaphrodite brig *Emma*, in 1874, noted the unruly and licentious character of these island women, many of an extreme beauty and all as unclothed as Eve, with the resultant demoralization of his crew." "One of the peculiarities of this rarely visited group is the craving of the natives for sheep's teeth, which they string into necklaces and wear as ornaments. Captain McBawbee, of the iron bark *Pride of Scotia*, to whom we are indebted for this information, states that in 1873 he obtained eight beeves and eleven sizable swine for a pottle of these teeth that he had had the foresight to take with him."

Such was our reading, such the stuff our dreams were made of as the snow drove against our frozen windows; as the Arctic day closed in, gloomy and wild, and snow-shoes and buffalo coats were put by to steam in corners while we gathered round the lamp. Visions of palms while our ears were yet tingling from the snow we had rubbed on to save them from frostbite; cascading streams in tropic Arcadies, with water as clear as crystal, while our own bedroom jugs upstairs were as solid as so much rock; undraped womanhood, bedecked with flowers, frisking in vales of Eden, while we were wooled to the neck like polar explorers, and dared

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not even thaw too quickly for fear of chilblains.

With what ardor we sailed away on that unnamed ship, our hand in Findlay's, to put all the distance we could between fact and fancy! How we zigzagged over the charts, and sailed through this channel or avoided that in accordance with the great poet's instructions. Yes, poet—no lesser word can do him justice—for if ever there was *vers libre* to make the pulses dance, to stir the imagination and rouse one to the very zenith of romance, you will find it in these immortal volumes.

R L S had set his heart on the Pacific, but as there seemed no likelihood whatever of finding a suitable yacht in San Francisco, it looked as though he would have to content himself with the Indian Ocean. There was a wealth of vessels to be had on the Eastern seaboard; and McClure, in paroxysms of excitement, was indefatigably submitting lists, with aides out in every direction combing all the ports from Maine to Florida. A ship was a ship to McClure, and in the same letter and with the same conviction he would proffer a floating steam palace of three thousand tons, and a duck-shooting forty-footer, "with a nest of dories." I remember the unextinguishable laughter we had over this last sentence. "They sound like some kind of birds," wrote McClure, "but perhaps you will know what is meant."

When my mother left us in the spring to visit her sister in California, our plans were so definitely leading toward the Indian Ocean that it was only in a joking spirit that R L S had said at parting:

"If you *should* find a yacht out there, mind you take it."

Six weeks later came the telegram that was to have such a far-reaching effect on our lives.

"*Can secure splendid sea-going schooner yacht 'Casco' for seven hundred and fifty a month with most comfortable accommodation for six aft and six forward. Can be ready for sea in ten days. Reply immediately,*

FANNY."

Stevenson answered:

"*Blessed girl, take the yacht and expect us in ten days,*

LOUIS."

(To be continued.)

Empty

BY BERTON BRALEY

OH Little House of Pleasant Dreams,
The dreams are fled;
And you are but four empty walls
Whose soul is dead.
The garden that was magic soil
Is common loam,
And there is nothing but a house
Which was a Home.

Still through your windows shines the sun
And breathes the air,
The quaint old rugs and furniture,
Unchanged, are there;
Yet they seem bathed in ghostly light
Chill, pale and wan,
For there's no warmth in any house
Whose dreams are gone.

Love touched you with its rosy glow
By night and day,
But love, with clipped and wounded wings,
Has limped away,
And leaves a shelter—nothing more—
Of wood and stone,
A Little House of Pleasant Dreams
Whose dreams are flown!

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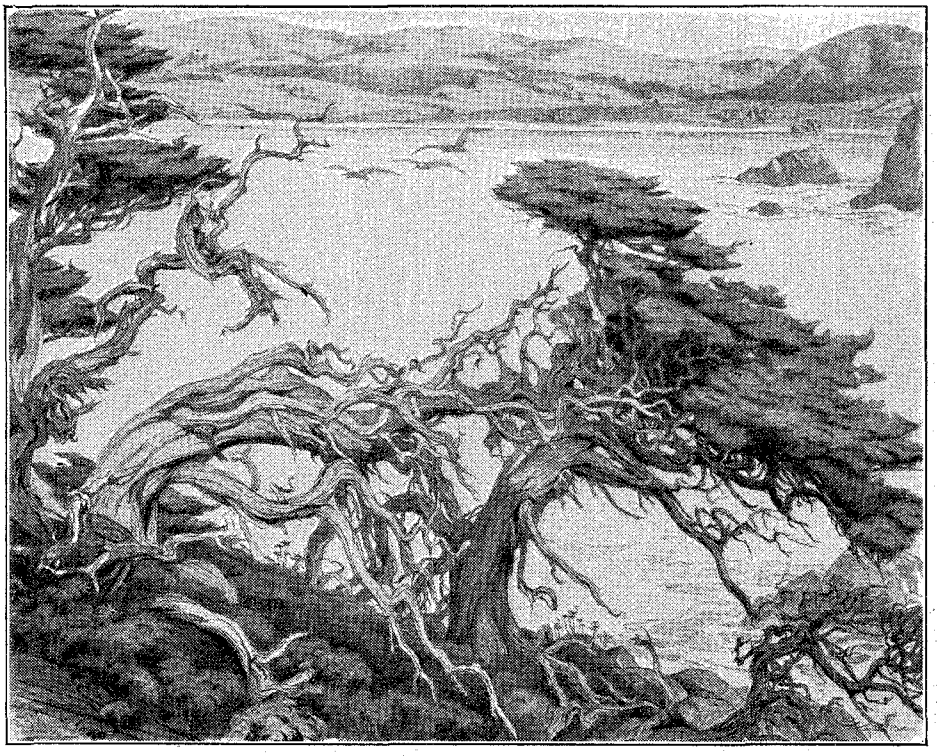

Point Lobos, California

DRAWINGS BY CORNELIS BOTKE

WITH A POEM BY JEANNE D'ORGE

THERE is no legend of this place,
no myth of Gods or men
that being told could be translated
into our tongue,
or being translated could be understood
of our mind.
This is a lost place—out of the memory of the race—
of any known race.
One goes into it unaware;
one comes out from it haunted
as the trees are haunted
and the undying rocks
and the dark groves where fear is
from the beginning.
These that are here have no likeness;
they are not troubled as we are troubled;
they move on different feet—they look with other eyes
on a sea that holds their ships—
ships that come and go,
mysterious as thought—
shadows in a moon.

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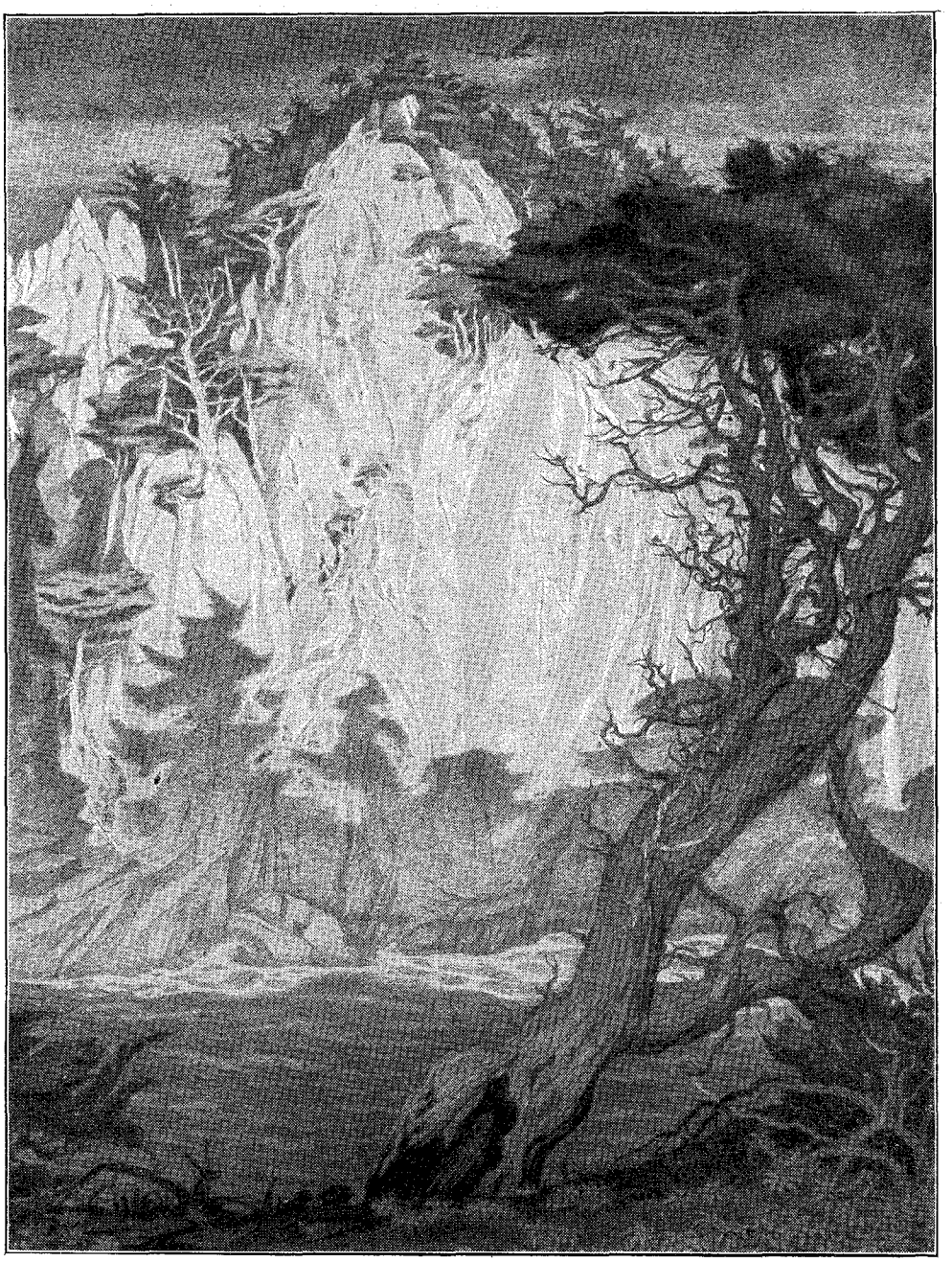

Passing Shadows, Point Lobos.

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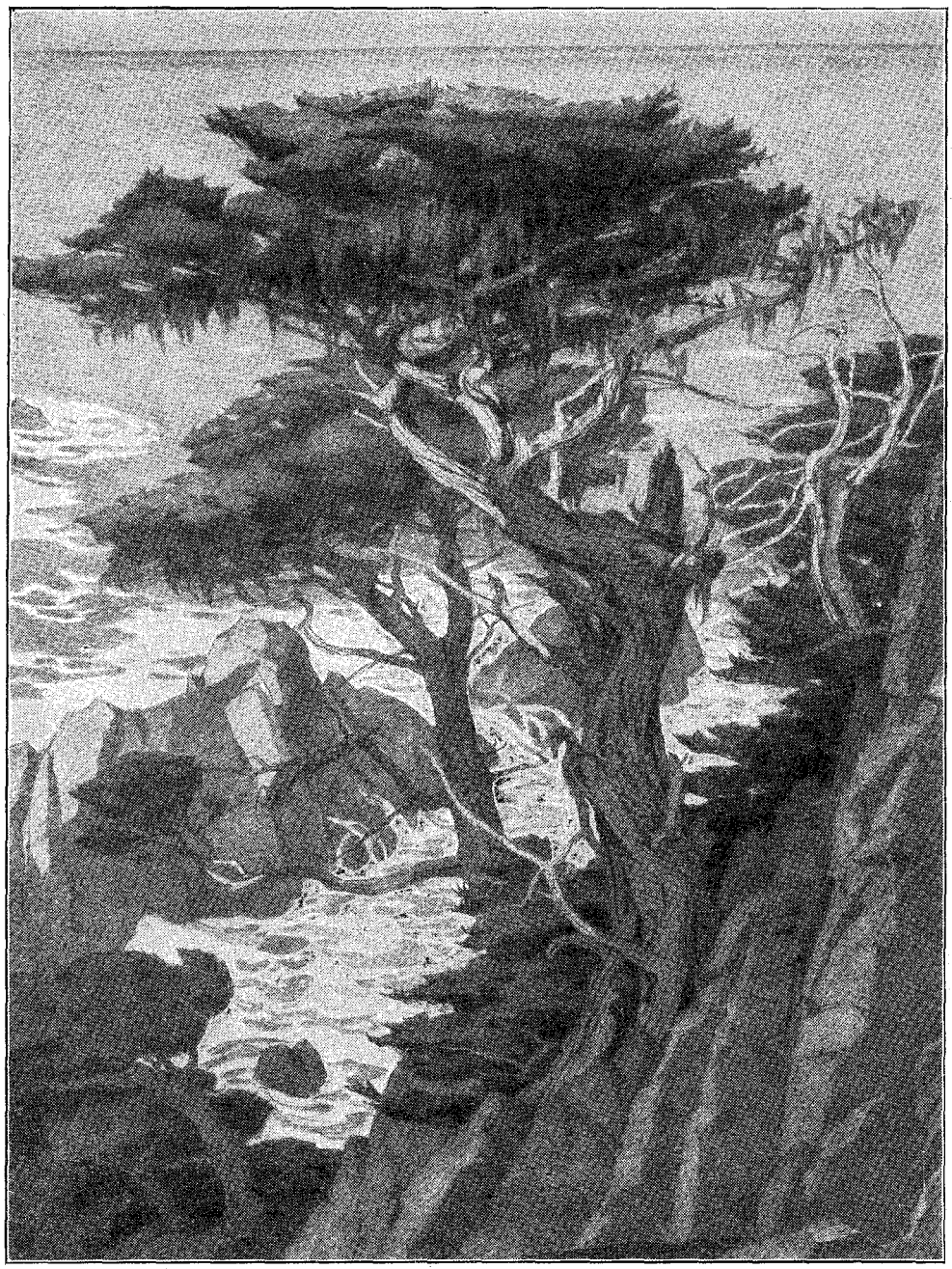

From the Heights.

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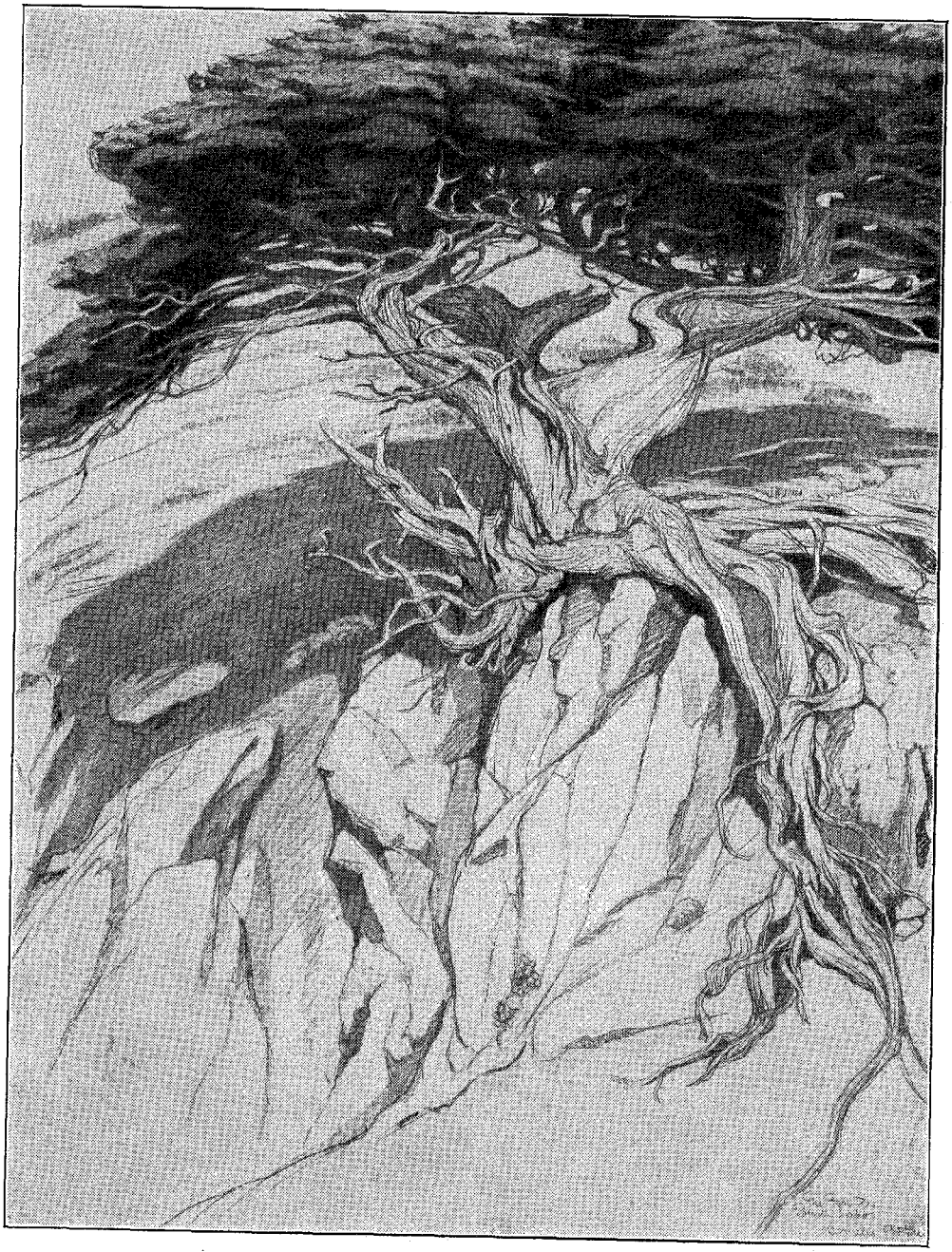

The Fan Tree.

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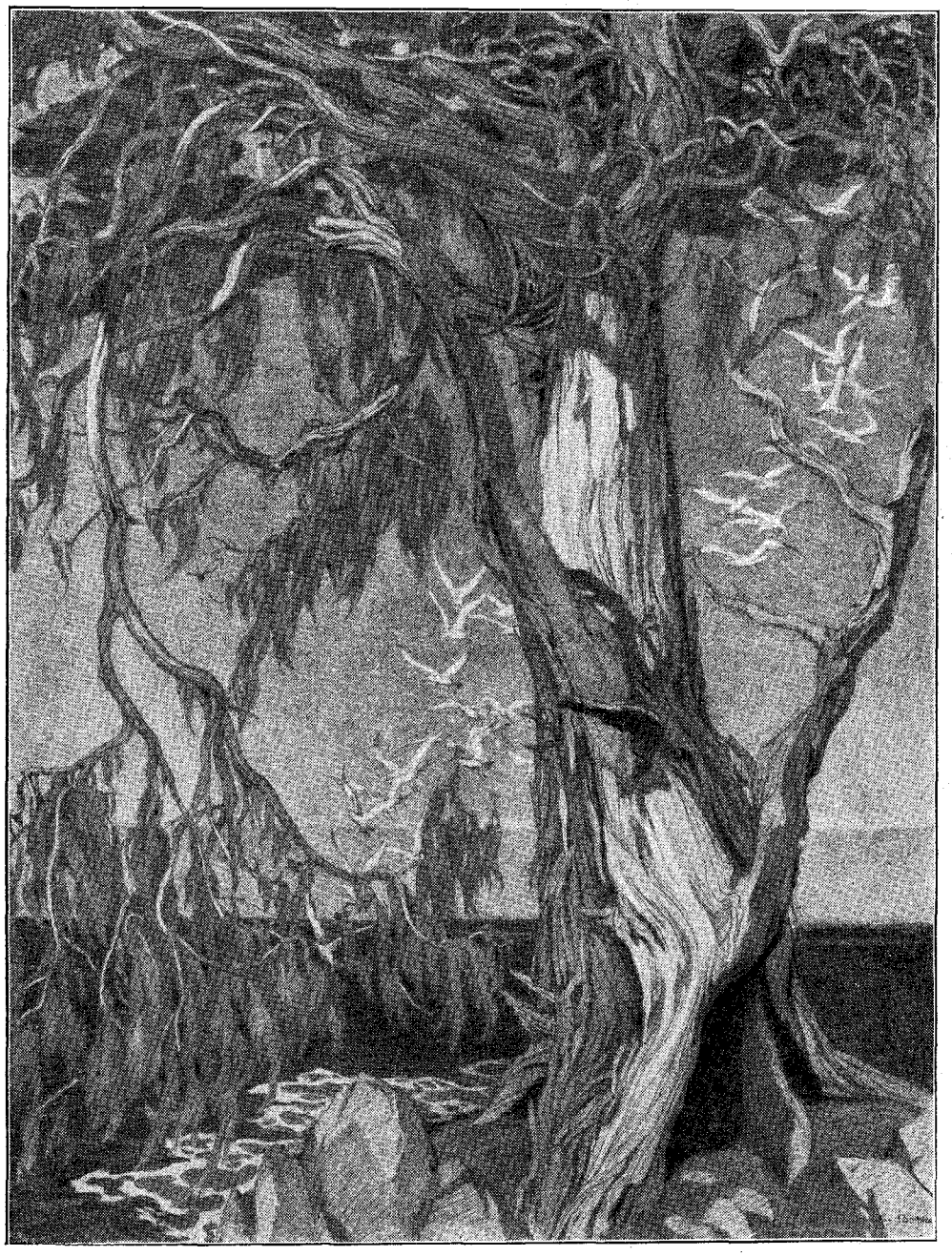

The Moss-Bearded Cypress.

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Great-Grandma Girl

BY BADGER CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY L. R. NEY

DECEMBER 4, on the Ranch of the Holy Hermitess of the Bad Lands.—I have fed the stock, packed in the wood for the night, had my evening beans and, the chores being done, I am gathered around the evening lamp. Now I will study my regular nightly passage of script—tiny, quill-pen script, like mosquito legs—from the love-letters that great-grandma wrote in 1836. Great-grandma had oodles to say, and she had to pay eighteen cents ("eighteen-pence" she calls it) to send a three-sheet letter two hundred miles, so reading her message is something between dissecting a spider and translating a page of Vergil. I'm writing it out and making myself a pony. She sure packs a wicked vocabulary. Like this:

I have had a partial call to go and spend my summer in Bridgton, but upon reflection both of my Parents said they would not like to have me go, so I shall conclude to spend the summer at home. How could I, my Friend, at this present all-important period of my life, voluntarily deprive myself of the watchful and religious advise of a dear and affectionate Mother or the wise admonition and daily council of a tender and beloved Father, and go among strangers where no familiar form would gladden my sight, no sympathetic voice cheer my heart? Indeed I feel that I could not. I fear that you will tax me with weakness and want of fortitude and courage, but be not censorious, my Friend. You little know the exercises of the female heart, you little realize the secret emotions of her breast when sepparated by distance from her beloved Parents.

How did you get that way, great-grandma? You were sixteen, younger than I am, but that letter sounds about as peppy as a bowl of mush and milk. Now, after I had graduated from the high school last spring and spent a wild summer with the bunch, most of it on rubber, *my* dear parents were tickled pink when I had an offer to come down in this rough-neck neighborhood and teach a country school and live with auntie. Dad had bad luck with a land deal in August, and I've never been dippy about college, anyway, and I'll try anything once. Mother fluttered some about my coming, but she thought that with auntie I'd be well chaperoned (bless her innocence!), and dad said it would be fine post-grad work in higher mathematics for me to buy my own clothes awhile. Mother didn't dream that auntie would be taken with a case of acute operationitis and tear off three hundred miles to her pet doctor, taking uncle along to hold her hand and leaving me here alone in my glory. Neither did dad get a movie vision of me sitting here in uncle's flannel shirt, corduroy breeches and boots, as boss of the ranch. I'm all to the Wild West nights and mornings, and if two feet of snow and a horseback mile to the schoolhouse keep me from dressing for the rôle of a coy, sprigged-muslin schoolma'am, why, the kids don't seem to object to a teacher in pants, and I should worry. I brought my summer knicker outfit along, but that's too light. Uncle is pony-built and, like most small men, is as fussy about his scenery as a movie actor, and he has an old-time cowman's little feet, so I look pretty spiffy in his clothes at that.

And here I am, "sepparated by distance from my beloved Parents," "with no familiar form to gladden my sight," except old Shep, and "no sympathetic voice to cheer my heart" except the cat when she's hungry. What do you know about it, great-grandma? What do you think of such a girl, anyway? I wonder what you looked like. You said in one letter that you were going to New York City and have your cousin, the miniature

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painter, "take your portrait," but you never did, and you died in 1839, auntie says, just before the old daguerreotypes came. They've handed it down that you were beautiful—pale, I guess, and big-eyed, and as serious as the meeting-house you went to so often.

Your sweetie was in Buffalo and you were about ten gallons of gas east of there, yet you often speak about him as being in the "faroff west." I've got the edge on great-grandpa by more than a thousand miles, my dear, and live in a country that the Indians didn't let go of until forty years after your time. The family has drifted West—some of it clear to the coast. What do you think of us by now? Do your big eyes grow bigger if you can look down and see what kind of a bunch your descendants are?

Whoo! The fire's gone out. It's up to me to stop writing, shiver out of these duds as quick as I can, throw up the window (you'd have lived longer if you had done that, my dear), and then grab the cat and pop into bed. Now if you see me staging a wrestling match with uncle's bootjack, you'll sure think the family tree has gone to seed in the twentieth century. Good night, great-grandma.

DECEMBER 5, and all's well—I hope. When I went to feed the chickens to-night a coyote sneaked out from behind the corral and drifted away across the snow. I can't manage the steel trap—too strong, and I'm afraid it would bite my fingers off, and, besides, I think those things are too beastly cruel even for a coyote. But I've cleaned and loaded the thirty-thirty. Lucky my big brothers managed part of my education. I'll bet you never shot anything deadlier than a glance, great-grandma. What is your nice, spidery, ladylike message for me to-night, little foremother?

Dear Friend: I should advise you to put on your spectacles to read this, for my knife was too dull to mend my pen.

You said a mouthful there, old dear.

I have not been out a single evening for three weeks, though solicited very hard to attend the singing school. What is society to me and what are evening parties with all their pleasures and charms, without you, but tasteless and insipid in the extreem. My happiness is confined to the limits of our domestic circle, my enjoyments center here, here are my wishes and desires. Aside from you, my dear H, there is nothing which imparts to me such satisfaction as to play the old favorite tunes to my dear Father after the labors of the day are over. There is nothing yields me that peace and tranquillity that the sosiety and conversation of my Mother does, receiving from her lips that affectionate advise which young females stand in need of.

That'll do, great-grandma. Is it those canned tomatoes I ate for supper or is it homesickness? A chinook blew down from the west to-night, and the eaves are dripping, and the drip is just enough noise to make me understand how silent the silence is, and is just little enough to show me how little I am and how big the big dark is outside. I guess I want my folks. Dad is such a good old scout, and mother is a superattraction, too, if she only knew more about the world. I wonder what they're doing at home now. I haven't been home enough evenings in the last year to remember just what they do do. You might be able to cut out the wild dissipation of the singing-school, great-grandma; but you didn't have to fight joy-rides and dances and shows and forty other things in your little burg as I do in mine. You'd never dream what we society women are up against, even in a little town between the sage-brush and the pines. One's senior year is a humdinger. No; I didn't play the piano for dad as I should, "after the labors of the day were over." Poor dad! he had to get along with the phonograph, except some nights when I had the bunch hanging around there, and then he shut himself up on the sleeping-porch or in the basement, according to the time of year. And mother's "affectionate advise"—well, she's there with the advice, all right, but the present model of "young female" must be different. Why, honey, how my mother ever got through this wicked world without being eaten alive before dad took charge of her has had me guessing for years.

There's that coyote! If he comes nearer, I'll shoot at his yelp in the dark. I can't hit him, but it will be some satisfaction to knock a hole in this solemn stillness. No; there goes old Shep after him, chasing him back to the Bad Lands.

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Gee! this is a lonesome night. The poor cat has been trying to sleep balanced on my knee for an hour—I haven't any lap these days. I guess the two of us had better hit the hay and try to forget it. Good night, great-grandma.

DECEMBER 6, and another day gone. While I was getting supper, Ernest rode in to bring me my mail. I'm not on the mail route and haven't had time to go to the post-office for two or three days, and it's mighty sweet of Ernest. There was a letter from uncle, saying that auntie was doing fine in the hospital and that he'd be home in a week. Thanks for so much. And there was a letter from mother! I wish she'd read Coué or somebody. She thinks that every day I am getting worse and worse. She's worried, WORRIED! She thinks I'm in danger from fire and blizzard and wild horses and wolves, but, worst of all, she fears that by living here alone I've kissed my reputation good-by. Bless her innocence! This isn't town; it's the range. Some of these cow gentlemen are hicks and most of them can swear beautifully, but they're a decent bunch, and I'd be perfectly safe to live here alone for twenty years. Take Ernest—I asked him to come in and get warm, and I know he'd have given one nice blue eye to talk to me half an hour, but no; he wouldn't put a boot-heel across the threshold of my virgin abode. Good old Ernest! I'd like to see him in a coat of mail and one of those old helmets with horns on it. He'd make a fine Viking or something. But he looks at me just like old Shep does. I promised to let him take me to a dance over at the Bar M ranch to-morrow night. He made an awful mess of asking me, and I registered glad surprise when he finally got his tender plea off his chest. He was so glad when I said yes that I looked for him to jump up and down and bark. He's really some heart-wringer, and the best part of him is that he hasn't found it out yet. How about it, great-grandma? Did your "H" have steel-blue eyes and yellow hair with a permanent wave in it? Let's see.

I often sit in my chamber in bright summer evenings and as the pale light of the moon affords me an indistinct view of the surrounding scenery it recalls vividly to recollection the many pleasing and eventful scenes of last summer, and when I see my young associates strolling about arm in arm and apparently engaged in deep conversation, it brings to mind the many pleasant evenings you and I have spent in the same manner. Ah, it is at such times that I feel the rising wish in my heart that Henry would come, that we could once more enjoy the evening walk, the social chat and relate to each other by word of mouth the emotions of our souls. But it is not long that I suffer such feelings to take possession of me; it is only in my weaker moments, as I am perfectly aware that it is not consistent with the dignity of our nature to tamely and passively submit to all those finer and tenderer feelings which, if permitted unrestrained indulgence, will render us wretched rather than happy.

Last Tuesday night I sat down and read your last letter to my Mother. She was very much pleased with it indeed, and then freely spoke her mind about you. She thought your piety and high sense of honor and strict regard for truth was unequalled by many of your sex. I never heard her speak so much in praise of anyone before. Thus you see your uprightness and purity of character and principle gains you many warm friends, and it is this, as you well know, that has gained you the heart of which you are well aware that you are the sole possessor.

You don't say a word about his hair and eyes, great-grandma, but you sure do have a nice, cool, roundabout way of saying "I'm crazy about you." He must have been good, your sweetie, but he couldn't have had a whole lot of zip. "Strolling about arm in arm, engaged in deep conversation"—was that your limit? When Ken used to take me out in his—or rather his dad's—little whizzer last summer, we handed dust to everybody on the road. And your mother smiled on the affair. What did you ever do for excitement, dear? It used to keep me hopping six ways to maintain diplomatic relations between mother and Ken. She disliked him and said he was wild. Maybe he wasn't exactly dog-gentle, as these cowpunchers say, but he never tried to pull any wild stunts with me after the first. He was a good spender, and he had the clothes and knew how to look as if he belonged in them, and it was always interesting to wonder what he'd start next. I don't know about his "piety and high sense of honor"—I always thought those

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things went with a bald spot—but he was rather a prince, great-grandma, and for the last month before I left home he had me going a little. That time we motored to the house party in the canyon and he sprung the notion of going to the nearest town and getting a license and then visiting a justice of the peace, just to stun the bunch, I wabbled a little but I never let him know it. I laughed him out of it, thinking hard all the time about a girl who fell for such a proposition back when I was a soph, and now wheels a baby around town, with her nose shiny and her hair mussy and her last-year's dress all pulled crooked. And then, I'm old-fashioned. In your day, my dear, a girl used to shut herself up in a hog-tight, horse-high fence all hung over with icicles, and the men adored and bowed and scraped around on the outside. I wonder if that style will ever come back. Between you and me, I should like it, I think; but then I've got an old-fashioned streak. Maybe that's my inheritance from you.

I haven't heard from Ken for nearly a month. I know at least three fuzzy little kitties in town who would be glad to—but no; no green-eyed stuff! It's all over now and I'm a prim, precise little country schoolma'am, and all day long I talk book English to the children of the Bad Lands, saying "are you not?" and "whom," and all the other things that match my job, and nobody knows I'm a woman with a past. It's late, great-grandma. I've sat here to-night and thought and written, and written and thought, until I'll bet I'm the only person out of bed within twenty miles. There's so much time and stillness here to think in—nothing to do these nights but sit and look my own soul in the eye or talk to you across a stretch of ninety years. It's quite a new circle of society for yours very respectfully. But I don't seem to be thinking my way out; I'm thinking my way in, getting deeper and deeper, like that horse the boys dragged out of the quicksands of the Cheyenne last month. What's it all about, anyway? Do you know—now? I give it up. Good night, dear.

DECEMBER 8: It was near sundown when I rode along the edge of the Bad Lands on my way home from school to-night, and I had to stop and look In warm weather when the sunset light hits across the bare Bad Lands, with their queer ridges and walls and pinnacles of pink and gray and white, they look like a magic city, but with snow on them they look like a dead one—the tumble-down roofs and towers of an old city where the last man died a thousand years ago. It made me think about you, great-grandma, and wonder if the roof where you and your Henry set up housekeeping has fallen in yet, or who lives under it now. And I wondered about us all, being born and falling in love and building houses and always dying before we're ready to, and loping around in the same old circle without ever seeming to get anywhere. What began it and where does it end?

I guess I'm woozy to-night from lack of sleep. Ernest came after me in his flivver last night, and brought me home from the dance at 2.30 this morning. Thank goodness to-morrow's Saturday! Oh, yes; I had a good time. The big ranch has a radio, so we didn't have to dance to an asthmatic fiddle. Once or twice a twist in the connections or something made the music sound like a chorus of coyotes and a tinware store breaking up in business, about fifty-fifty, but mostly it was good, considering that the orchestra was five hundred miles away. I cut out the Wild West stuff for once and wore that yellow thing that made dad growl when I bought it, just before leaving home. It was a great success and knocked 'em cold. I had to shoo the boys out from under foot every time I wanted to cross the room. In fact, I didn't see a bunch of people so much as a bunch of eyes—eyes, eyes, the men's all very kind; the women's not so kind, some of them; but I guess our neighborhood folks aren't ashamed of their schoolma'am as an ornamental proposition, anyway. But I don't know what I'm going to do with Ernest, or maybe I'm doubtful of what he's going to do with me. Give me something cool and sweet and eighteen-thirty-sixy, great-grandma, for I'm both half-dead and too much alive to-night.

Dear Friend: With a heart throbbing with the warmest emotions and affection do I now sit down to write my first letter to you in your new situation. How different it seems from when you were in the faroff

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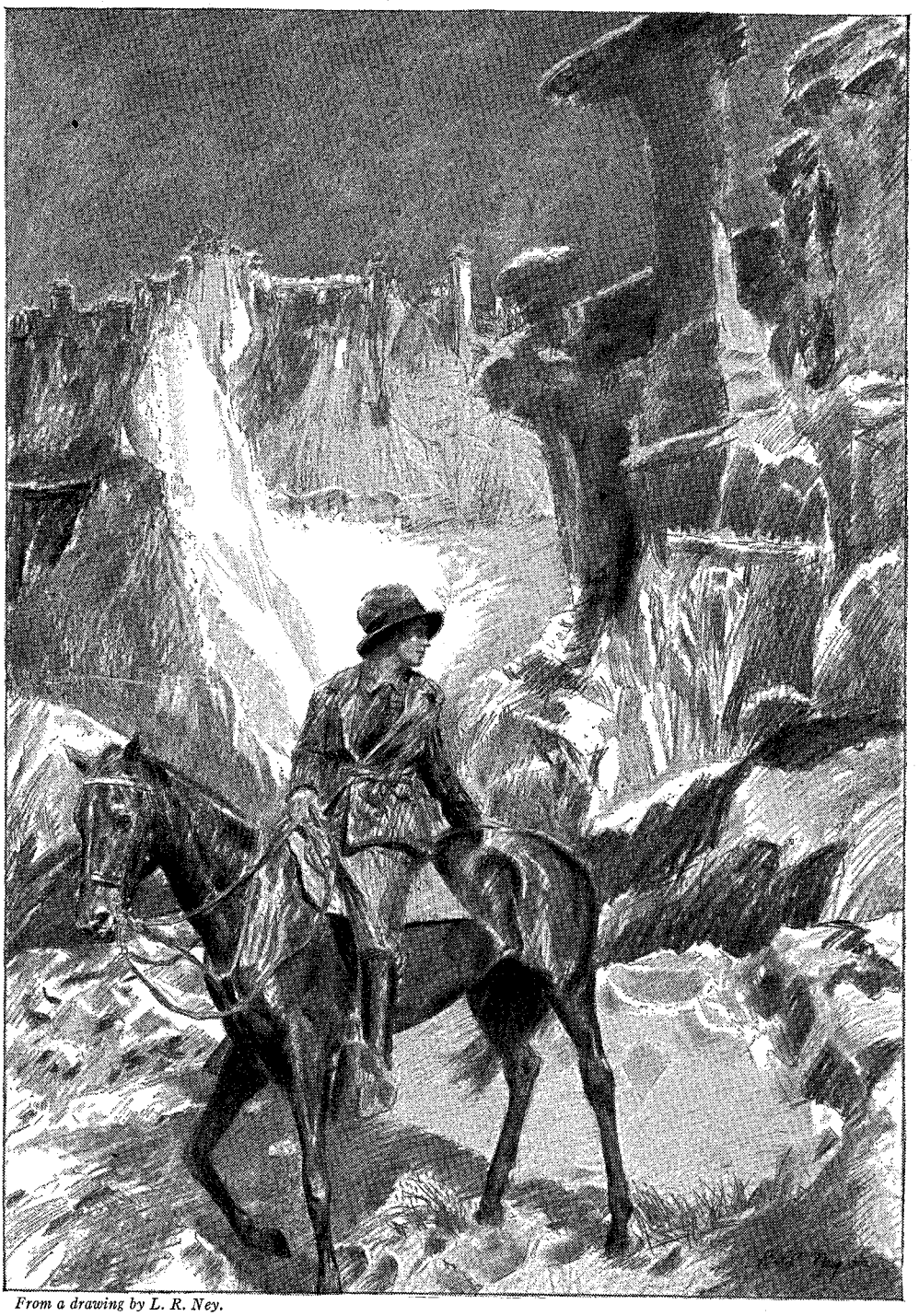

From a drawing by L. R. Ney.

It was near sundown when I rode along the edge of the Bad Lands, and I had to stop and look.—Page 692.

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west, but, alas! we are still sepparated by the sad distance of nine miles. You wished to know how I spent my Saturday night when I expected you and it rained so heavily. You know on Friday noon it cleared off and there was every appearance of fair weather. I could not help feeling very much elated and I watched the clouds with many an anxious eye. I felt on Saturday as if I didn't know what to do with myself and to beguile the hours I sat down to play and sing. I had sung "The Last Link Is Broken" and was playing "The Switzer's Song of Home" and singing the words, "All that's dear to me is wanting; lone and cheerless here I roam," when I looked out and saw it begin to rain. A heart sickening sensation came over me and I immediately rose from my instrument and went to my chamber. Later, as I heard footsteps below, I thought to myself, "Possibly H is come" and I ran down, but it was nobody but Betsy. I felt as if I should cry, but at supper I was able to sit and swallow a few mouthfuls of tea. In the evening my Mother looked at me very often and seemed to try to engage me in some cheerful conversation. She got me some apples and, in the course of an hour, some samp and milk, and the eve passed off tolerably.

You're not doing me a bit of good, great-grandma. You're just describing my symptoms in detail and making them hurt worse. That awful gone feeling—I wonder if it runs in our family. And I haven't any "samp." What was that, anyway—some sort of a bracer for love-sick maidens? I wish I could jolly Ken for an hour. That would give me my balance again. I'm like the litmus paper we used to have in lab—I've switched from blue to pink in the last forty-eight hours, but a dip in the other solution would switch me back again. Or do I want either of them, or what do I want? I wish I knew something, even myself. I had to come out here and live the simple life to find out what a complicated proposition living is. The big dark outside is so big, and my little lamp hardly throws light as far as the corner where old Shep is snoring. Maybe he is the sensible one of us two. I'll sleep on it. Good night, little great-grandma among the stars.

DECEMBER 9: No school to-day, and I saddled up and threw that bunch of beef stuff over into the south pasture, as uncle ordered in his letter. That took about all morning, as I'm no expert at chaperoning steers. I might have phoned Ernest to come and help me, but I'm getting prudent in my old age and managed it alone, thanks to the horse. He knew almost as much about the work as I didn't. I felt like a girl in a film. But that's all the cow business I'll take in mine. I'm glad uncle drove the milk stock over to Ryerson's and arranged for Mamie to bring my two quarts a day to school. There's nothing to this pretty milkmaid business, off the stage.

This afternoon Ernest and his mother stopped in for an hour. She's really pretty fine, an old school-teacher herself, who left a good home somewhere to follow her man out into the cow country. She's had seven babies, is fifty and looks seventy and—and that's that. This life makes fine men but it has killed a good many fine women. Oh, they're good stuff, the survivors, strong—strong as a pine-tree on a windy point, but strong at the cost of years of bending and shaking. I thought of an old pine-tree I saw in the hills last summer when I looked at Ernest's mother to-day. I never knew before that women could live so hard and stand up to it. Hard, hard, hard, and they're game, so game I wanted to cry when I looked at this woman's face and hands, but where's the fizz in their lives? You married a poor man in a raw country, great-grandma. Were you up against anything like this? For the first time in my life I'm scared of what's ahead, scared and lost. I don't know anything about living, after all. It used to look so easy. Can you give me a hint, you little sixteen-year-old sobersides, with your tallow dip and your quill pen?

May Providence preserve you, Henry, from the contaminating influence of those ungodly men by whom you are surrounded. We are very easily led aside from the path of virtue. I myself feel that and though I am not surrounded by vice, I am in the midst of folly and vanity, which as you know is as much opposed to the life of Religion as the other. The school being so near, the young ladies are in here a number of times a day, and being naturaly gay and generaly in good spirits, if not constantly on

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my guard I do before I am aware join them in their folly. I have attended today the Baptist church and heard two very exelent sermons. The sermon this afternoon was on secret prayer and the speaker was an able and gifted man and expressed himself with much clearness. He said: "What of those professors whom the cares of this life keep from prayer? Why, God will damn such Christians." I thought of it, H, how often we neglect that duty which is so necessary to true piety. We must not forget our common Father in the cares and trials of this life. If we but remember Him, He will remember us, and then we shall always know whither we are bound and need fear nothing in this world or the next.

They'd never pick you to make a speech at a pep meeting, great-grandma. That preacher would do a little better. He must have been the forefather of the Republic who put the part about freedom of speech in the Constitution. How could you live? Didn't you bury your face in your pillow some nights when your beloved parents and the preachers were all asleep, and giggle? Strait-laced you were, strait-laced in other things besides your corsets, my dear. You couldn't draw a full breath with either your body or your soul. I'm glad this isn't 1836. And yet, you did believe something, and believed it hard, and you thought you knew where you were going. And your test of what was right was never just whether or not you'd be able to get away with it. I wonder what I believe. I've never had time to dope it out exactly. I'm not much of a "professor." And I never thought much of where I was going, so long as I could hit a smooth road and dodge the rough ones. Maybe I've been going in circles. You didn't know much, great-grandma—how could you in those dark ages? You were a timid, mousy, dependent little "young female" without any pep whatever, yet I'll hand it to you that you did march straight down the line you had taken, and dodged nothing. You stuck to your religion and your Henry, passed up a richer man and waited three long years, teaching a few music pupils at "eighteenpence" a lesson and "turning" your dresses. But what did it get you? It got you your Henry, and your one baby, and your grave—at twenty! And you thought you knew your road! What have you found at the end of it, dear? I wish you could tell me that. Ernest's mother is the same sort. She loved her duty and her man. And it came to seven babies—three dead—and those knotty hands, and that steady, tired, sun-wrinkled face. Love—there's so much more to it than the fiery fade-out kiss in the last reel. Where am I going?

There's that coyote again—no, a pair of them—with little choky noises halfway between laughing and sobbing and then that long, thin wail. Poor lost shivering things, out there with their feet in the snow and their noses pointed at the frosty stars, telling the world what they think of it all. I wonder if that's more the real tune of living than jazz. It must be, because the Bad Lands have been hearing that music for ten thousand years. No wonder they're such a solemn place. This thinking has got me all shot to pieces, dear—or rather this wondering, for I don't know how to think. I'm an ignorant little insect hopping around in the sun, not knowing when something bigger may step on me or the weather change and freeze me. The world's so big, and I don't know my way across a township. It's got my nerve. You didn't know you'd ever be a missionary to a foreign century, did you, great-grandma? Well, you are. I think I'll say my prayers to-night. Help me if you can.

DECEMBER 10: They're here, great-grandma—your closer relations. Fifty miles dad drove the old family boat through the snow to-day, and they blew in here while I was getting supper. I threw a skillet into the corner and just draped myself all over both of them. I never dreamed before how good-looking my folks are. There's something to this heredity proposition, after all. I'm afraid we were all on the ragged edge of the sob stuff for a minute. Then mother helped me get supper, and I raided auntie's treasury and set the table in style, while dad sat by and chuckled at me and called me Jesse James and asked me if I could whip my weight in wildcats. During supper mother wondered, for the twentieth time, how I could stand such an "awful life." "The life's all right," said I, as I brought in another plate of hot

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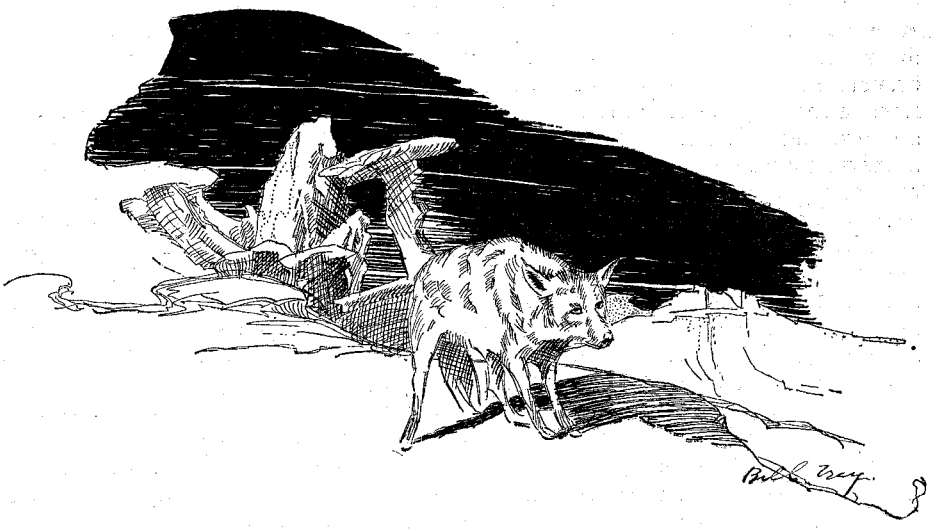
biscuits, "but it's too big for me. I rattle around in it." Then I straightened up and hooked my thumbs in my belt and made my speech. "I'm quitting at Christmas," said I. Dad looked up, not half pleased. "There's nothing the matter with me," I went on, "except that I'm no good and don't know anything—or I know a little bit of everything but how to live. I'm going to college—I've saved my pay—no chance to spend it—and that will start me. After that's gone I can wait on tables or something. But I'm going to college, and I'm going there to dig."

Dad glanced at mother, with his mouth open. "Where's our flapperine?" he asked. "Why, this is a woman." It's good to remember how dad looked at me then. Men have looked at me in the same tone of voice before, but they were men who didn't know me. It's fine to get such a look from your dad—a man who knew you before you had a hair on your head or a tooth in your mouth.

So I've tucked the folks in in the big bedroom, great-grandma, and I'm here to tell the news to the rest of the family. The coyotes are out again, but to-night they make gurgly, giggly little noises and, instead of wailing, they give gay little squeals like the children playing at recess. The stars are sparkling down through the window, and way out in the pasture a horse whinnies as sweet as a silver bugle. What a jolly old country it is! I love it. And I'm going somewhere now, dear—going, going, going somewhere! Road or trail, up or down, asphalt or gumbo, I'm hitting it straight, and I know there's something big ahead. I wish I could hug you, but you—poor little soul!—you've quit this gorgeous world and are away off in heaven.



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The Dead Hand Harnessed

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COMMUNITY TRUSTS

BY WALTER GREENOUGH

FOR centuries has the Dead Hand of the past reached out across the ideals and the ambition and the progress of the living to modify them. The right to control accumulations of property by the expressed wish of the accumulator, even after death, has been inherited with our common law. Much thought has been given to the problem of the Dead Hand, but always have its fingers of power continued on their majestic way legally hampering the future by the whims and the ignorance and the lack of imagination that all dead men are heir to, each in his generation.

Even in our own experiment in democracy is the Dead Hand all-powerful. Wills may be broken by the courts, but in the great majority of cases they are broken only in so far as new interpretations of the former wishes of the deceased are read into them. The right of the property-owner to make his will and dispose of his accumulation for long periods after death is almost unquestioned. The Dead Hand's control of the future in America is practically absolute.

Accepting this set of facts and realizing the impossibility of any material change therein, what then can be done to harness the power of the Dead Hand?

As rich America grows richer, what of the surplus? How is the average citizen to distribute his accumulation of wealth, after death, in such fashion that his family shall be provided for and the residuum of his estate be applied to pay back in some degree the obligation the deceased owed to the community in which he accumulated? Or how is the man, rich or poor, who feels this obligation to his community, to escape the bad features of Dead Hand control and plant even his gifts in life where they will grow into real flowers of community welfare?

Those of us who have no surplus to give away, or to bequeath when we die, laugh at the worry of him whose responsibilities include the giving away of money. We accept the set of facts in the old adage: "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations," as a companion of democracy and cheerfully go on our way seeking only to pass on the shirt-sleeves. To him, who has accumulated a surplus above his own needs the problem of distributing it wisely is very real. Ask the trust officer of any great financial institution. He knows how hard it is for the rich to die—contented.

The world-old story of the misdirection of the Dead Hand is one worthy of study. For centuries men have sought to endow the future, to build monuments for themselves that would endure. Nearly always have they made the mistake of trusting to their own finite judgment for determination of the kind of monument they would create out of their surplus. Instead of giving the following generation credit for advancing judgment, at death they have almost invariably stretched out the Dead Hand over the future—have indulged themselves in the belief that they might administer the future far more wisely than might posterity.

These men have counted not on the constant changes in view-point that come upon the world's peoples with each rising sun. They have not been content to let the "dead past bury its dead," but have insisted on thrusting the Dead Hand in front of the faces of the living as long as possible.

In England there are to-day some 60,000 bequests of property that are obsolete, the objects of endowment having become obsolete.

There is the story, for instance, of one, Joanna Southcote, who influenced many to believe she was to become, by immaculate conception, the mother of a new Messiah. One of her disciples was a rich

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man. In his will he bequeathed a large sum in trust to perpetuate the teachings of the new Messiah. Joanna died childless and her "disciple's" bequest continues to be useless. That example is but typical of thousands, many of them in America—overendowed, underendowed, enmeshed in a legal network of obsolescence and misdirection.

That the charitable problems (using charity in the broad, legal sense of the term) of each generation can better be solved by the best minds of that generation than by the Dead Hand would seem to be obvious, but it has not been.

What, then, is to be done about the blighting influence of after-death control of property in rich America?

A few notable rich Americans already have regulated the Dead Hand individually. They have established national foundations so well endowed and so liberal as to objects that the mind cannot foresee conditions under which they might cease to function for the uplift of mankind. The Rockefeller, Sage, some of the Carnegie trusts, and others are of this broad character. But the problem persists not alone for the rich but for the man of relatively small accumulations and for him who has but a few scant dollars above the needs of himself and family, but who is possessed of the pride of citizenship which drives him to contribute even that small surplus in some wise way to repay his obligation to the community in which he lives. Must these men turn to the endowment of some individual or some institution, the purposes of which may be excellent at the present moment, but which may become obsolete within a dozen years?

And what of the vast need for assistance in the field of social and charitable endeavor that confronts us in ever-widening degree? Cannot the impulse of the public-spirited of the present day to be of continuing benefit to mankind in some fashion be transported into the continuing field of need all about us?

Visualize for a moment the American city of the present: so new, its face is as the mud-pie of a child of three; so wasteful that it must rebuild its own arteries almost before they begin to carry the blood of its commerce; so responsive to the shifting winds of money-making that it must tolerate tenements and bill-boards touching elbows with its art-galleries and its million-dollar parks; so careless of the human element within it that its dead must be dug up and moved every little while to make room for its new palaces of pleasure or trade!

Fifty or a hundred years ago cow-paths wound through the very centre of this miraculous pin-point on our maps, where to-day the process of bringing enough milk to wet the lips of the city's anæmic children involves the efforts of an army of workers and a cost of millions monthly.

This same mushroom of a city flaunts a top-side layer of wealth and extravagance that puts to shame the dreams of a Midas, and beneath harbors substrata of poverty and suffering that bring us up shuddering when even part truths come to light.

Criminals and crime are housed next door to convents and courts of justice. Treasure-houses stand across the street from tin-cup flower-boxes on filthy window-ledges.

And over all this, with vagaries almost beyond belief, stretches the Dead Hand, enforcing the whims and the ignorance and the lack of foresight of generations passed. Often is the Dead Hand directly responsible for the treasure-house and the tenement, standing side by side in the modern city. By virtue of words written into the will of one long dead may my house be a palace and your own a shed.

The Dead Hand—as powerful over us to-day, and over our sons and daughters of to-morrow, as is our whole system of jurisprudence!

How then, shall it be harnessed?

As is the case with all things great, the simplicity of the answer is the most startling thing about it.

Combine the surplus wealth of to-day for the correction of the maladjustments of to-morrow. Call the vehicle for this for the moment the Community Trust. And let the wise minds of to-morrow, endowed with the income from the surplus wealth of to-day, determine as need may arise the best ways to spend that income.

The late Frederick H. Goff, president of the Cleveland Trust Company, originating the general idea of this new regulator of

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the Dead Hand in Cleveland in January, 1914, describes it as follows:

"It (the Community Trust) is a fund created by the union of many gifts—many different estates or parts of estates—held in trust; contributed by the people of Cleveland and managed by them for the benefit of the City of Cleveland."

How simple—and yet how pregnant with ambition, how stirring in appeal to human imagination, how limitless in possibility!

Mr. Goff's description of the Cleveland idea goes on:

"The Cleveland Foundation will provide an income—

"For assisting educational and charitable institutions;

"For promoting education and scientific research;

"For the care of the sick, aged, and helpless;

"For the improvement of living conditions;

"For providing facilities for recreation;

"For any other educational or charitable purpose which will best make for the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the people of the City.

"In short, it provides a plan of organization sufficiently flexible to meet conditions that cannot be anticipated at the present time. The income from the fund will be available at all times for the most pressing civic needs—even a part of the principal may be used in great extremity."

Mr. Goff's catechism, designed to popularize the Cleveland plan, goes on to ask:

"Does the Cleveland Foundation interest only men of wealth?"

"On the contrary," it answers; "it appeals to men and women of moderate means whose surplus (after caring for children and relatives) would not be great enough to endow a chair or a charity or accomplish any other notable purpose. By the combining of many small funds a large income is provided with which work of real significance to the community may be accomplished. . . . It makes its appeal to possessors of wealth, large or small. . . . Men of great wealth have in the past created private foundations, but now a way has been provided by which even greater foundations may be created out of the contributions of many citizens. It is an educational and charitable enterprise by the people of Cleveland, for the people of Cleveland."

Thus, in brief, was the vision of the Community Trust explained. That was a little more than half a dozen years ago. Cleveland's Community Trust is said to have pledged to it now in excess of $100,000,000 in wills. To-day the Community Trust idea has grown beyond the experimental stage. Yet, in its application, will it forever be experimental. That is its strength. It cannot be closed subject-matter. Generations to come will have it for study. It may be, if men are wise in its administration in future years, as continuing in character as the development of the human race. Just now it is being applied only to cities of considerable population. Eventually it may come to be a regulator of the Dead Hand in many smaller units of population and government.

Already, within rather narrow boundaries, the idea has been discussed thoroughly and much experimentation has been attempted. In a few cities actual gifts in life and bequests in wills have become available for use by the trusts, and valuable work along several lines of charitable endeavor has been accomplished.

The field for its future functioning, it would seem, is as wide as the field of future life in centres of population. Ideas of executives already functioning under such trusts are not in uniformity as to the purposes to which income should be put. No standard plan of operation has been adopted, and therein again is evident the vast strength of the idea. Different trusts already are functioning in different ways, their character being guided or modified by local differences in needs as well as differences in interpretations of purpose. Some two or three cities have available considerable funds for actual development, and there is a great human story in the operation of each one of them.

Approximately fifty such trusts in American cities now have been created and are awaiting funds with which to set to work on this newest phase of broad municipal relief.

The money-making phase of the idea is so small a part of it that it becomes prac-

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tically negligible. In a summary of more than forty such trusts it has developed that the highest known charge contemplated by any trust company for administration of such trust funds, including investment and reinvestment of the principal involved, is approximately 5 per cent of the annual income, and in many instances the contemplated charges are considerably below this figure.

In each of the cities adopting the general idea its organization has been modified to meet the view-point and the needs of those adopting it. In general the trust company, bank, or trust companies or banks entering into the agreement of trust have based their resolution of creation of the trust on the Cleveland instrument. This was a resolution, adopted by the board of directors of the Cleveland Trust Company, January 2, 1914, in part as follows:

"With a view to securing greater uniformity of purpose, powers and duties of administration in the management and control of property given, devised and bequeathed for charitable purposes, the board of directors of the Cleveland Trust Company agrees to accept of such gifts, devises and bequests as trustee for the uses, purposes and with the powers and duties hereinafter set forth, all property so held to be known as constituting *The Cleveland Foundation*, and to be administered, managed and dealt with, save as hereinafter provided, as a single trust. From the time the donor or testator provides that such income shall be available for use of such foundation, such income less proper charges and expenses, shall be annually devoted perpetually to charitable purposes, unless principal is distributed as hereinafter provided. Without limiting in any way the charitable purposes for which such income may be used, it shall be available for assisting charitable and educational institutions whether supported by private donations or public taxation, for promoting education, scientific research, for care of the sick, aged, or helpless, to improve living conditions or to provide recreation for all classes, and for such other charitable purposes as will best make for the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the inhabitants of the City of Cleveland as now or hereafter constituted, regardless of race, color, or creed, according to the discretion of a majority in number of a committee to be constituted as hereinafter provided. . . .

"The committee to distribute said income shall be residents of Cleveland, men or women interested in welfare work, possessing a knowledge of the civic, educational, physical and moral needs of the community, preferably but one, and in no event to exceed two members of said committee to belong to the same religious sect or denomination, those holding or seeking political office to be disqualified from serving. Said committee shall be selected as follows:

"Two by directors of the Cleveland Trust Company, preferably to be designated from their own number.

"One by the mayor or chief executive officer of the City of Cleveland.

"One by the senior or presiding judge of the court for the time being having jurisdiction of the settlement of estates in Cuyahoga County.

"One by the senior or presiding judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio, or of the court that may hereafter exercise the jurisdiction of said court in Cuyahoga County."

A Cleveland newspaper, soon after the foundation idea was made public there, and accenting perhaps far too strongly the wealthy man's part in the Community Trust idea, said these trenchant things about it:

"With great force a giant of industry or commerce builds up a big fortune. The exercise of doing it gives him strength to handle it. But when he dies the fortune usually passes to weak children—the weaker for having had too much money when young—and they proceed to waste it or have it taken from them. Much of it, so to speak, goes into the sewer. That is to say, it is spent in dissipation or fool speculation or flaunted in extravagant selfishness—all to the detriment of both the heirs and the community.

"What a sorry monument for a strong man to leave behind him!

"It is almost as unwise for the man of wealth to endow a charity. He doesn't

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know how soon the charity may become obsolete and his money serve only to pension useless hangers-on. His dead hand tries to guide the future, and that is something that no dead hand can do.

"It looks as if F. H. Goff, with his Community Trust idea, has scored a bull's-eye. Under it, the surplus money, instead of draining into the sewer, runs into a safe catch-basin, and is made available for public purposes, with representatives of the public having a continuously freshened say as to how it is to be used.

"Obviously that is better than having it spoil heirs or galvanize dead or dying charities or pile up power in the hands of entrenched trustees suffering from fatty degeneration of the soul.

"It means that the money gathered in Cleveland by a few will be in a little while gotten back into the public service of Cleveland.

"It means that the children of Cleveland's rich may be saved from the hospital or the gutter.

"It means a continuous education of the wealthy in their public obligation."

Another Cleveland paper said at the time:

"And the usual outlet for generous benefactions which are sure to do good instead of harm—libraries, art galleries, colleges, and philanthropic institutions—do not appeal strongly to some of the rich men who have fought their way up from the bottom of the human heap. They want the money they have accumulated to help directly and in a big way the heavily handicapped people who form the 'submerged tenth' of the population.

"The Cleveland Foundation will enable the rich man to do this. That is what it is for. Those who best know the character of Cleveland's men of wealth cannot fail to be convinced that the foundation, in twenty-five years, will have at its disposal $50,000,000 or more."

The Cleveland idea, after all, has been rather slow to filter into the public consciousness in any great degree, except in one or two cities where it has actually been in active operation. Doubtless, this is due, as has been pointed out by Colonel Leonard Ayres, of the Cleveland Foundation, Frank J. Parsons, of the New York Community Trust, Henry H. Hornbrook, of the Indianapolis Foundation, and others who have studied it, somewhat to the fact that a great problem confronts the new Community Trust in the development of such virile publicity as will catch and hold the attention of the giving public through the usually long period of years in which the trust has no funds with which to function in a news-making way.

Mr. Goff sensed this condition early in the history of the Cleveland Foundation, and straightway set about doing something to bring his foundation to the attention of the public in a continuing manner. Endowment by himself and other friends of the idea for programmes of research activity by the Cleveland Foundation resulted in definite things being accomplished in Cleveland in the name of its new foundation. These researches are matters of public record now, and they did much good locally in Cleveland. Their main object, however, was the popularization of the Community Trust idea, and this was accomplished in large measure.

Boston was more fortunate than Cleveland—or, for that matter, than any other reported foundation—in early acquisition of funds. Actual endowment of community helpfulness, under foundation funds, became possible in the Bay State some five years ago, after gifts totalling near $4,500,000 were made to the Permanent Charity Fund, organized in Boston by Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The story of the Boston experience in the Community Trust field is almost an old one now, and its problems of publicity, therefore, have not been so acute as those of other cities. Approximately $200,000 annually has been spent for some years there in direct alleviative and corrective channels, and in a recent year some eighty-nine established charitable agencies were assisted materially from the fund.

In many other cities of the country, however, the idea of the Community Trust has been gathered up and grafted onto local financial roots without much general attention being attracted to it. Banking circles know of it and in a few

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cities it has received some general publicity and some funds have become available, usually in small amounts. The people in general know little about its vast possibilities for the future.

This situation was true in Indianapolis, Ind., up to a short year ago; but recent events there show that after all the latent strength of the idea may be very pronounced in America.

In January, 1916, Evans Woollen, president of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company, of Indianapolis, succeeded in organizing the Indianapolis Foundation, under one of the most cogent resolutions of creation that exist throughout the forty or fifty cities wherein the idea has been adopted.

Under the Indianapolis resolution it was:

"Resolved, That the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company of Indianapolis, the Indiana Trust Company of Indianapolis and the Union Trust Company of Indianapolis undertake each for itself that as trustee it will within the scope of this resolution accept and administer gifts and bequests which shall constitute The Indianapolis Foundation;

"That the income from The Indianapolis Foundation be disbursed by said companies on the written order of a board of trustees for such charitable uses as will in its judgment promote the welfare of persons now or hereafter residing in Indianapolis, Indiana;

"That such board, not more than two of whom shall be affiliated with the same religious body, serve without compensation and be composed of six persons appointed two each by the Mayor of Indianapolis, by the judge of the Marion Circuit Court, and by the judge of the United States District Court for the District of Indiana or the court exercising in said city the chancery jurisdiction now exercised by said District Court;

"That the appointments be for six years and until successors qualify except that first appointments be by the Mayor one for one year and one for four years, by the State judge one for two years and one for five years, by the federal judge one for three years and one for six years;

"That on the failure for thirty days of the Mayor or a judge to make an appointment said companies acting jointly make the appointments;

"That in ordering the disbursement of such income the board of trustees, acting with the approval of at least four members, have full discretion except in so far as limited by a donor or testator, and except that if a court of last resort adjudge the limitation herein above as to charitable uses too broad it shall order the disbursement a third for the relief of the needy poor and the improvement of living conditions in Indianapolis, a third for the care of the sick or aged in said city, and a third for education and philanthropic research in said city;

"That an annual statement be published showing the amount of property held from each donor or testator, and in detail the disbursement of the income."

The three financial institutions adopting the Indianapolis resolution are the strongest in the trust company field in Indiana, but belong to widely varying influences.

Several features of this resolution now are attracting wide attention among the students of the Community Trust in America, since the Indianapolis Foundation has just been made the beneficiary of upward of $2,000,000 in two wills and one gift in life, and the funds have come to it solely because of the complete answer its organization gave to the problem of the Dead Hand.

One of the interesting features is that providing for a "multiple trusteeship," of the funds of the foundation. Many of the trusts now organized and awaiting funds have been built upon the "single trusteeship" plan and in nearly every instance where this has been done, at least some of the public-spritedness in the Community Trust idea has been lost. New York, sensing this situation, included approximately a score of her great financial institutions in the trusteeship of the New York Community Trust, organized in 1920. Such cities as St. Louis and Louisville have been considering this problem, although they have trusts already organized and awaiting funds.

Another feature in the Indianapolis resolution that has been commented on favorably not only by students of the Community Trust, but by actual donors

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of money to the Indianapolis Foundation, is the complete separation of the financial institutions, acting as trustees of the funds, from the board of citizens that will, through coming years, expend the incomes from the funds. It is easy to see how each of these improvements on the original idea of the Community Trust will work toward community harmony with respect to the general goal of the trust.

And, perhaps because of such unusually attractive features in the Indianapolis plan, the last dozen months of its history hold a story like a fairy-tale.

In December, 1921, it was discovered that Alphonse P. Pettis, a rich, retired merchant, then living in Nice, France, had made a gift in life to the Indianapolis Foundation, totalling considerably more than $300,000. This gift was announced to the people of the City of Indianapolis in the newspapers of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, 1921, as a gigantic Christmas gift to Indianapolis. Favorable comment was so general and so wide-spread in Indiana that in at least one smaller city in the State, the Community Trust idea immediately took root, and preparations were made to install a similar organization there.

The story of the Pettis gift, and its impelling motive, was remarkable. *The man never had been a legal resident of Indianapolis!*

Born in another State and growing to manhood in Massachusetts, where phases of the dry-goods trade interested him, he came to Indianapolis with associates shortly after the Civil War and purchased a little dry-goods store on what to-day is Washington Street, the centre of the Indianapolis business district. Through several changes in management and part ownership, Mr. Pettis's holdings in the store became considerable, and in 1890—thirty-one years before his gift to the city—he sold out his entire holdings in the business, retaining some interest in real estate, and withdrew thereafter from any but the most casual acquaintance with the life of Indianapolis.

In his mind, however, persisted through the years a sense of obligation to the city in which he had amassed much of his fortune and wherein growing real-estate values had helped make him rich. Eventually, perhaps about 1916, he told Mr. George Gay (president of the Pettis Dry Goods Company, in Indianapolis, which is the successor to Mr. Pettis's business) that he intended making some sort of gift to the civil city of Indianapolis out of gratitude to the city and out of the sense of responsibility he felt toward its people.

Mr. Gay had heard the promise of the Indianapolis Foundation. He knew the character of the men who constituted its board of six trustees—citizens of the highest type. He wrote Mr. Pettis of the new idea—the Indianapolis Foundation. It fitted into Mr. Pettis's scheme of proposed philanthropy exactly. Very shortly thereafter the former merchant (he was more than ninety years old when the gift was announced) made the remarkable provision for the Indianapolis Foundation in a distribution of the bulk of his estate.

That gift made possible publicity in Indianapolis that undoubtedly has crystallized ambition in many citizens to leave money to build up the future of the Indianapolis Foundation.

For example, a life-insurance agent who has specialized in large policies, immediately devised an advertising plan for his own business, under which he reports that he already has in prospect several large bequests to the Indianapolis Foundation, through life-insurance policies, to be taken out and carried through life by the donors, the beneficiary of the policies to be the foundation.

Whether this publicity was directly responsible for either of the other two large sums which were left the Indianapolis Foundation within nine months following the Pettis gift, is problematical. But the two other large sums have just become available and the story—so much of it as is known—of the motives impelling these bequests also is of deep interest to students of the Community Trust idea.

Within a few months after the Pettis gift was announced, James E. Roberts, a retired, wealthy citizen of Indianapolis, died. Under the terms of his will almost a million dollars is to become the property of the Indianapolis Foundation, the greater part of the sum in the immediate future.

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This man, as it happened, sought a prominent attorney in Indianapolis to revise his will—prior to the Pettis gift to the foundation. He, too, had felt the impulse to leave a large part of his wealth in some manner to the city in which he had lived and accumulated. His mind had centred more or less on a certain field of charitable endeavor, which he had determined to endow. The attorney in question had studied the Indianapolis Foundation and knew its meaning. He told his client of the possibilities. Mr. Roberts had his will rewritten in order to make therein the generous provision for the Indianapolis Foundation.

A few months latter—in August, 1922—Delavan Smith, publisher of the *Indianapolis News*, died and left the residuum of his estate (variously estimated now at between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000) to the Indianapolis Foundation. Mr. Smith was a bachelor with no close relatives. For more than a score of years he had operated one of the powerful newspapers in the Central West, but never had lived in Indianapolis for any length of time. His residence had been at Lake Forest, Ill. His will was a remarkable document. Besides acknowledging his responsibility to the city through his generous bequest to the foundation, he made numerous other bequests to civic interests, as well as generous provision for relatives, friends, and every employee of the newspaper, who had been connected with it for a certain period.

Each of the three sums that have been given the Indianapolis Foundation has been left "without strings." Mr. Smith's bequest was worded in such a way that if the trustees of the foundation see fit they may devote the income to certain lines of charitable endeavor, but there is no definite restriction to their judgment in changing these lines in future years. The other two gifts came completely devoid of suggestion as to particular uses to which they should be put, and the trustees of this Community Trust, therefore, find the trust suddenly possessed of upward of $2,000,000, the income from which is to be disbursed, under the resolution "for such charitable uses as will promote the welfare of persons now or hereafter residing in Indianapolis, Indiana."

The opportunity thus given for this Indiana Community Trust to blaze a trail in community uplift, and in the harnessing of the Dead Hand, is challenging in its completeness.

Already the trustees have undertaken a hurried survey of what other Community Trusts, with funds to expend, are doing. They are going into the new adventure in philanthropy very carefully, very studiously, and very seriously. And, meanwhile, students of social conditions in the Indiana city are very grateful, for they see perhaps complete readjustment of present-day philanthropy, at least where it is overlapping, inefficient, and wasteful.

Thus, by the experience of Indianapolis, is shown how deeply the roots of the Community Trust idea may already have gone into the structure of American philanthropy. These three donors and testators, drawn from three entirely separate fields of life and activity, have, within a short nine months, placed the breath of life in the Indianapolis Foundation. Theretofore it had been but the idea. It had been known that some few wills had been written in its favor, but its advocates were looking ahead many years for its actual functioning in philanthropy. Since the gifts have been announced at least one very rich man has signified his interest in this same foundation, and will, in all probability, leave a part of his estate as an addition to the fund. Thus have the good fairies smiled upon Indianapolis and the Community Trust idea!

The Indianapolis situation, perhaps, is more or less accidental. But the accidents could not have happened had not the organization been established. And there are other cities in America, such as Cleveland, Boston, Buffalo, Dayton, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Youngstown, Ohio, where funds already are being distributed, some in greater and some in lesser amount. All are free from the clutches of the Dead Hand. And dozens of inquiries are being broadcasted concerning this new feature in American cities' futures. From coast to coast the trusts have been planted by far-seeing business men and philanthropists, who realize that to-day's solution of the problems of to-morrow is not practicable any longer.

The Trust Company Division of the

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American Bankers Association, with Frank J. Parsons, of New York, heading the special committee, is very deeply interested in the whole problem, and eventually probably will organize all of the similar trusts in the country into a more or less compact group for the interchange of ideas and the working out of general and specific problems that are constantly arising in the study of the field.

Is it not possible that the Community Trust, the product of the long look ahead —apparently the harness for the Dead Hand—is destined to become, in very truth, the Lamp of Aladdin for the American city (or State) of to-morrow, sorting out its weaknesses, aiding its wise charities, studying causes and remedies of community defects, applying the accumulated wealth of the past, through the wisdom of the future, to the uplifting of each new generation?

Love Songs

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

THE BELOVED

It is enough of honor for one lifetime
To have known you better than the rest have known,
The shadows and the colors of your voice,
Your will, immutable and still as stone;

The wild heart so lonely and so gay,
The sad laughter and the pride of pride,
The tenderness, the depth of tenderness
Rich as the earth and wide as heaven is wide.

II

LAND'S END

The shores of the world are ours, the solitary
Beaches that bear no fruit, nor any flowers,
Only the pale sea-grass that the wind harries
Hours on unbroken hours.

No one will envy us these empty reaches
At the world's end, and none will care that we
Leave our lost footprints where the sand forever
Takes the unchanging passion of the sea.

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III

ABSENCE

I CANNOT sleep, the night is hot and empty,
My thoughts leave nothing lovely in my heart,
You love me, and I love you, life is passing,
We are apart.

The August midnight vibrates with the voices
Of insects and their passions frail and shrill—
Oh from what whips, oh from what secret scourgings
All of earth's creatures bow before her will!

IV

"I SHALL NOT GO BACK"

I SHALL not go back to the place that I love,
I shall never try to repeat the perfect hour;
I know the past is gone, yet it is safe enough
Even to the small blue six-pointed flower.

They say the earth itself in millions of years
Will drift like fine gray ash that the wind has whipped and tossed,
And the blackened sun will grope blindly among the spheres—
But I am not afraid that the things I love will be lost.

V

THE HOUR

WAS it foreknown, was it foredoomed
Before I drew my first small breath?
Will it be with me to the end,
Will it go down with me to death?

Or was it chance, would it have been
Another, if it was not you?
Could any other voice or hands
Have done for me what yours can do?

Now without sorrow and without elation
I say the day I found you was foreknown,
Let the years blow like sand around that hour,
Changeless and fixed as Memnon carved in stone.

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Some of 'em didn't like our ways in handling stock.—Page 710.

Cowboys, North and South

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "A Cowpuncher Speaks," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[I been wanting to tell you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if some time you'd hear from some one *claiming* to be a cowboy, and saying that this or that in my articles is not so. Of course I know that's not worrying you any nor me either, and this party doing the knocking may be right, not that I'm wrong cause I'm careful not to be—but first, he may not be no cowboy—second, if he is he might be of another country and of different time—like I say in "Cowboys, North and South" there's a lot of difference in the ways of the cowboy, in each State even.]

IT was early one fall when I plans to hit out for new territory. I'd rode for most of the big outfits north of the Wyoming line up into Canada through Saskatchewan and Alberta. The snow'd come earlier than usual and covered our tarps [short for tarpaulin] and saddles many a time, putting kinks in the ponies' back to boot, and crimping the old cow horses with rheumatics.

Our ropes, latigos, and saddle blankets were stiff and froze; the wind blowed steady and mud and slush was up to our necks. And the boys from the lower country to the south was bellering at the weather and wishing they was back in the

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yucca country again where the sun shined, they said, and lizards was out all winter.

I'd dug up all the clothes I had in my "war bag" and been wearing 'em trying to keep warm, but the rough weather overtook us when we wasn't looking and wasn't prepared for it; consequences is, we rode and froze all day and some more of it on night guard. I'd never been south, but all the decorations the southern hands had to furnish for them paradise valleys by the border kinda unsettled me, and I wanted to drift.

In another month the round-up wagon pulls in and the rumuda turned loose; the superintendent hands us our company checks, telling us to be sure and show up again in time for the spring works.

But, I agrees with some of the boys that I wasn't going to spend my summer's wages buying winter clothes, so, when we got to the railroad six of us buys tickets for as far as Ogden in Utah where we figger to stop for a spell, have a little fun, and proceed south after we got through.

We did have a little fun all right, but after a few days there was only a five-dollar gold piece between all of us. That we used to settle down to business on, and think what we was going to do.

By noon a few of the boys had signed papers and took a job with some cow outfit what was running big in Argentine and wanted American riders for "major-domos," but the old U. S. was good enough for me, and seeing that I wouldn't be no hand at getting out on freight, I wishes the rest of the boys good luck and hits out on my own hook, looking for some way of earning enough dinero to take me to that promised land, the border country.

I'm hoofing it along on one of the main streets of town when I sees one of my breed, head and hat sticking up above the crowd; there's no time lost in getting acquainted and he tells me soon enough that he's on his way to Nevada, to run mustangs.

His brother is there waiting for him with a string of good saddle-horses, he tells me, and if I'd like to come along he'd be glad to have me for my share of the wild ones as wages. That suited me just fine, so he buys two tickets and we leave that night.

The next day when we get off the train and meets the brother, we learn he'd went and got married sudden, and sold all his horses. That leaves us out in the cold, but I still had my old saddle and I was in a stock country.

I finds all the riding I want and it ain't long before I have a string and a steady winter job. But somehow or other I didn't make a very good impression there, and I learns a lot about the reason why as I stay on (it was a couple of years later before I saw the border country).

It seems like Nevada in them days was the hiding-place for a few Montana and Wyoming horse thieves and cattle rustlers; they was good hands with the rope and bronc and shooting iron, they'd get jobs from the big cow outfits, and when a strange rider showed up on the sky-line, it was took for granted by them that hombre was a sheriff, and nary a cowhand could be seen around camp, for they'd be most all riding down a wash, out of sight and away from it.

It was on account of them few outlaws what found the north too crowded, and hit for some parts of the California Spanish cow countries, that any man riding a double-rigged saddle with the short hard-twist rope tied hard and fast (and not at all like the native of them countries used) was suspicioned to be either a horse thief or cattle rustler, or maybe a stock detective, being his outfit showed he was from other parts.

Like one time I drifted into such a country riding a fine big fat gelding, had a 30-30 carbine under my rosadero and a six-gun in my belt. I was just taking them along, not because I'd need 'em, but just that I wanted to keep 'em.

And I rides into a ranch with my suspicious double-rigged saddle, hard-twist rope, guns, and all, and inquires if I could put up for the night. They're all nice as pie and I'm the same.

The next morning I asks the owner of the place if I could stay on for a couple of days and let my horse rest up, telling him I'd either pay or else start a couple of broncs for him for his trouble, and I buys a little grain to keep my horse in the good shape he already was.

A young feller from up Montana what'd took a little place adjoining this ranch

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rides in just as I'm saddling a colt what'd been brung in for me. We talks a while and he's sizing me up as we go; then proceeds to tell me how this hombre where I'm staying is spreading around to the neighbors far and wide that from my rigging and actions I'm either a horse thief or a stock detective, which neither is very pleasant to have advertised.

Where he'd got his suspicions was, that I wanted to rest my horse when, to his way of thinking, he didn't need none; besides it was how I'd asked for grain to keep my horse in good shape, and, with the carbine and six-gun all throwed along with the *Miles City* rigging, was enough proof to his judgment that I was something worth watching.

That leaves me in a fine fix, for supposing somebody did steal a bunch of stock anywheres around, why I'd be the goat sure; so when that old gadder rides in that evening I'm waiting for him and reads him the riot for fair. I tells him as to how white men must be darn scarce in this part of the country when he can't recognize one as he sees him riding down the trail (meaning me), and after I get through with him he apologizes a plenty.

But that don't do no good, for when the next day I'm riding away, I stops off the trail to let my horse graze a while (never liked to ride a hungry horse) when looking up through the pines I sees a bunch of men on horseback, and acted like they was following a trail.

This little feller from Texas was right handy and with his short thirty-five foot "maguay," he snares the gelding.—Page 710.

I puts two and two together and gets the right conclusion, for when I rides up on the rear of 'em on a high lope I know by the cheap look in their faces that they'd been trailing me to see if I'd took any stock along as I went, and they was disappointed to see me empty-handed.

"You fellers don't know much," I says as a starter, "do you think that if I was a horse thief you'd see me riding along here in daytime, or stopped at that hombre's ranch? No! if I'd been a horse thief

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you'd never seen me at all and I'd been a thousand miles away from here with the stock before you'd ever got wind of it. Furthermore," I goes on, "if you're all so damn worried as to what I am, look me over and, if you never before seen a man riding a decent rig with a good horse under it, why look again; but I'm just looking for a job and taking my time at it, and I'm not riding for no *one horse* outfit."

But there was just a few spots with folks like that, they meant well but we didn't get the right kind of introduction to 'em, and because a few reckless hombres from the north and east a ways got too free with their ropes, they'd brand everybody what used the same rig they did with the same iron "N. G."

It seemed like it mattered more what kind of outfit you rode than how good a hand you was; some of 'em didn't like our ways in handling stock and they felt it pretty deep to see better hands with the rope than they was; and that's why I guess I didn't make no hit when I first struck that country, and rode for the first outfit.

I guess the boss remembered one time how he was took down a peg by a little feller from Texas (they used about the same outfit there as we did north). This little feller was riding along with this big overgrown boss; they was roping horses in a pasture and the boss uncoils his sixty-foot rawhide reata, throws it the whole length with a thirty-foot loop, and when it spreads over the horse's neck, with all that rope to spare he ain't got time to take his dallies (turns) around the horn, so he loses his rope. Thirty dollars worth of rawhide dragging in the dirt.

Now this little feller from Texas was right handy and with his little loop out of a short thirty-five foot "maguay" tied to his saddle horn, he snares the gelding dragging the long reata, picks it up for the boss, hands him the end and tells him quiet and easy: "I'd tie it if I was *you*."

With them kind of goings on and with the different saddles, spurs, bridles, chaps, and ropes, besides the different ways of the folks not saying as to how stock was handled, all seemed to form a line running north and south, and dividing the cow country into two separate territories and ways of doing things; by that, a cowboy may be a top hand in one State and not be worth much acrost that line into the other, that is, not till he gets onto their way of working.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are, you might say, one territory in their ways of doing things. The cowboys of them States are on the move most always and get a lot of experience besides handling broncs and cattle. And I don't ever remember riding to one of that territory's outfit without somebody said "turn your horse loose and come in"; there was no questions asked as to who you was and nobody was worried. They felt they could take care of you, if you was *good* or *bad*.

From the Mexican border on up to the Canadian line through them States I mentioned you'll find the old pioneers scattered all the way and most of 'em are from Texas; none seemed to've strayed either side much. They took their customs and riggings with 'em and the young cowboy what growed up kept using the same.

The cattle wasn't worked in the corral, everything was done outside on the flats (I'm talking of the big cow outfits). And the reason there's better ropers in them States is because they get more practice, and nothing is done afoot what can be done on horseback.

Oregon, Idaho, California, and Nevada is what you might call the other territory, and acrost the line, they're as true cowmen there as on the east side of that line, only they work different; the cause of it is the country. The big fenced meadows where you got to open ten gates to get a few miles don't call for as many riders, so everything is worked under fence, and when the cattle is turned out on the mountain range, a corral is always hunted up to cut out or brand in. (In this, I'm leaving out the desert countries.)

The rawhide reata is about the only rope, and I seen many a good throw with 'em. I seen 'em handled in ways that was real neat and sure, and I know "dallymen" what never hardly missed getting them dallies going or coming, but never did I see a rawhide man bust this critter and tie it like the boy with the tied whale line could.

There's a lot of danger in a tied rope, and it takes many a twist from the wrist

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that's not at all simple to do. You got to contend with your horse and the critter at the other end, and the rope what's holding the two together might wind you up if the horse turns, goes to bucking, or matter what happens. What's more he's been raised tying his rope and he can't as a rule get the twist of dallying, and when he gets his fingers pinched, or burned off between the rope and the horn

He wants to feel that the critter he piles his rope onto is *his* no matter what happens.

gets ornery; and I've seen "wind-ups" that way what'd pretty near cut a rider in two; but the "tie-man," as the boys from Texas on up are called, being they tie their ropes, wouldn't try to take dallies as the Spanish California buckeroo does; for one thing he wants to feel that the critter he piles his rope onto is *his* no a few times, he's going to stay a tie-man, for he'd rather risk his neck than a hand.

The same with the dally-man of California, Oregon, and Nevada. His rawhide won't stand the strain of being tied; it's got to give and slip some or it'll break. That same rawhide reata ain't even supposed to drag on the ground or be stepped

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on, for one of the four strands might get a flaw and when it does, it soon breaks at that spot; it's mighty hard for a man using the hard twist to get onto the rawhide. It coils up on him and he can't straighten out his loop, besides he finds it's too much rope, too far to the end.

Then again the Spanish California buckeroo (by that I mean the American cowboy what kept up the early California Spanish style in rig and work) uses a altogether different saddle than the cowboy further east; the horn is higher and wrapped heavy so the turns will grab holt. The rigging is centre fire and the cinch hangs straight down from the middle of the saddle tree. And if you was to tie with them kind of saddles you'd have to pick on a horse with a special good back and withers or else find yourself saddle and critter going one way and your horse another.

Them saddles answer the purpose of what they're used for, but they'd be no good to a Wyoming hand, cause he'd have to work different on 'em both in roping and riding. The buckeroo of them centre fire countries on riding a bucker or any mean horse sets back pretty well and sticks his feet ahead with stirrup leathers what are set that way. They're a good saddle to ride a mean horse, being there's some jolt it gets you away from; it rocks more and the cantle don't come up and hit you like the double ring would on a kinky back. That's why the contest riders use the centre fire most always in the rodeos.

The rider of them States rides straight up from his head down to his feet.—Page 713.

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The buckeroo of them centre fire countries sets back pretty well in his rig and keeps his stirrups ahead.—Page 712.

The range rider of Montana, on down to Texas, rides the double cinch, but in the last years the three-quarter rig's been used a lot; in the three-quarter the cinch sets further ahead than the centre fire, which puts the saddle further back and where it belongs but not as far back as the double rig. The tie rope won't very often yank 'em off, the horn is low and small, not at all fit to take dallies on. With a hard horse they work pretty fair, but not as good as the centre. The rider of them States rides straight up from his head down to his feet, but kinda apt to lean a little forward when the horse is bucking, the riding is some looser but there's a lot of scratching done, and when the old pony quits bucking he'll most likely think there was a couple of wildcats tied by the tail and throwed over his rump.

And when it comes to the bits, there's a big difference again; the spade bit what's used by the dally and centre fire man is a contraption what the Wyoming boys call the "stomach pump" on account of a piece of flat steel what curves a little and goes up the horse's mouth. It's supposed to keep a horse where he belongs, but I find in all the men what's using them bits there's only one out of twenty what knows how. There's a lot in handling them and a good man with the spade bit can work most any horse fine. The main secret of it is not to forget it's a "spade" and ought to be handled according, which is light on the rein. Any other way would make a good horse fight his head and worry, and if he starts getting peeved the spade bit is no good; he'll do what he pleases anyway.

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In Arizona, to the north and south, the "grazing bit" (as the centre fire buckeroo calls it) is used. It's just a small bit with a curb in the mouth-piece and with very little silver on it; laced to the bit is a long pair of open reins what are dropped to the ground (if the horse is gentle enough) when the rider gets off.

The buckeroo "across the line" has rawhide reins, not split; to the end of the rein hangs a quirt called a "romal," the head stall is light and all neat with pure silver conchas; whereas the cowboy of Montana on down is apt to use a heavy split ear headstall, and plain.

Then comes the difference in breaking horses, the centre fire man starts his broncs with a hackamore, then maybe a snaffle bit, and back to the hackamore and spade bit both, using double reins, but just letting the colt pack the bit for a spell. When the hackamore is took off, the horse is called a bridle horse. It takes about a year to make him such.

In the tall grass countries on the plains, which is the tie-man's and double-rig country, the broncs are broke mostly with a snaffle—sometimes a loose hackamore with "feador." Soon as he's some bridle-wise the light one-piece curb bit is put on, and his work is with cattle. That's where he learns to be a cow horse and every one of them broncs gets a chance at it.

And I've never seen no better or as big average of real cow horses as the plains and Bad Land countries's got. They get more cow work, where in some countries what used corrals a lot they're just tied up after the cattle is put in, and just a couple of ponies are being used.

Starting west of the Utah line, most all riding is done from camps, and very seldom is there a change of horses in one day. There's no night guard, only maybe three or four nights a year, and that's when the cattle is took to the railroad. Sometimes one horse is rode steady for three or four days at a time; and a rule of that country, which is the Spanish California style, and cheats many a buckeroo from practice with the rope, is that the boss takes it to hand to rope all the boys' horses for 'em. The rider comes up with only a hackamore or bridle and takes his horse to saddle (I could never get used to that). The same with working a herd; only a couple of the top hands can take their rope down, but the rest of the boys sure used to make up for it when the boss was away.

In Wyoming or Montana there's no mares allowed in the remuda (saddle horse bunch) while in Nevada or Oregon they use them for leaders, they're called "bell mares" and keep the saddle-horses together by just being present. The cause of the difference in them two ways of handling saddle stock is that in one territory a "nighthawk" (night wrangler) is with them herds all night, while in the other they're let loose in little bunches and the bell mare keeps 'em around. (Sometimes.)

It's queer, you'd think—all the different ways of doing things when all the folks are in the same line of business that way; and it struck me the same when I first felt the change a long time ago, but I worked and stayed on all through them countries, drifted south, east, then back north and west again, and while drifting I finds that the early settlers of the different territories are responsible. They blazed the trails and run their cattle to their best way of thinking and each country called for different ways. Neither can be improved much, only maybe with ways that are scientific, but I guess that won't work much on open range; being the cattle is too numerous to be put down by name such as "bossy" and "spot," or fed careful and regular like the thoroughbreds.

The stock is all worked and handled to the best advantage and every care is took to get the best out of 'em; there's got to be branding and roping, and it don't matter so much how it's done so long as it's well done.

But there's a steady contest going on in the cow countries, each in their own rig and ways trying to outdo the other, it's with no hard feelings, and each as a rule is willing to credit the other for what he does. Like, for instance, the Montana boy might ride his bucker a little looser, but he's scratching him every jump; whereas, the other from Nevada may be setting close and kinda easy, but not working his legs much. The same with roping—the California boy can handle the

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From a drawing by Will James.

The Montana boy might ride his bucker a little looser, but he's scratching him every jump.—Page 714.

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reata and take his dallies in fine style, but the Wyoming roper will get his critter down and tied first.

And after you've rode through all these States on both sides of that line I speak of, you'll find that you can tell by the rigging a man's using just what State and pretty near the county the stranger what's just rode in may be from.

A "main herd" in Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, and Texas, goes under the name of "parada" in California, Oregon, and Nevada. A "remuda" changes to "caviada," "slick ear" to "Orejana," "cut horse" to "part horse," "cowboy" to "buckeroo" etc., etc., but it all goes to the same critter and the same things and the same work, only a different way and style to fit the country.

These last years since Texas started putting up windmills and fences for the stock, the cowboy from there drifted north into Wyoming and Montana where some time later that same daggoned barb wire cut the trails and made riding scarcer.

Then it was about time for the "rannies" to pull up their ponies and figger where to go next, they remembered how they left Texas and how every State from there north was feeling the pinch of the fences. So every year a few was hitting acrost the Rockies and stringing out into the sage brush territory.

There was a many a time when remembering the old prairie States as they *was* that they'd give both arms to see it that way again, the gray sage didn't wave like the blue joint of the creek bottoms, the little twisted grama grass looked scared comparing with the "prairie wool," and the cattle seemed to be all neck reaching for shadscale and sniffing for water.

But a few years winding around that sage and buck brush on two meals a day, riding the same horse from sun-up till sundown kind of broke 'em in, and weaned 'em away from the tall grass countries. There was no guard to be stood and that helped some, and again it was pretty nice to find a solid old cow camp with a dry floor and a roof when the sleet and snow started coming.

Then came a time after them few years, when in that centre fire country, spots was located where fences wasn't to be found, and even though most of the work in branding was done in corrals and the ways of working was changed some, the boy with the tied rope got to liking it near as well as the prairie he was raised into. The big hard pan flats, the deep arroyos with sides of malapi, and the scrub juniper or spooky joshua got to look different and kinda good.

And that's why to-day in that country and riding along with the centre fire and dally man, you'll see the boy with the double or three-quarter rig packing his short whale line, and riding both alongside one another.

In the breaking corral, or in bulldogging, roping, and general range work, you'll see 'em competing against one another, them two riders of the same profession but of different countries and ways.

And you'll find that even though one is always trying to outdo or show the other up, there's no snickering done, instead there's admiration in the skill each one shows in his perticular way, for they was both raised at doing things in that one way of theirs, and if they rode for a hundred years they'd never change them, for in each their way they learned to do something what takes skill, practice, and nerve, and neither can improve.

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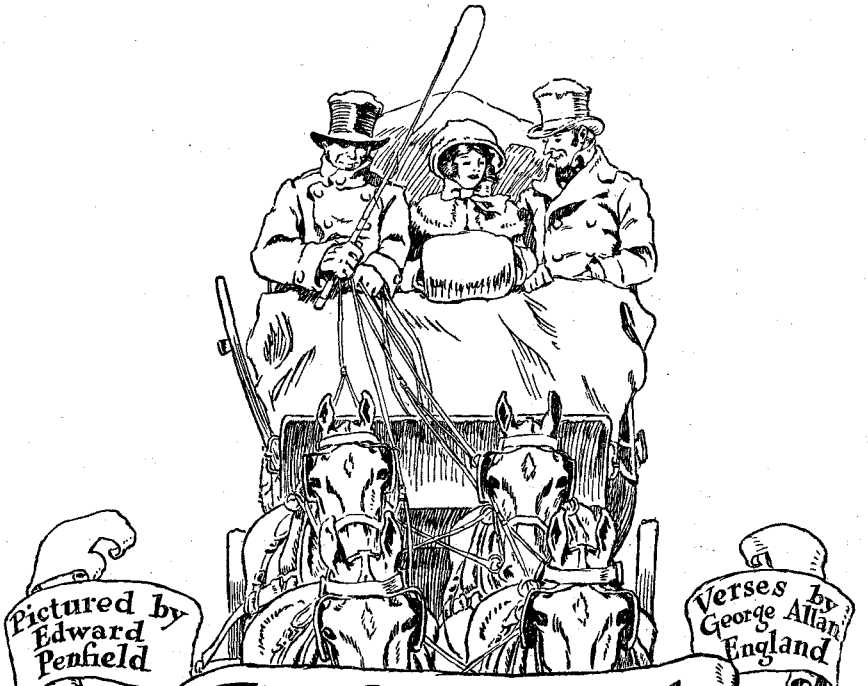


Pictured by Edward Penfield

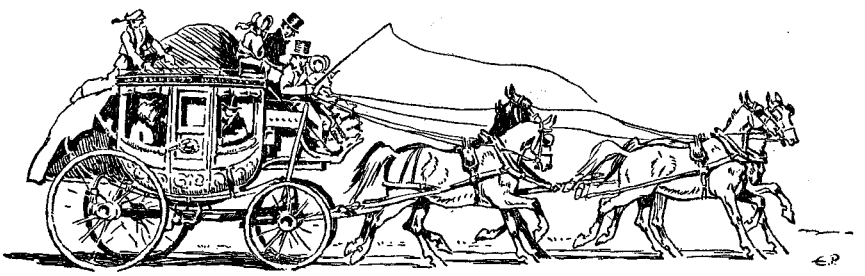
Verses by George Allan England

The Old Coach

HOOP-SKIRT, flounce, and furbelow,
Laughing belle and gallant beau—
How I bore ye proudly, all,
Long ago!

Shattered now my dusty panes;
Tattered cushions bear dark stains
Of full eighty winters' dour
Snows and rains.

Scents of lace and lavender,
Paisley shawl and beaver fur,
Once I knew ye, gentlefolk!
Brave ye were!



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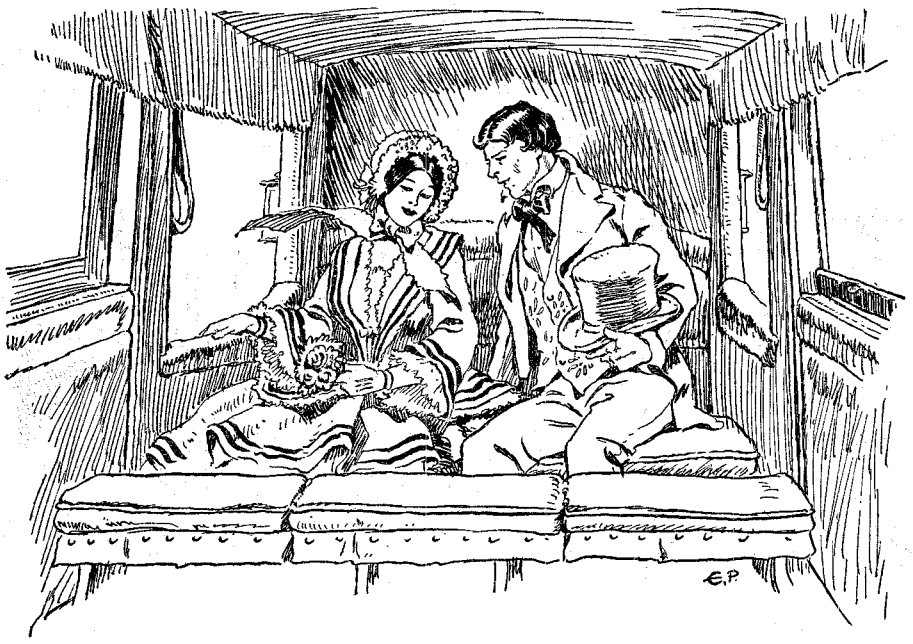
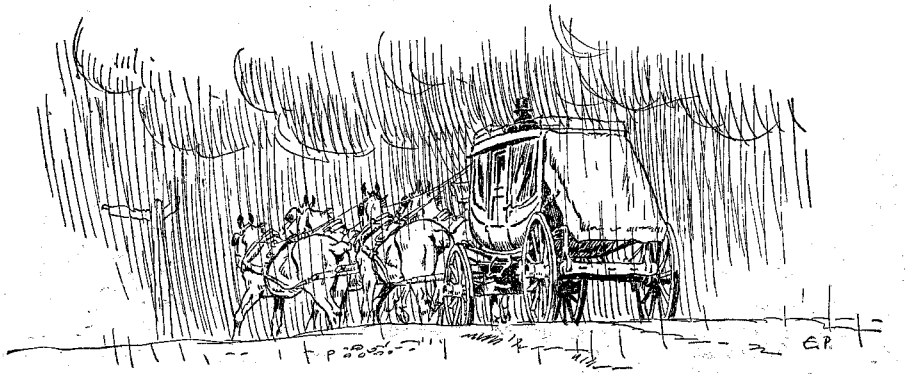


Vanished, all; but I still here
Feel the pinch of passing year;
Summer's scorch and winter's whirl,
Freezing drear.

I beheld his first caress,
Heard hot lips their love confess;
Saw her, flushing like the dawn,
Whisper, "Yes!"

War and weeping. I, alone,
Brood of life and laughter flown.
On her grave, this forty year,
Moss has grown.

Here she kissed her marriage-ring;
Here they rode, to christening
Of their first-born son. Dear God!
It was spring!



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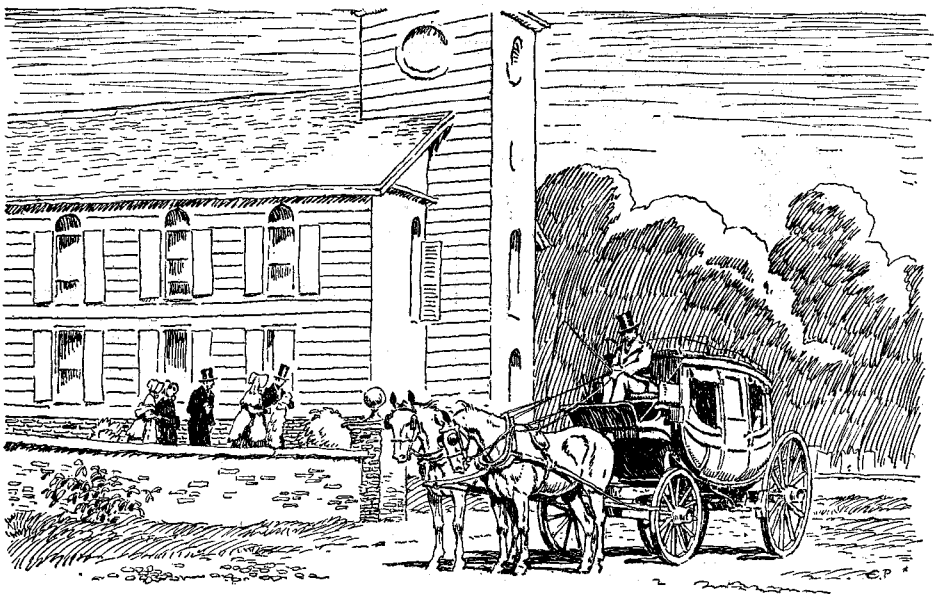
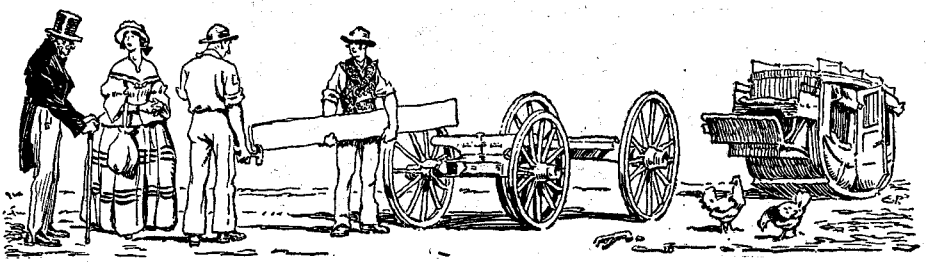


All are dead; yea, son and all.
Yokels own me. Hear them call?
"Make a wagon with them wheels,
Come next fall!"

Black, O veils, how black were ye!
As to the Gethsemane
Of his grave she rode, and wept—
Still with me!

Lads have ripped my curtains out,
Stoned my windows, made a rout
Of my cushions, straps and all,
Round about.

Leaden years. She (grayly numb,
Life burned low and laughter dumb)
Smiled when the Death-angel dark
Whispered, "Come! . . ."



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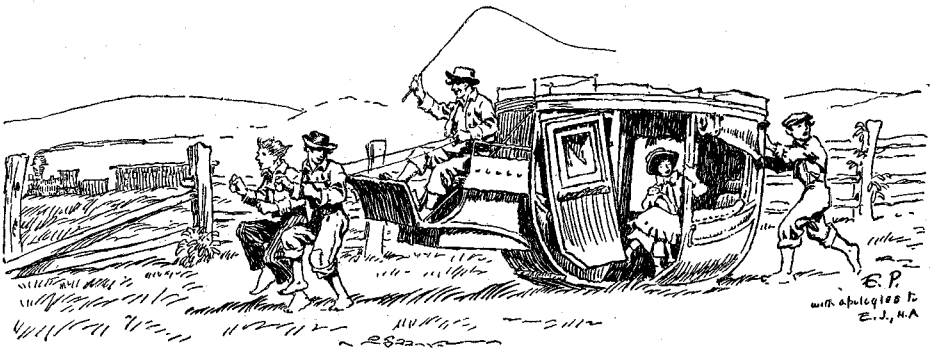
Soon dismembered I shall be,
Wagon made from part o' me;
Part tossed over the garden wall
You shall see.

'Chance, green vines may warmly spill
Wine of color on me, still.
Children find me yet, at play,
Down the hill.

I shall dream, and dreaming lie
Under summer's sapphire sky.
Just "that old coach." Nothing more,
Save—good-bye. . . .



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Difficult Navigation

BY HARRIET WELLES
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR F. HOWARD

THE admiral's wife put down the last letter and glanced across the breakfast-table; her husband was deep in the newspaper account of Egyptian excavations; at her right her aviator-nephew frowned over the Associated Press despatches describing an airplane disaster. Mrs. Chisholm sighed; her men-folk were happily oblivious to the existence of the morning's mail, she decided; and looked again over the pile of requests and notifications.

Eleven of the envelopes held invitations to act as patroness on entertainments to be given for various charities in the near-by city, where the admiral's shore billet included the command of all the naval activities in the district; each invitation enclosed a half dozen tickets, with instructions for the mailing of checks: "If this keeps on I'll be hunting for the address of a poorhouse that has a southern exposure," grumbled Mrs. Chisholm half aloud.

The admiral looked up from his paper. "Just think, Mary, this tomb was right under Rameses's! If, when we visited the Valley of the Kings, I had dreamed of such a thing, I'd have been there yet, digging. . . . But they aren't certain that they've found Tutankhamen. . . ."

"He's lucky if he can dodge them," commented Mrs. Chisholm gloomily, piling up her letters.

Jim Langdon pushed over his coffee-cup and smiled affectionately at her. "Business seems to be flourishing with you, Aunt Mary! Among all those letters you must have *something* interesting!"

Mrs. Chisholm spread out several typewritten notifications from the Washington Headquarters of the Navy Relief Society. Jim read the nearest one aloud:

"'To Mrs. Chisholm, President N.R.S. Auxiliary:

"'Will you kindly let us have your recommendation on the case of Mrs. James Armstrong, 27 Douglass Street, supposed to be dependent widow of Gunner Frederick Armstrong, who died at the naval hospital on the 26th of April?'"

He glanced at the similar notices. "You'll have a busy morning, Aunt Mary!"

"Yes. . . . And I wanted to work in the garden. If the sweet peas and the calendulas aren't picked they'll stop blossoming." She glanced at the address on the nearest slip. "It's very depressing to try to hearten the poor souls, and to find out if, by some miracle, they've saved enough to tide them over. I hate to pry into their affairs. . . . There are several local cases that aren't deaths, and I'll have one session of sharpening my wits!" She lifted her voice. "Henry! Give Tutankhamen a rest, and listen to me! . . . What do you think? . . . That gifted protégée of yours, Maggie Jenks, has written the Navy Relief to ask for help; she's put imagination and her best literary effort into her letter, for they quote that she 'has eight children, and rents are high'! When I think of the way I've looked out for her, I could shake her! . . . Of course she never dreamed that her request would be referred back to me. She probably expected that, after they'd read her wail, they'd send her a large check—as soon as they could see through their tears!"

"Why, Aunt Mary!" Jim Langdon laughed: "Who under the sun is Maggie Jenks? Seems to me I've heard the name before——"

"She belongs to Henry——"

The admiral interrupted. "She's the daughter of an old boatswain named Johnson, who was guide, philosopher, and

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friend to a gang of us midshipmen when we were on our first cruise. Johnson was wonderfully kind to me when I nearly died from typhoid and homesickness off Rio—he never came back aboard ship from liberty without bringing me indigestible stuff to eat. . . . Johnson was old navy—and the most elaborately picturesque liar I've ever met. If his daughter, Mrs. Jenks, takes after him, I wouldn't bother trying to circumvent her, Mary, you'll be wasting your time!" The admiral chuckled. "I'll never forget Johnson and the Duke of Edinburgh!"

Jim Langdon leaned forward. "*Tell us!*"

"Those were the good old days when the junior naval officer knew his place and stayed in it. . . . We midshipmen took the air aft with the warrant officers—instead of daring to pretend that we had a right to exist on the same earth with the captain. . . . Old Johnson enlivened his leisure moments by filling us up with miscellaneous misinformation on every subject from navigation to Who's-who-in-all-the-countries-of-Asia-and-Europe!

"Toward the end of the cruise our ship visited England and dropped anchor near the Channel Fleet, which the Duke of Edinburgh commanded. Of course we lads wanted to see an admiral-duke; we indulged in a lot of conversation concerning him. . . . That was Johnson's chance, and he rose to it! According to him the duke had been his most intimate friend during an American ship's long sojourn at Malta; they had gone ashore together for long walks every afternoon. 'Them's some of my fam'ly's old antique coats of arms' Johnson quoted the duke as saying of some gadgets carved above doorways. 'I didn't know that any of our ships ever stayed long at Malta, Johnson,' commented one of the midshipmen. 'There's lots *you* don't know!' parried Johnson witheringly, and went on to further and enlarged accounts of his intimacy with the duke.

"In some circuitous way, knowledge of Johnson's yarns reached our captain and he, paying an official call upon the admiral of the Channel Fleet, enlivened a formal occasion by recounting Old Johnson's boastings to us wide-eyed midshipmen. The Duke of Edinburgh was amused. . . . On the day when he returned our captain's visit we midshipmen were lined up in the various menial positions where juniors belong; Old Johnson, at the gangway, piped the duke over the side.

"After he finished greeting our captain the admiral gave a little chuckle and lifted his voice. 'I hear that you have a friend of mine aboard, captain; I'd be glad to see my old shipmate Boatswain Johnson!' Our skipper grinned. 'Certainly, sir,' he said, and turned to Johnson. 'The admiral wants to speak to you!'

"Poor Old Johnson was completely scuttled, he dropped his cap, his knees knocked together, he dropped his pipe; the perspiration came out on his forehead. Somehow he stepped forward. The duke shook hands with him. 'I haven't forgotten those nice walks we used to take together in Malta, Johnson! . . . Glad to see you again', he said; then turned away to go to the captain's cabin.

"As soon as we were dismissed we midshipmen dashed aft to await Johnson, and have the laugh of our lives at his expense—but we didn't know him. . . . Somewhere—between the time when he stood before the duke, a picture of guilty misery, and the time when he returned to us—he had recaptured his poise. As his head appeared—before we could say one word—he straightened, glared at us, thumped himself on the chest. 'Didn't I tell you the duke and me was friends? Now who's a damned old liar?' he roared."

The admiral joined in the laughter, then sobered. "Poor Johnson! I went to see him just before he died, and after asking me to sort of keep an eye on his daughter, he commenced to rage over the consistency of hospital soup: 'You could see bottom in fifteen fathom of it,' he told me."

Admiral Chisholm pushed back his chair. "I'd give Mrs. Jenks anything she asked for, Mary, she'll get it in the end—if she takes after her father!"

"That's the trouble with you, Henry, no matter how preposterous any one is, if they belong to the old navy, or enlist your sympathy, you'll forgive them anything." Mrs. Chisholm turned to her nephew. "Flying this morning, Jim?"

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He nodded. "Battle practice. . . . Come out at ten, Aunt Mary, and I'll do a barrel roll right over this house. . . . Or perhaps a falling leaf would match the garden better? What's the matter with those seedlings I helped you transplant?"

Mrs. Chisholm groaned. "Snails—a million strong—and I haven't time to slaughter them! Living in California has ruined Browning's poems for me. 'The snail's on the thorn,'" she quoted scathingly; "I wish I had *our* snails so well trained!" She went to the door to wave her husband and her nephew off, pausing to smile rather wistfully as Jim Langdon's contagious laugh floated back. "Elizabeth would have hated to have him fly," she said half aloud. Elizabeth, her only sister, had died when Jim was born. Mrs. Chisholm had brought him up. "I adored Elizabeth—but I never knew what to expect of her. Jim's like her—that's why he went into aviation. . . . Yes?"

"The chaplain is in the library, ma'am."

Mrs. Chisholm turned back. From the library sofa a pleasant-faced officer—wearing a gold-embroidered cross upon the sleeve of his uniform—rose to greet her. The chaplain held a paper with a list of names and addresses, and a sheaf of bills for Mrs. Chisholm's approval.

"Navy Relief doesn't intend to let any sailor's wife enjoy herself at the hospital unless I'm a party to it," commented the admiral's wife, switching on the desk light. She went carefully over the itemized accounts; only one was questioned. "Does Mrs. Curran's husband get less than sixty dollars a month? . . . Is she eligible to have her whole bill paid? . . . I seem to remember that we discussed this case."

"They've had three babies in thirty-one months and it's taken them over a year to pay for the oldest child's funeral——"

"I remember—" Mrs. Chisholm initialled the bill, glanced at her list, switched off the desk light.

The chaplain bundled his papers together. "I went to see those people who wrote you about borrowing some money; the man's a coxswain, his pay is ninety-six dollars a month, they have five children—and they've contracted to buy a combination gas-and-electric stove for one hundred and seventy-five dollars on the instalment plan——"

"*Lunatics!* . . . Of course you told them that we wouldn't encourage anything like that! The stove must go back! What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. . . . The sailor's wife told me that she'd never before owned anything handsome and that, all the rest of her life, she was going to cook three meals a day—" The chaplain hesitated. "I thought it was a woman's place to speak severely to her."

Mrs. Chisholm sniffed. "Don't ever let yourself be decoyed into discussing anything so incriminatingly compromising as a cook-stove," she advised dryly, visualizing a tired figure eternally bent above the magnificence of that combination range. . . . They were standing in the outer doorway as she spoke; glancing up she saw overhead nine planes flying in echelon formation and, as she looked, they went simultaneously into a tail spin, straightened, resumed their original stations, winging across the sky. . . . Mrs. Chisholm could picture her nephew's amusement if he could have seen her consternation. "There must be a dreadful increase in heart-disease among aviators' relatives!"

"It's really not so dangerous as dodging automobiles," the chaplain assured her.

She thought it over. "I never was interested in aviation before. Until my husband was ordered to shore duty here, where there is a naval air station, my nephew hadn't lived with us since he went to Annapolis. . . ." She held out her hand. "I know you're busy—and I'll have to be starting if I'm to get all these visits in."

Mrs. Chisholm had an eventful morning. The first stops were at the homes of the widows of whose bereavements she had been notified. One needed temporary financial assistance from the Navy Relief Society; the second, having three children born in the State, was eligible for a mother's pension; the other two were returning to their own people.

The next address produced a Czecho-Slovakian woman with a strident voice and positive views concerning her sailor-

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husband's country. Mrs. Chisholm let her talk herself into a rage of vituperation before she halted the tirade. "That will do. *Not another word!* . . . If you had married one of your own countrymen he wouldn't have *dreamed* of handing his wages over to you; neither would your shopkeepers have let you buy showy flimsy finery on the instalment plan."

The woman, being of the class which employs tears as a movie cowboy uses a gun, broke into loud wailing. Mrs. Chisholm was not impressed. "*In America* every seaport city has free libraries, night schools, and extension courses where you can study millinery and dressmaking and learn to make *cheaply* the finery you covet. Why don't you avail yourself of your opportunities—instead of annoying every one?"

After that the admiral's wife visited a hospital and left layettes to be given to two young mothers whose husbands' pay —according to the chaplain's investigations—could not be stretched to cover baby clothes. She went next to a number forwarded to her by the physician at Neighborhood House—and found a seventeen-year-old mother and a dying child. The sailor-husband, aboard a destroyer in the harbor, drew fifty-four dollars a month, twenty-two of which went in rent for two cold dark rooms. A glance at the wailing baby and at the mother was all that was necessary to convince Mrs. Chisholm that an actual lack of nourishing food was the cause of the condition; a few quiet and kindly questions revealed the fact that delicatessen shopkeepers were the recipients of the tiny salary. The admiral's wife proceeded cautiously: "Had the baby been baptized? . . . No? . . . That was a pity! . . . A citizen of God's world should be enlisted in God's army. . . . And what about letting Doctor Bemis, the specialist on children's ailments, look the baby over? . . . And if"—she corrected herself hastily— "I mean *when*, the baby gets better, I want you to go up to the afternoon class at the high school and take the course in plain cooking."

Although Mrs. Chisholm's voice was cheerful her face was grave. "These pathetic improvident young people—and the criminally negligent mothers who, having been too lazy to train their daughters, welcome the chance to be rid of them through early marriages—" she soliloquized. Whether from anticipation or from dread she had left the Jenks visit until last and, as she stopped in front of the house, the small yard seemed so turbulently full of the Jenkses offspring that Mrs. Chisholm glanced apprehensively at the picket fence to see if it bulged. Mrs. Jenks, attired in a flowery, canton-flannel kimona, sat in a rocking-chair on the porch. If the admiral had been present he would have recognized the interested cock of her head as an inherited mannerism—but Mrs. Jenks's voice was properly doleful. "You look more like Miss Elizabeth every day, ma'am! . . . I was thinkin' my father's old friends had forgotten me—or have you been ailin'—like meself?"

The admiral's wife refused this lead. "Maggie Johnson, *what do you mean* by writing to the Navy Relief Society for help—when you've had more done for you than any other ten people?"

Mrs. Jenks was visibly nonplussed. "Who's been a-lyin' about me?" she countered. "Wasn't it only last night I was a-runnin' through the cards an' the two of spades kept comin' up—an' didn't I say to Tim, 'Some one's a-makin' trouble for me'?" But her tone carried no conviction.

"If any one made one-fiftieth of the trouble for you that you unhesitatingly make for other people, you'd be too busy to be sitting in idleness on the porch at eleven-thirty in the morning!" Mrs. Chisholm's voice was wrathful. "You idle women, who are too indolent to train your children, are public nuisances! How can you expect your daughters to sew, or cook, or intelligently spend small earnings, when they never see their mother doing anything useful?"

"Sewin' makes me nervous."

"*It doesn't!* It isn't possible for a fat woman to be nervous!"

Mrs. Jenks was getting her breath. "The reason I'm a-settin' here is because I'm weak-like and all of a-tremble! Wasn't it less than ten minutes since that a girl was a-hangin' some window fixtures, an' not bein' able to find the hammer she up an' grabs a brass cartridge

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her young man had give her, an' she hits the curtain bracket a wallop with it——"

The admiral's wife did not catch the gist of this account. "Well, what of it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Jenks arose to act out the calamity. "She hit the screw a wallop—an' it was one of those foot-high brass cartridges *an' good:* it blew her head off . . . an' she, with all her weddin' clothes ready to marry the lad what give her the cartridge!"

"How dreadful! What a terrible thing to have happen! Where did she live?"

Mrs. Jenks had resumed her chair. "A friend of mine, Miss Perkins, was a-tellin' me about it. . . . An' as for doin' for myself, Mis' Chisholm, ma'am, what can a woman do that's tied to a house with eight kids?" Her voice quavered with pathos. "That's the worst of doin' your duty raisin' a fam'ly! All the lively folks that rides in automobiles think you're lazy!"

"I don't think—*I know!* What are you training your children to do? Instead of teaching the girls plain cooking and sewing, encouraging the boys to earn and save a little money by delivering papers, sprinkling lawns, or running errands, you let them scream the neighbors deaf—while you sit on the porch waiting for people to do for you!"

"Sure, you've been *real good!*" Mrs. Jenks executed one of her conversational flank movements with which, often before, she had routed her visitor. ("First she's against you; then she's all for you—until you can't tell *which* side she's talking on," Mrs. Chisholm was wont to complain to the admiral.) Mrs. Jenks went blithely forward: "As I was a-sayin' to Miss Perkins—the girl who's always askin' questions about you, an' the admiral, an' Miss Elizabeth's lad, Mr. Jim—"They're me father's old friends, an' they'd give me the fillin's out'n their teeth if I needed 'em'! Miss Perkins is a nice girl—but flighty. Her folks say she ain't never been the same since she got hurt in the head actin' in the movies up to Hollywood. I never seen any one who wanted to get their name in the newspaper like she does; she says that ev'ry one at Hollywood knows an' proves that all you need to be famous is newspaper not'riety! . . . I was tellin' her you had a heart of gold——"

Mrs. Chisholm's voice was determined. "I'm commencing to realize that I've been doing you a real wrong in letting you drift this way. Your daughters will have a can-opener and a ticket to the movies for each of their doweries—like the forlorn girl with a starving baby, that I saw this morning—unless I stop this very day! . . . Don't appeal to me or to the society for help again, until you can show that you're trying to train your children to be responsible, useful, future citizens. Weeding gardens is just as healthful an out-of-door sport as tearing around the yard, shrieking'——

"What about the baby? Poor lamb—a-sleepin' so peaceful in his crib with nothin' to look forward to but learnin' to walk so's he can go to work——"

"You know perfectly well that I don't mean the baby—but Jimmy is fifteen, Maggie is thirteen, and Tim is eleven; lots of boys and girls earn money before they're as old as that." Mrs. Chisholm arose. "Don't let me hear from you again unless you've an honest reason for asking help." She might have spared herself anxiety concerning the young Jenkses being brought up in idleness; hardly had her automobile left the curb when Mrs. Jenks was issuing orders like a general: "Jimmy, the baby's frettin', take him up! Maggie, get a pan of onions an' potatoes an' boil 'em with the skins on!" She settled comfortably back in her chair. "Here comes the Perkins girl to ask questions about Mis' Chisholm——"

But if Mrs. Jenks was serene and cheerful, the admiral's wife was not; riding back toward the Naval Station she thought of the pathetic sick baby and pondered, for the thousandth time, over life's inequalities. To the Jenkses she gave a rueful sigh; they were of the "old navy" and indivisibly tied to her husband for life—to be scolded, warned, helped, disowned with exactly the same result: the admiral, remembering Old Johnson in the light of midshipman days and many far-flung cruises, would never see the boatswain's daughter run foul of her just reward. And no one was more cognizant of this comfortable fact than Maggie Jenks!

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"I'd like to shake her!" murmured Mrs. Chisholm half aloud, under cover of the aviation station's siren announcing noon. . . . Over her head the bombing, scouting, and battle planes were winging homeward toward the landing field and the mother ship; the air was vibrant with the roaring of their engines; from high above came the subdued humming of the practice squadron returning from manœuvres to its base. . . .

The chauffeur was moved to voice his admiration: "Don't they do that echelon fine, ma'am? . . . *Oh, look*——"

Even as he spoke one of the planes wavered . . . veered . . . tilted drunkenly forward . . . and then, like some wounded erratic bird . . . commenced to descend . . . in strange, jerky darts . . . bow foremost. . . .

Mrs. Chisholm felt suddenly faint. "Will they land on the ground . . . or in the bay . . .?"

There was no need to answer. The plane, gaining momentum, pitched more swiftly downward . . . and came to the end of its last flight with a splintering crash . . . its nose driven deep into the earth by the force of its fall. . . .

For a few seconds there was a stupefied pause; men, at work in the repair shops, dropped their tools, stood transfixed; sailors rushed from the hangars and stopped, breathless; loaded motor lorries and cars came to a sharp halt; a detachment of aviation mechanics, marching toward the Fleet Air barracks, broke ranks to stand, staring. . . .

. . . And then the station came suddenly to life: the ambulance—always manned and equipped during flight hours—dashed from its parking place in front of the dispensary, hardly waiting for a signal from the doctor officer of the day, as he jumped for the running-board. Behind them, in the dispensary entrance, Mrs. Chisholm could see the sailor hospital orderlies running toward the storeroom, wheeling out the stretchers. The senior doctor superintended a hasty clearing of an operating-room; gave a sharp command for the convalescent patients to sun themselves on the opposite side of the building, and followed the stretchers to the doorway. . . .

. . . Across the field, over ridges, holes, and hillocks sped the ambulance to where the great plane stood. It looked frail, useless and futile now—and its two occupants were very still; one, the observer, strangely twisted and crumpled, was already dead—his ribs through his heart. The other, the pilot, was lifted, breathing, into the ambulance. The doctor, glancing at the wrecked plane, clambered quickly in beside his unconscious charge, and spoke to his assistant: "He didn't have a prayer! Controls jammed—that's the cause of nine-tenths of the aviation crashes! . . ." He shook his head at the limp figure on the stretcher. "Now *why* do accidents *always* happen to the best fliers? *That's Jim Langdon!*" he said.

During the rest of her life Mrs. Chisholm will never voluntarily speak of the nightmare days which followed. Jim Langdon's life hung in the balance; a tense stillness settled over the commandant's house—broken only by the shrill importunities of the telephone bell, when friends and acquaintances voiced inquiries and messages of sympathy and encouragement. . . . Twice, from a grocery store near her home, Mrs. Jenks called up the admiral's quarters and gave the houseboy instructions to tell Mrs. Chisholm of her pity. "Knowing how the madam loved Miss Elizabeth's lad I couldn't feel any sorrier if it was one of my own! Tell her that Maggie Johnson says she's too good to have such a trouble!"

The admiral delivered the message. He was having a difficult time during those long days—while his wife heaped condemnation upon herself. "Elizabeth left Jim to me to love and take care of—and I let him go into aviation. If he dies, I'm responsible. I could have stopped him by *absolutely refusing* to allow him to take up flying, when you overruled me by siding with him!"

The admiral's decisive voice was gentle. "No, you couldn't have stopped him, Mary; flying was as the breath of life to Jim—he would hardly talk on any subject but aviation and its future; he conversationally eliminated forts, armies, navies, and battleships as useless junk. I've often heard him say that he'd rather be a penniless flier than a land-anchored multibillionaire."

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From a drawing by Oscar F. Howard.

"What can a woman do that's tied to a house with eight kids?"—Page 725.

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She would not listen. "*Why* do men have to go on inventing hideous, torturing, destructive things? . . . Wasn't the world miserable enough before—without adding airplanes and submarines?" She broke into breathless sobbing. "Elizabeth—*and Jim*. . . ."

And every afternoon Mrs. Chisholm went to the hospital to sit beside her nephew's bed and suffer anew as he stared at her with blank unrecognizing eyes . . . Jim . . . who, from the days of a diminutive birthday-cake ornamented by one pink candle, had never failed to smile a welcome to his adored Aunt Mary. . . . Outside, the meadow-larks sang to deaf ears during that interminable spring; snails feasted, unmolested, upon the plants in her neglected garden. . . .

But as the days went slowly past and Lieutenant Langdon lived, the doctors became more optimistic. True, he did not know any one—but later, when he was a little stronger, they would attempt to locate the pressure which was causing the trouble. The local newspapers, mentioning the physician's bulletins, commented that Lieutenant James Langdon could not speak, did not recognize his nearest relatives. . . .

Mrs. Chisholm commenced to hope. "We'll send for a great surgeon to help—when the doctors think that Jim can stand the added shock of an operation. . . . It may be just a little splinter of bone. Mrs. Barnard was telling me of her son's accident—and now he's perfectly well and strong. . . ." As the admiral did not answer she paused to question. "Henry, didn't you hear me? . . . What is the matter? . . . *Have the doctors discovered something that you're afraid to tell me?*"

"Not the doctors—the chaplain. . . ." The admiral lifted a silencing hand. "Mary, did Jim ever tell you that he was married?"

She could not believe that she had heard aright. "'*Married!*'"

He nodded. "The girl who claims to be his wife has a baby about five months old."

Mrs. Chisholm stared at her husband in speechless amazement.

"I've seen the young woman and the baby—she applied to the chaplain, who brought her to my office. She's exceedingly nervous, due—I suppose—to the shock from hearing of Jim's accident. She went up to the hospital—but he didn't recognize her."

Mrs. Chisholm had found her voice. "It's an absolute falsehood! There isn't a word of truth in it! The woman is an impostor!" Her voice trembled. "Why should Jim want to keep his marriage from *me?* He'd know that I'd love any girl he married! As for his baby—! It's monstrous that you should even listen to such a story, Henry! . . . Turn the woman over to the police!"

"I wouldn't care to do that, Mary. The young woman seems to know a great deal about us, about Elizabeth's death, and Jim's father remarrying; and about Jim, and you, and me—things that only a person who knew our family well would be likely to know. And if she *is* Jim's wife, I wouldn't care to tell him that we'd failed her at a time like this."

"*It isn't true!*" Her voice faltered. "Did she show you her marriage certificate? . . . I suppose she wants money!"

He shook his head. "You're misjudging her. She says Jim didn't want to announce their marriage until he gets his promotion. From her rather disjointed account I gathered that he wanted her to study and improve herself."

"*Of course she's pretty!*"

"Not at all. . . . She's a forlorn looking girl with wild hair, and she's pathetically thin." The admiral hesitated. "Knowing Jim, I imagine that she appealed to his sympathies. She's theatrically inclined and, if she realized that Jim thought her misused or unhappy, she probably acted up to all the possibilities of the part——"

"Oh, *stop!*" Mrs. Chisholm's eyes were full of tears. "What did she come to you for? Money? . . . Who are her people? Where does she live? Why has she waited until now to let us know that she's Jim's wife?"

"She feels that if Jim dies it's only fair that we should acknowledge the baby. She's visiting some friends who live over on the edge of town—her people are in Pensacola; Jim met her while he was in training there. She never spoke of money. . . . I've seen her three times, and only after I couldn't help noticing

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that she didn't look particularly prosperous, and told her that I knew you'd want to be sure the baby had everything it needed, could I persuade her to accept anything. You'd find it pathetic to hear her first inquiry: 'Has *he* recognized anyone yet?'"

"Is the baby cunning?" Mrs. Chisholm asked; then stiffened. "I don't believe that she's Jim's wife! I won't acknowledge her——"

The admiral's voice was grave. "Don't forget that she isn't asking anything but a square deal from us, Mary. She wouldn't come to our house or accept favors from us. She doesn't seem to want anything but the newspaper announcements that she's Jim's wife. . . . As for the baby—it looks so like every other baby that I feel as if I'd seen it before!"

Unintentionally, this last remark was the admiral's strongest plea in support of the young woman's claims. "The baby looks familiar, because it's like Jim," Mrs. Chisholm decided. With a little shiver of aversion she faced this new view-point—to find herself definitely hoping that, if the baby were Jim's, the girl who was its mother would be able to bring forward all the legal documents necessary to establish her claims. . . . If Jim did not get well . . . his aunt could not endure to have a single memory of him in which his eyes were not straight-glancing, his head held bravely erect. . . .

During all her busy years up to then, Mrs. Chisholm had never known more than a passing discouragement—but this was different. Looking back, life became in retrospect both futile and purposeless: little remote islands of happiness, suspense, and grief set in a vast and lonely sea. "I've accomplished less than nothing. . . . I've been satisfied just to drift. . . . It wouldn't matter if I'd never lived." She was suddenly and unaccountably tired mentally and physically. What was the use of all this elaborate profitless struggle?

Several incidents contributed to her disillusionment. The child specialist had put the frail baby on certified feeding; sufficient money was furnished his seventeen-year-old mother to pay, monthly, for what was prescribed. At first the baby gained; then lapsed. The chaplain, investigating, speedily secured the information that, among some clothing donated to the young mother, there had been an Alice-blue hat in which she found herself so attractive that she had promptly spent the baby's milk money for a dress to match.

"I've ordered the bills sent to us, from now on," commented the chaplain. Mrs. Chisholm nodded listlessly. He went on: "That Czecho-Slovakian woman who was crazy for finery—you remember her?—well she found a way to achieve it through forming a partnership with a local bootlegger. She was arrested last week, and she's been retired from active service. . . . I feel so sorry for her husband: it will take him months to pay her bills—he's only a coxswain."

The admiral's wife did not answer. The chaplain, glancing at her, was struck with the look of utter discouragement in her face. "You mustn't feel like that, Mrs. Chisholm! After all, most of the cases we get are of people who aren't of average mentality. Think of the thousands of sailor families who live on their pay——"

"It's all so ugly and dreary and hopeless," she said.

Life will not stand still for calamities. Imperceptibly Mrs. Chisholm found herself engulfed in the old round of duties and responsibilities: a Japanese cruiser dropped anchor in the harbor and the ranking officers lunched at the commandant's house; the British naval attaché, arriving for a courtesy inspection of the district—and bringing personal letters of introduction to the Chisholms—was welcomed as a guest at the admiral's quarters for the week of his stay; an Italian gunboat, en route to the Orient, stopped to coal and to give her crew liberty; the captain dined at the commandant's—while the patrol officers, ashore, engaged in a lively evening of sorting out passionate differences of opinion between the visiting sailors and the native sons; the governor of a Mexican province, immediately adjacent to the border, came up to pay an official call—bringing his wife and all of her relatives with him. As none of them spoke English, an elaborate meal was

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consumed to an accompaniment of signs and exclamations.

The telephone ceased to be a medium for conveying sympathy; the mail was full of demands and petitions again; the chaplain came to discuss cases, to hand in reports and suggestions. Several small navy children had to be entered in the Children's Home while their mothers were absent in tubercular camps; a sailor husband—aged nineteen—had a tiny baby left for him at the local Y. M. C. A. by a welfare officer from another city. "Tell him his wife's been sent to the hospital, and she gave his name as next of kin," was the message delivered with the baby. ("If you didn't want to cry you'd have to laugh!" Mrs. Chisholm commented to the chaplain when the baby had been rescued after three strenuously vocal hours in the Y.) A French war-bride was found in a rooming-house, coughing her life away—her husband cooked her breakfast before he went on duty; hurried home after working hours to cook her dinner—and was moved to a suitable place, given every care, and her idiosyncrasies overlooked—because the days of her discontent were so nearly over. The seventeen-year-old mother brought her baby—less frail now—for baptism, one Sunday after the chaplain's regular service.

And still Jim Langdon wandered through strange mazes of forgetfulness—and Mrs. Chisholm had seen his wife, and had taken a violent dislike to her.

But not to the baby—the baby was different! . . . True, it didn't look at all like Jim . . . and yet there was something about it hauntingly familiar. Mrs. Chisholm was increasingly perplexed about that resemblance. "Henry, is it because we've never had any babies of our own, that all of them look alike to us?"

The admiral nodded. "Probably." He hesitated. "Mary, I think it's time we talked over making some provision for Jim's wife. He's never made her an allotment—I know, I asked the paymaster. And now that Jim can't draw his pay, she must need money. I've sent my aide twice to the house of the friends she's visiting—but evidently they're working people because they're never at home." He moved restlessly. "Jim's wife told me to-day that she was going away to get work. . . . She feels that we are treating her unfairly in not letting her make her marriage public. She has talked to two newspaper men in town—and they called me up to verify the report." The admiral paused again. "I asked them, as a personal favor, not to publish anything until after the surgeon gives his opinion concerning Jim."

"It's good of them to consider our wishes." Apathetically she added: "Nothing seems to matter much any more. I'm too tired to care."

"That's the aftermath of a nervous shock."

"Perhaps." She hesitated. "Henry, that girl isn't *fit* to take care of a baby: she all but holds it upside down!" Mrs. Chisholm's voice was tense. "Why shouldn't we keep Jim's child? She'd have to board it among strangers if she took a position—and I don't want strangers to have it!"

"Suggest that to her."

"I have!"

"I hope that you were kind, Mary."

Mrs. Chisholm avoided his eyes. "It wasn't a case for kindness on *my* part! She was like a fury. 'No one shall separate me from my child!' she screamed."

"There's nothing unnatural about mother-love, Mary."

"*I don't like her!* . . . First she mauls the baby around, calls it 'lover,' talks about 'thrilling at the touch of its hands,' says it's all that's left in life for her (and all the time I have a feeling that she's watching me out of the corner of her eye to see how I'm taking it); and next thing she's letting the baby fall and hurt itself badly; it will have a big bruise over its eye from the way it struck its head yesterday. . . . I told her she wasn't *fit* to handle a baby!"

The admiral kept a wise silence.

"She was angry!" commented his wife. "Of course she isn't a gentlewoman—that's very apparent when she loses her temper—but I was sorry afterward that I'd been severe with her (the poor baby had cried itself to sleep) and I tried to make amend by telling her that the specialist comes to-morrow. 'Just think! Next week at this time Jim may be able

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to recognize us!' I said. She wouldn't even answer!"

The admiral made no comment.

Mrs. Chisholm pretended to ignore him. "It makes me *ill* to see a helpless baby mistreated."

There was silence.

"Especially if it is Jim's baby," she said.

"If you feel that way about it, why don't you have a straight-forward talk with her—ask her to bring out her proofs, and get this mean business on a reasonable footing?" The admiral was in earnest. "Do you know, Mary, your attitude in this matter is very perplexing to me! Usually you're so kind, so just—but not where this unfortunate girl is concerned. I can't get your view-point! . . . Unless she has known Jim, where could she have learned the things about his mother, about you, that she repeats?" His voice was grave. "I'm increasingly sorry for that young woman, Mary; there's something definitely wrong with her. . . . I only hope that, for your future peace of mind, she isn't going to have a mental collapse over Jim and over our treatment of her when she asked for recognition."

Never before during their married life had her husband spoken so to her. Mrs. Chisholm's voice was as serious as his. "The surgeon arrives at ten? . . . I'll go out to see . . . her . . . and be back at the hospital by the time the doctors have finished the consultation. . . ."

Very early the next morning the commanding officer at the naval hospital telephoned Admiral Chisholm; the admiral's face was very sober as he hung up the receiver and stood for a moment, pondering. "Perhaps I'd better let her go to see Jim's wife; it will save her a couple of hours of useless anxiety," he muttered; and went out to the dining-room. After breakfast he hurried Mrs. Chisholm off, emphasizing the need for her to be back at the hospital by ten-thirty.

She gave the address to the chauffeur. "Elm Street. I don't know where that is—I never heard of the street before."

He consulted a map of the city. "It's out near the Jenks. Elm Street is only three blocks long."

Arrived at the number, no one answered the door-bell. A passing postman volunteered the information that the folks who lived there owned, and ran, a grocery—and left home early.

"Haven't they a visitor—a young woman with a baby?"

The postman thought not.

Mrs. Chisholm went back to the car. "Go to Mrs. Jenks," she directed, adding to herself: "If there's one woman who will know everything about each person in the neighborhood, it will be Maggie Johnson! Besides, I haven't heard a word from her in weeks. . . . They must have found an oil-well in their back yard—this is the longest she's ever gone without wailing for help."

Mrs. Jenks' greeting was sincere and sympathetic. "My heart ached for you, ma'am! Rememberin' Miss Elizabeth, wasn't I knowin' how hard you'd take Mr. Jim's accident? . . . You're lookin' thin an' peaked! . . . Come in whilst I brew you a cup of tea."

Insensibly Mrs. Chisholm relaxed under the warmth of her kindliness. Old friends might have their failings—but they had their advantages, too. "It's been ghastly—and it isn't over. . . . Thank you, but I don't care for tea so early in the morning——"

Mrs. Jenks put on the kettle. "You're too tired to know what's good for you. . . . As I was sayin' to a friend of mine—she's awful interested in the admiral, an' Mr. Jim, an' you—they're *kind* folks——"

"I'm not so kind as you think! . . . By the way, do you know a young woman, with a small baby, who is visiting at 26 Elm Street?"

"I know the folks at 26—but their daughter ain't married. She's the girl I was tellin' you about: the one that got hurt bein' rescued from a sinkin' ship in the movies."

Mrs. Chisholm looked at her paper. "It certainly says 26, and Elm Street is only three blocks long. Don't you know of any young woman, with a baby, who's been visiting there for over twelve weeks?"

"You've got the wrong street! . . . No stranger *could* stay on Elm Street that long—an' me not know it!" Mrs. Jenks bustled to the china-closet and ostentatiously took down an ornate tea-set.

The admiral's wife knew what was ex-

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pected of her. "*Of course* I want tea—if I can have it out of anything so beautiful! . . . What handsome china! . . . How have you been getting on? . . . Are the children well? . . . And I must see the baby before I go."

Mrs. Jenks sobered. "I took your advice about puttin' one of the childer to a light job, ma'am—up to two days ago it worked grand. I was honestly thankful to you for suggestin' it—but I ain't so grateful now!" She opened a door and peered into a darkened room. "He's still sleepin'. Come in quiet an' you won't wake him."

The admiral's wife tiptoed after her.

Maggie Jenks lowered her voice to a sibilant whisper. "I've been rentin' him out to Miss Perkins for a movie act. . . . She's had him eight afternoons, at five dollars each—but I won't rent him again—money or no money! She ain't right in the head herself—from some movie accident—an' just look at the bruise on his temple that she brought the poor lamb back with, two days ago——"

Mrs. Chisholm's eyes had become accustomed to the half-light; bending above the crib she stared in aghast unbelief at the Jenks baby and its bruised forehead. "*No wonder* I thought I recognized that child! '*Movie act'!* . . . Do you know what that girl has *really* been hiring him for?"

Her voice was so tense that Mrs. Jenks shrank back, whimpering. "She said it was an act that'd get her lots of newspaper notice . . . an' you told me I ought to be makin' the childer earn some money! Miss Perkins is the girl I told you about—the one that's always askin' questions about Mr. Jim, an' the admiral, an' you——"

Admiral Chisholm had walked several miles up and down the hospital corridor; the atmosphere around him was electric. As Mrs. Chisholm came through the doorway she overheard him boomingly waylaying a scurrying junior medical officer. "*Where's Doctor Thompson?*"

The young doctor was of the new navy of amalgamated line and staff; he answered primly: "The executive officer is operating, sir."

The admiral glared at him. "Oh, he is, is he? . . . Damn lucky for the patient that it isn't the navigator—" He caught sight of his wife. "The specialist came on the early train instead of at ten—and he decided to operate right away. . . . *That was hours ago*, Mary——"

If Mrs. Chisholm had ever questioned his affection for Jim the sight of his face at that moment put all such thoughts permanently to rout. She laid a comforting hand on his arm, fought down her own fears in trying to divert his attention. "I've just come from investigating the case of that young woman who claimed to be Jim's wife. . . . You were right, Henry, she's mentally unbalanced; she had some wild idea of getting newspaper notoriety which would help her in the movies! . . . And the reason you and I thought that there was something familiar about her baby is because we knew him! . . . Don't you remember when you were godfather for the last Jenks baby?"

Admiral Chisholm stared at her. What are you talking about? What has that wild-eyed girl to do with the Jenks baby?"

"Mrs. Jenks rented him to her—she feels just dreadfully to think of the trouble she's innocently made. . . . But it was really my fault. I tried to give Maggie Johnson some good advice——"

His tone was scathing: "Didn't I tell you not to trifle with Old Johnson's daughter? If she took after her father at all, she'd be able, in ten seconds, to make good advice look like reckless rhetoric——"

He broke off sharply. A nurse was hurrying toward them down the corridor; her eyes were shining. "Lieutenant Langdon's commencing to come out from under the anæsthetic—they sent me to tell you! . . . He's just stopped mumbling about his plane to ask clearly: 'Aunt Mary?' . . . Doesn't that mean you, Mrs. Chisholm?"

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Green Garden

BY DOROTHY CARUSO

DECORATION BY S. WENDELL MITCHELL

I KNOW one who made a garden.
Not a blossom, only greens!
Cabbages and cauliflowers,
Peas and carrots, beets and beans.
How she loved each wee tomato,
Gave each pod such tender care.
Lavished all her sweet affection
On the things she planted there!

Wearing nothing soft or pretty,
Only overalls, and shirt;
Rosy cheeked, so small and solemn,
Busy digging in the dirt.
Earnestly she worked for hours.
"Only greens!" The little elf
Doesn't know the sweetest flower
In the garden is herself!

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Miss Tenny's Yellow Streak

BY MYRA MASON LINDSEY
Author of "Vanilla Wafers"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE

SOMETHING was wrong with Miss Tenny. Everybody in Springtree, Mississippi, knew it, but nobody knew what it was.

Her pupils were among the first to discover that she was subtly different, that she had a secret. Then the news blew abroad on every wind, beat down with every rain, warmed and tingled under every sun. Matters had reached such a pass that the trustees of the Springtree Public School were determined to take action at the annual spring election, so the rumor ran.

Mrs. Judge Ward, who befriended everybody and scandalized everybody, said that she always knew Tennessee Cable couldn't be old Doctor Cable's daughter without showing a yellow streak some time. The old doctor, though a Mississippian, a gentleman, and a Christian, had refused to fight for the Confederacy. He had not believed in either war or slavery, and swore roundly that neither old Mrs. Stowe nor the entire Yankee army should drive him out of a Union that his grandfather, Colonel "Daredevil Bob," had died at King's Mountain to build.

True, Miss Tenny's mother had been own second cousin to General Beaureguard and had been entertained by Jeff Davis at Beauvoir. True, she had tried to atone for her husband by patriotically naming her four daughters Tennessee, Texas, Alabama, and Georgia, fully intending to complete the map south of the Mason-Dixon line, had God blessed her with more daughters. But, fulminated Mrs. Judge Ward, a yellow streak won't stay hidden always; like murder, it will out.

Miss Tenny's yellow streak was an unconscionable time a-showing—some fifty-five years, in fact, during which the town had watched her hair fade from thick gold to thin silver. But, when it appeared, it was plain as a rocket on Honeysuckle Hill, or a circus on Lamar Avenue. Springtree saw the radiance and heard the blare, but it could not make out what lay behind either.

The town first pricked up its ears and rubbed its eyes wide last August when Miss Tenny began making regular visits to Jackson every Saturday without vouchsafing why to anybody. She always came back strangely elated and bright-eyed, but she never alluded to her absence even when Sister Huxter, the Baptist minister's wife, remarked with frequent severity that she had been sorely missed at Sunday-school.

Lola Ballad, the postmistress, maintained that Miss Tenny's mail revealed nothing of the mystery of these visits, and that, if anybody doubted her words, he was welcome to look for himself. Tillie Belle Buckle, at her stepmother's behest, did look and reported disappointedly that Miss Tenny and her sister Miss 'Bama got only the usual letters from their nieces, the Horne girls in Memphis, and several magazines.

Mrs. Joe Buckle went through the red-rose hedge and across the wide Bermuda grass lawn between her house and the Cable place, determined to cool her burning curiosity. But she got no farther than giving Miss 'Bama a jar of sweet peach pickles and the promise of a "settin' " of Barred Rock eggs. There was something about Miss 'Bama with all her blue-veined frailness and about Miss Tenny with all her brisk friendliness that checked personal questions. They were their father's own in more ways than one.

When school opened in September, the town knew that whatever had happened

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From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

Miss Tenny smiled and turned her back to gather more honeysuckle.—Page 738.

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or was happening to Miss Tenny was grave enough for official handling. For she changed the high-school English course that for twenty-eight years had been good enough for her to teach and for Springtree to study. She had committed what, in the Springtree neighborhood, was the unpardonable sin; she had dared to slap the wrinkled face of tradition resoundingly and to smile at the echo of the blow.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," and "It was good for our fathers and it's good enough for me"—thus sang Springtree every Sunday, and practised the same Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and the rest of the week.

It was shocking enough to throw Macaulay and Scott and Smith's Grammar into the dust barrel, but to assign "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and Russian stories to Christian boys and girls of old Southern families was an absolute outrage. Next thing she'd have them reading Darwin and Restoration Drama and Voltaire. Not that Springtree—except, perhaps, Judge Ward, Doctor Golden, the Presbyterian minister, and Miss Tenny herself—had ever read any of these; it would as soon invite a negro preacher to Sunday dinner or the ghost of Bob Ingersoll to deliver the baccalaureate address at the May commencement. But, in some subtle way, it knew *of* them just as the boys knew where the eddies and quicksands were in Pearl River without ever having been sucked down into their depths.

Mrs. Judge Ward contended that Miss Tenny had never been the same since she had visited Nita Nicholas, her favorite pupil, when the latter was graduated from Bryn Mawr. Miss Tenny had announced boldly that fall that she would never again force delinquent students to copy the second book of "Paradise Lost" or Pope's "Essay on Man" as punishment. "They just hate 'em both, and so do I," she snapped. "I've read 'em so many years badly spelled and blotted that I loathe the very thought of them. Beauty and piety are no good when they are forced, anyway!"

Then came the furor about Buddie Grover and the detective stories. Buddie, freckled and fourteen, had long basked in the distinction of being "the worst boy in school." He sang under his breath during recitation and chewed gum during study hour, sticking wads of it under his desk, thus constructing marvellous geometrical figures not to be found within the covers of his own grimy text. He often stole rides on the fast freight to Memphis and once even went blind baggage on the Panama Limited to Chicago. He had professed religion at Brother Brimstone Sullivan's latest protracted meeting just to keep the revival going so he wouldn't have to hoe his father's corn in the bottom, and, after the brethren had rather nervously extended him the right-hand of fellowship, had calmly spat into the collection plate. He whistled "Yankee Doodle" while his school fellows were decorating the graves of the Confederate dead on General Lee's birthday. And he confessed frankly and fully that his highest ambition was to be an outlaw exactly like Jesse James.

Formerly, Miss Tenny had been the only soul who could quell him; in her class he had behaved like an innocent who some day expected sainthood. Now, he read a certain volume of detective stories in her very presence without let or hindrance. It was reported that Miss Tenny had not only not frowned upon the book, which, yellow-bound and thrilling, was called "The Flamboyant Fakir," but had let other boys "speak" to Buddie for the open purpose of borrowing it. Nay, she even owned a copy herself and had been pleased to discuss it zestfully with Buddie's "crowd." After school, when she should have been "keeping in," she had followed through the harrowing mazes of "The Flamboyant Fakir" with them, her black eyes sparkling, and had actually hugged Buddie Grover when he said it was the best book he had ever read. Hugged him when he hadn't handed in his themes and conjugations for five weeks! Smiling on lawlessness! Condoning hoodlumism!

She had grown so popular with Buddie's "crowd" these spring months that it had become her habit now to go fishing with them in Blue Turkey Creek, when they had never even confided to the other boys their secret rendezvous. But worse was to come. When Honeysuckle Hill was pink as an April morning with wild honey-

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From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

Behind the wheel sat Miss Tenny, driving with an air of unmistakable ownership.—Page 740.

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suckle, young Bill Ward, Judge Ward's nephew, home from the A. and M. College on his Easter vacation, had rapturously kissed Sudie Grover, Buddie's slim, red-haired sister, while Miss Tenny stood by. Did she frown upon the recreants? No; she smiled and turned her back to gather more honeysuckle.

Reproved sternly for this over the garden fence by Mrs. Judge Ward next day, Miss Tenny whistled lightly and shrilly through her fingers like a boy and said she wished with all her heart that they two old fossils had kissed more boys in their youth.

"It would have kept the honeysuckle blooming longer in our hearts, Laura," she added. "Social unafraidness would have made us better women. It's a pity you didn't kiss every man that came a-wooing at your father's house before you settled on the judge. You know you wanted to in your secret heart, but you didn't have the courage. A prude is never a lady inside."

"The woman is indecent, absolutely *indecent*," railed Mrs. Judge Ward to Doctor Golden, when he paid a parochial call next day. "There's no fool like an old one. Her father was an anarchist and a traitor in his day. And I always predicted that sooner or later Tenny would break loose like a log boom in a freshet. *Now*, just look."

"Sister Tenny is tired, I think," soothed the tall, white, old minister. "Her mind is taking this way to rest, perhaps. After all, we do wear our brains into ruts just as heavy log wagons drag out clay roads with overmuch hauling over the same route. Occasionally we must take a grassy by-road to gladden our eyes and still our own creaking and jolting."

"Tillie Belle says school ain't the same place these days," wailed Mrs. Joe Buckle to Mrs. Judge Ward. "Miss Tenny lets them boys do just as they please from readin' dangerous detective stories on up to plannin' runaway trips around the world. She confessed she'd always been sorry she wasn't a boy so's she could work her way on a tramp steamer to Mandalay. 'A free foot on the trail of life,' she called it.

"Not long ago she read 'em about a man named Lafcadio Hearn, how he was never satisfied to stay still in one place and how he finally went to *Jap*-an and takened up with the heathens. It's terrible, I say."

Mrs. Joe Buckle continued darkly that something was bound to come of this. Of course, with Joe on the school board, she was not at liberty to talk, but the spring election for teachers was nearly here and everybody could draw his own conclusion.

Meanwhile, Miss Tenny went her way gaily. Her spare figure was actually growing plump and her leathery cheeks ruddy. She said casually in school one day that, when she went to Paris, she meant to seek out a beauty specialist first thing. *When* she went to Paris, mind you, not *if!* Perhaps, her mysterious trips to Jackson had some bearing on a foreign tour. But, no, for where would she get the money?

Somebody on the school board who didn't want to be quoted had heard from a cousin of his in Jackson that, late in March, Miss Tenny had been seen walking down Capitol Street alone. She had entered the post-office, leaving almost immediately with a letter in her hand and had crossed to the Capital National Bank, where she had remained several hours. But nothing more could be learned.

"It ain't a man, that's sure," conceded Mrs. Judge Ward to Mrs. Joe Buckle. "The only serious beau Tenny ever had got drunk on Leake County moonshine when good whiskey was plentiful and she threw him over. I'll say that much for her. You were a shaver then, Bess, but your ma would recollect Ben Spencer. He moved to the Delta and got rich, I hear. Has several banks, three chins, rheumatism, and a dozen grandchildren. No, whatever disgraceful thing ails Tenny, it ain't a man."

The second Saturday in May before school closed on Wednesday and two days before the board of trustees elected the teachers for the next year, Miss Tenny, seemingly unaware of any boding storm, went to Jackson as usual.

Dwellers in Springtree had said in righteous indignation that she could do nothing more to surprise them. They were wires worn thin by too-frequent shocks and were prepared to believe anything at all. They had yet to learn their

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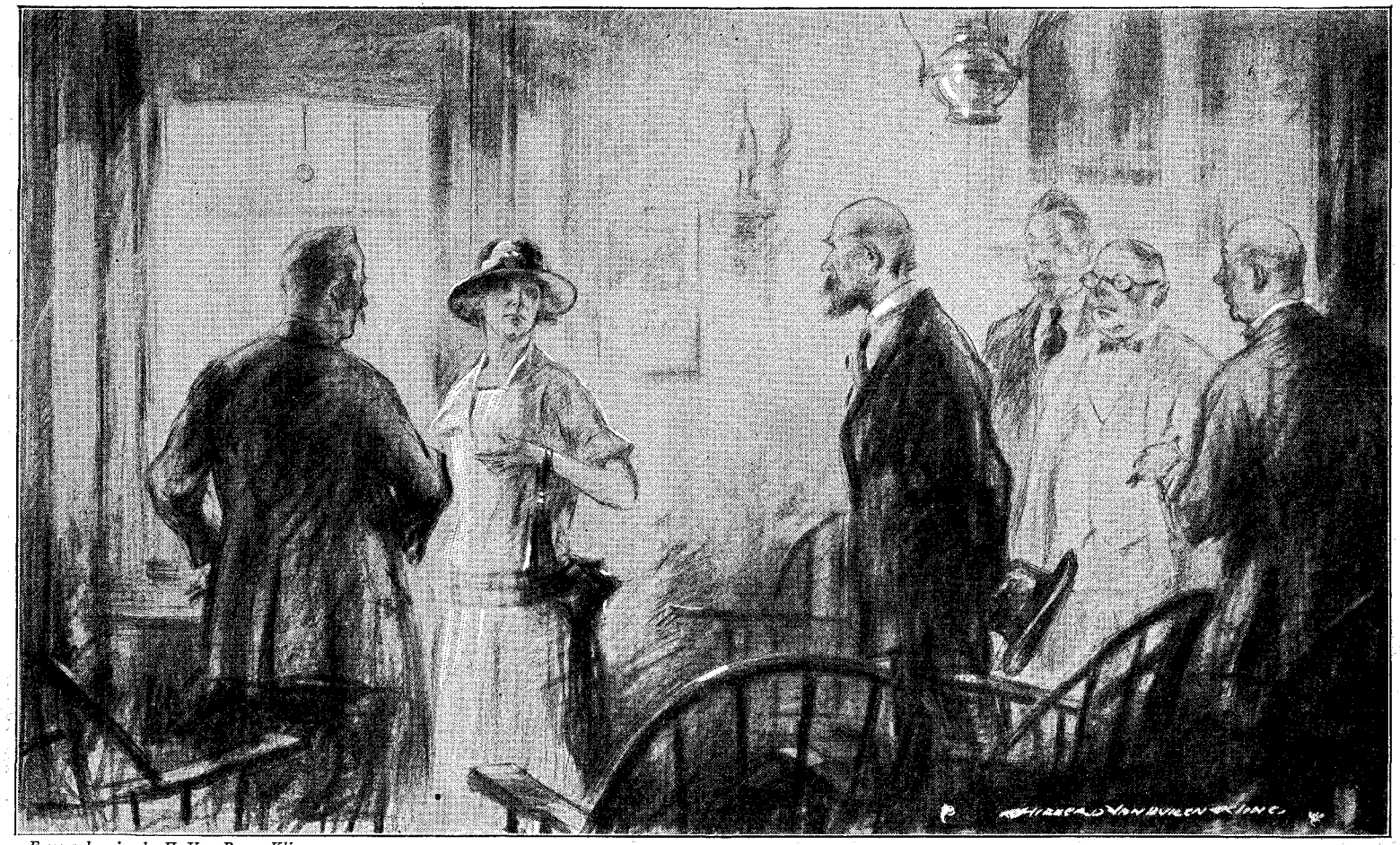

From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"Do you mean *old?* Why, boys, I never was so young in my life."—Page 741.

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own capacity for thrills, not knowing what would greet their eyes Sunday afternoon.

The court-house square at that time was gay and chattering with boys and girls just let out from the B. Y. P. U., the Christian Endeavor, and the Junior Epworth League, when a bright red roadster of rakish figure and expensive make sped gracefully down Lamar Avenue and around the square. Behind the wheel, her frowzy gray hair blowing into her eyes from under a red sport hat, dangerously atilt over her left ear, sat Miss Tenny driving with an air of unmistakable ownership. Beside her, looking scornfully at all the world, was Buddie Grover, mechanician.

A break in the Mississippi River levee could not have caused greater panic to those who dwell beneath its shadow than this produced in Springtree. Many suppers went untasted that evening. Dozens of houses remained unlighted while their occupants gathered in groups in the warm, dusty streets or on their neighbors' lawns. Doctor Golden was forced to preach on the iniquity of idle curiosity when he had intended to make a plea for foreign missions.

"It's *her* machine, right enough," panted Mrs. Joe Buckle as she interrupted Mrs. Judge Ward's hot-waffle supper half an hour after Miss Tenny had parked her climactic car in Old Blossom's stall in the barn. "Miss 'Bama told me so with her own mouth. Buddie Grover helped drive it up from Jackson, the little imp!"

"Souls in perdition, where on earth did she raise the money?" gasped Mrs. Judge Ward. "You don't know the Cable girls, as well as I do, Bess. All on earth they've got is that big old white house and a thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds and Tenny's seventy-five a month. So I don't believe a word of this. Tenny's been acting like a crazy woman, I'll admit, but she loves 'Bama better than most mothers love their own children and she wouldn't throw away her last cent on any fool roadster. She's borrowed the thing from somebody in Jackson just to make a flare."

"It's *hern*, Miss Laura, I'll bound you," insisted Mrs. Joe Buckle. "Miss 'Bama couldn't lie if she had to and she told me herse'f. That's what Miss Tenny's been a-doin' in Jackson ever' week this winter, a-learnin' to drive. Why, I'd as soon a-thought o' this as a-seein' her chop down that big magnolia her pa planted in the wisteria garden when she was two." And, outraged, Mrs. Joe Buckle fanned her plump features with the tail of her stiff, blue-checked apron.

"Law," she continued, "them kids o' mine'll sure fail to-morrow on their final examinations, they're so excited over this. Let me go an' calm 'em down. Tillie Belle almost fainted when Miss Tenny hove in sight a-puttin' on such airs—you know the child's had a weak heart ever since she had the measles—an' she's been a-standin' at the telephone an hour now. When she aint a-tellin' some o' the boys and girls about Miss Tenny, some of 'em's a-tellin' her. The news'll be over the Pike by now, I reckon. It beats me how interested they all are in that old maid here lately. You'd think she was twenty-five instead o' fifty-five to hear 'em talk."

"Well, she'll look and act her full age after to-morrow, from all I can hear," hinted Mrs. Judge Ward. "When a body gets to gallopin' too fast on his high horses, he's sure to take a tumble sooner or later, and a hard one at that. Don't you think so, Bess?"

"Well, to-morrow's election day for teachers if *that's* what you mean," admitted Mrs. Joe Buckle with dignity. "But, as to givin' away any official business, I won't an' Joe knows it. If my tongue was loose at both ends like some women's, I'd never know three degrees o' masonry like I do."

"Did you ever see a stiff-starched sunbonnet after it had been left out all night in a June rain?" asked Mrs. Judge Ward, shrewdly. "Well, mark my words, that's how Tenny's goin' to look this time to-morrow."

"You can't make me say another word, Miss Laura," retorted Mrs. Joe Buckle as she went across the sandy street to her yellow cottage. "But Joe Buckle's a moral man, an' whenever he moves, he moves for the good o' Springtree an' the school."

Joe was certainly moving mightily late the next afternoon at board meeting. As he harangued his four colleagues, he thrust his long, bony neck far above his celluloid collar, drawing it back again like

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a gopher playing hide-and-seek from his shell. One of the men applauded, two nodded a sad approval, and one demurred.

In the midst of this and with the suddenness of a shriek during prayer, the door opened and in walked Miss Tenny. She surveyed the five men before her with coy casualness and good humor. She might have been a debutante trying to make up her mind as to which of five suitors she would choose. Portia beside the caskets could not have been more mysterious or provocative.

Joe dived into his collar a moment, then came up with angry emphasis: "It's no use, Miss Tenny. The handwritin's on the wall. You've wrote it there yourself."

"Now, hold on, Joe," temporized Cap'n Ballad, Lola's father. "As I said before, Miss Tenny's taught nearly every man and woman in this town and that ought to be worth something."

"That's just what I was contendin'," interrupted Joe, jamming his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "You see, Miss Tenny, you're gettin' along and—er——"

"Along?" queried Miss Tenny. "Do you mean *old?* Why, boys, I never was so young in my life."

"Dippy," muttered Joe to his four-in-hand, "just like I said."

"Why," Miss Tenny lilted on, "I feel so young and happy, frisky, you might say, that I've come to ask you boys to let me resign so I can take a trip around the world. My feet always burned for foreign trails, and now I'm going!"

"Around the world?" gulped Joe, ducking and coming up again for air.

"Yes, as soon as I can settle matters finally with my publishers. My bank down in Jackson has been helping me handle and invest my money, but there're a few odds and ends to be tied up before I sail."

"Publishers?"

"Bank?"

"Invest?"

"Sail?"

The four-part chorus barked with impatience, every voice a different note of incredulity except Joe Buckle's. Joe was silent, his eyes rolling, his jaw collapsed against his celluloid collar.

Then the school board of Springtree, in official and serious session assembled, gathered around Miss Tenny breathlessly, as some of them had done twenty-five years before when she read them "Don Quixote," and for all the world as Buddie Grover and his "crowd" still did when she followed with them the amazing adventures of "The Flamboyant Fakir."

"You see, boys, I'm a rich woman and getting richer," bubbled Miss Tenny. "My book's gone through four large editions and promises more. It's a best seller, you see, and a screen thriller, too."

"You mean *you*—," stammered Joe Buckle.

"Why, it even kept my bad boys quiet as pressed butterflies during contagious spring days when the woods were just begging them to go fishing in the creek," continued Miss Tenny with a chuckle such as a young mother might have emitted during the christening of her first-born. "Buddie Grover says it's the best book he ever read."

"Is—it—'The Flamboy'—?" labored Joe as if in a dream.

"Yes, it's 'The Flamboyant Fakir,'" acknowledged Miss Tenny, as if she had been Lord Bacon pleading guilty to the writing of "Hamlet." "Allow me to present the author."

Then courtesying low and flirtatiously to the trustees, while all five fought for breath, Miss Tenny tripped out whistling lightly like a boy, bounded into her roadster, and stepped on the gas.

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The Importance of Earning a Living

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

Author of "The Problem of the Superfluous Woman," "The Gallant Lady," etc.

DOES the title tempt to a slight but sophisticated sniff and a moment of wonder as to why folk will try to copy Bernard Shaw—or was it Oscar Wilde? It matters not, for I assure you that neither in his wildest gallops ever drove Pegasus over such a fantastic country of dreams as that which lies around you and me, nay, of which we form a part, and which is no dream, but sober fact. 'Tis the world as it looks to a gargoyle, perchance, a slantwise world, full of an odd rhythm by which crowds, apparently scurrying hither and thither at the thousand wills of the individual units, in fact, move in line and ordination, by gravity or relativity, obedient to some force of which we have no idea.

Watch a crowd on Fifth Avenue, or Tremont Street, or State Street, or Olive, or Chestnut, or Nicollet, from London to Hongkong and back the other way, and see how the lines cross and re-cross, sway from side to side with the native majesty of a Greek chorus. They seem purposeless and yet purposeful, actuated by no common motive, and yet, obeying a common impulse, moving toward a goal at once infinitely various and yet the same. Which is exactly the truth. They are all, or nearly all, bent upon the activity which we call earning a living, and the means by which they are accomplishing their end are nearly as various as the individuals. For, it is the law of the civilized world that every person, unless imbecile or insane, must in some fashion earn his or her living.

I grant that no orthodox economist would follow me here. He would talk learnedly about those who received incomes from charity, or secondary sources, as the so-called "idle rich," or were infants incapable of earning a living. But I prefer to use the term first in an exceedingly wide social sense, and then again in its narrower, more commonly accepted sense. In the first sense, a woman of leisure, as the phrase goes, may earn her living, either as Veblen points out, by her skill in displaying her husband's prowess in the monetary field, his ability to bring home the bacon, to use a phrase surviving from the days when man lived by hunting, no doubt, or by service to society, as a member of sundry commissions, charitable boards, or even by her careful administration of her estate. As many will affirm, a woman who does this is anything but "idle." Her friends and associates will not let her be!

In the same way, the most helpless infant is a source of satisfaction to his adoring parents far beyond the cost of his introduction and upkeep. Moreover, he receives a living for the sake of the services he is to render in the future, a species of discount, as it were, or even investment. In the same way the pensioner receives his income, not on account of charity, or gratitude, or even a semi-sentimental fact of existence, but on account of a surplus of service, not paid for in the past.

The fact of existence implies an obligation to earn its continuance. "Root, hog, or die" is the universal slogan of nature. The only change that man's superior intellect has made is in the provision of mercy for the imbecile and insane, perhaps for a few of the hopelessly infirm. And this fact is the determinant of civilization. Not that the "economic determination of history" is a new thing, that I should offer it to the jaded palate of the "gentle reader." Nor that I forget or minimize the importance of spiritual or intellectual forces. Few, I think, have a more profound appreciation of these. Economic forces, however, have been looked at in bird's-eye fashion over centuries and epochs. There has not been sufficient attention to the individual im-

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pulse, the results of permutations and combinations of human units.

Take, for instance, the first woman who tilled a patch of grain. Was it the law of parsimony, the desire for less effort, that made her do it? Was it, in fact, easier for her to grub in the earth, loosening it with her fingers and a bit of a stick, caring for the seedlings, weeding them, tending them until the harvest, than it would have been to gather the "wild" grains as she could find them? Or was it because the supply of wild grains was only sufficient to meet the needs of herself and her generation, and her children were starving? That is, in Malthusian fashion, population pressed upon the utmost limits of subsistence, and something had to be done about it. And when this primitive woman kept her children alive by her increased supply of grain, she did something else—she released them from a part of the "struggle for existence" and gave them time to do something else than roam the fields seeking to satisfy their hunger. And then they found themselves "up against" another fact, the necessity of purchasing the grains they needed.

Of course, the priority of demand and supply has always been a moot question. Probably in our own civilization precedence fluctuates. But with primitive man, one may reasonably suspect that the demand of his own "will to live" spurred him on to finding something which would superinduce barter with another man. And deep down in our civilization, where the primitive still survives, and to which man may again be stripped, given the pitiless dominance of the stark struggle for life, there we find the same desperate urge, the same frantic inventiveness, which is, as ever, the mainspring of what we are determined to call progress. Philosophically, of course, the term in such connection is not wholly tenable. That fact may be waived, however, and the common interpretation accepted. Wherever and however we came, we are on this planet, and if we would retain such span of life as the Fates have allotted to us, we must manage somehow to find food and shelter.

Mankind, as Malthus and others long ago pointed out, is subject to certain checks upon survival which are more or less inherent in humanity, the chief being war, disease, and famine. Aside from these, mankind tends, like all animal creation, to multiply until it presses upon the limits of subsistence. So far as the supply of food is concerned, it may be theoretically possible for the amount to be increased *pari passu* with the increase of men, in spite of farmers' blocs, I-Won't-Workers, ultra-high wages for farm labor which no one will do, and similar evidences of culture. But the question of sufficient food supply is by no means all. As we saw in the case of the primitive woman, whose rude agriculture set free some of her children for other tasks, the wherewithal to purchase food is about as important as the production.

Here lies our merry problem—given a rapidly increasing world population, and an adequate food supply produced by a comparative few, how are the rest of us going to find means by which we can induce the farmer to part with his foodstuffs. It sounds simple, but upon the answer to that question is built our present stupendous involute, highly organized, and badly composed economic system (save the mark! There is no system about it). We started with a few trades. Mr. Fletcher, who made arrows, and his brothers, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Stringer, set up shops side by side. Maybe Mr. Shepherd divided a few of his sons-in-law apart from the rest to guard his flocks, which made them feel rather superior, certainly of a bit higher prowess than that of their brother sheepmen, and engendered an appetite for excitement in life. There is a multitude of ways in which the so-called division of labor came about, and of all the "theories," as Kipling sings of tribal lays, doubtless "every single one of them is right." Again à la Kipling, there is "a vast of various kinds of man."

So much for origins. Since then the world has gone on "getting variouser and variouser." Which Spencer put into words of rather more than one syllable, but he meant just the same.

To-day, for example, housewives are mourning over the almost total disappearance of the domestic servant. Some of them are at their wits' end in the matter. (Would it be unfair in one who considers servants the original serpent in

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Eden, to suggest that the trouble is in the scanty supply of wits rather than in the servant girls?) In the morning paper is an item concerning a consignment of excellent young Swedish girls, the kind who of yore made glad the heart of the housewife, just arriving at New York. They were met by a veritable mob of would-be employers, but alas, not a houseworker among them. They were all booked straight for beauty parlors. Well, if the American woman of to-day prefers to have Selma launder her locks instead of her dishes, who's to blame? And so we have washing machines, and the fine Sèvres of our grandmothers goes upon the shelf, or into the museum, and we have instead a fad for peasant pottery which will stand the racket. Incidentally, the washing of fine china was once the prerogative of the mistress, no matter how many her handmaidens, which is one, and the chief, reason why some of us have heirlooms. Meg, Betsey, and Bridget of Grandmother's day were never permitted to touch the "best chany."

A hundred years ago New England, even as to-day, was noted for its overproduction of spinsters. Outside of the home, there was very little for them to do, and as most homes had a native born labor supply in their numerous children, the lot of the lorn damsel was hard indeed. There were some four things, says Carroll D. Wright, which she might do: enter domestic service, work as a seamstress or tailoress, keep boarders (not possible unless she were decidedly gray-headed and of hopelessly acid disposition), or teach school. There was little demand for her services in the last occupation, even if she were so unbelievably lucky as to have the modicum of education required. Keeping boarders was in fact almost confined to widows. Therefore the first two were in practice about all the opportunity for the unwed. As a natural result of the operations of the law of supply and demand, wages were incredibly low. Outside perhaps of the larger cities, the average wage per week was fifty cents, plus keep, reckoned about two dollars. The market price of female labor was still further reduced by the prevalence of child labor in the home, not the native supply, but "bound children," a primitive form of child-placing practised by our humane ancestors. The lot of these infants, "inured to labor from their youth up," was sometimes excellent, but, if we may believe the current fiction of the time, was more often horrific. However, they very effectively lowered the wage of their hapless competitors.

Then a marvellous thing happened. A beneficent Deity inspired someone to build cotton machinery which was light enough to be run by a woman. Maybe the present generation, bred on sob-sister tales of cotton mills, will hardly credit them with any Heavenly origin, but they were the cause of an intensely real number of grateful prayers in the days of our grandmothers. For at once the poor neglected and scorned spinster returned to her ancient trade, by which she had earned her appellation, but, *mirabile dictu*, the very least she got was a dollar and sixty-seven cents a week, and her keep as before. Suppose that Clara, who is getting twenty dollars every week, and no board to pay, suddenly finds in her envelope something like seventy dollars instead, which is a rough and ready approximation of the change. Imagine Clara also, not especially of the flapper type, due to early wrestling with four A. M. rising, ice-water in winter instead of summer, in her boudoir pitcher, and blessed often with a consuming desire to rise in the world. Can you not see the vistas which would open before her? The mill boarding-house was her college dormitory, and her life therein had much in common with the latter institution. Some ten years after the opening of one group of mills in New Hampshire, a doleful housewife writes to the local paper that the mills have wrought only disaster, for no household help is to be had. Or if any can be found, they require at least a dollar and a half a week, the upstart huzzies. Out from the mills the girls went, indeed, some to homes of their own, some to the seminaries for female learning, which were beginning to dot the land, and thence to the great West as schoolmarms, where alas, they scarcely taught long enough to pay their fare out, so greatly were they in demand for the oldest of feminine businesses, wifehood. In one town, twenty-five years after the opening of its mills,

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nearly half the property in the town was owned by women, bought with earnings from the mills, either as boarding-house keepers or as mill-hands.

But there is another side to the story. The mills in New England were organized, not primarily to afford a means of livelihood to indigent females, but to save New England from economic ruin. Her commerce, since the disastrous embargo and the War of 1812, was nearly gone. To regain this was the dear desire of every good New Englander. The foreign markets of South America and China were the lure, both in the case of textiles and shoes, which led to the growth of industrialism in the New World. The home market was still considerably supplied by homespun woollens and linens, and domestic cottons were not yet fashionable. In short, New England had to live, and to do so developed new jobs, which, however advantageous to the new workers, worked havoc with the old order of the household. In other words, population was at its old game of pressing on the limits of subsistence, and a way had to be found to enlarge those limits. The later changes, less subtle in their nature, came to be regarded as the more important.

The great undercurrents of civilization are not, indeed, easily seen. Luxury, so often regarded as an oppression of the poor by the rich, is, economically speaking, quite as much the increase of population over the demands for the old order of workers, and the necessity, none the less real because wholly unconscious, for social effort to find something for the extra hands to do, that the extra mouths may be fed. The abundant supply renders wages low and competition high. The man in a position of vantage, by taking cognizance of this, may increase his own wealth quite blamelessly, by using his possession of capital to set more to work, open more opportunities, and of course reap the reward of his foresight. As a matter of fact, the amount of capital involved in such changes of far-reaching importance is often ridiculously little. A business capitalized to-day for ten million may in its beginnings have scoured the financial market for buyers for notes of five and ten thousand dollars, to hold the mills together a few months longer.

A striking instance is shown by the changes in transportation in the last hundred years. When the railroads first loomed upon the horizon, they were fought vigorously by all the allied forces of canal owners and stockholders, bargemen, stage-coach companies and their drivers, waggoners, inn-keepers, and all the host of employers and employees in the business of transportation as then conceived. Every man-jack of them saw himself reduced to beggary by the new contraption. Few saw that where a few thousand were employed, millions would be in the future. As a matter of fact, many of the younger stage-drivers and waggoners went straight over and became enginemen, conductors, station agents, and all the various trades of the railway workers. The older men, thinking themselves less adaptable, did undoubtedly suffer. I met an old stage-driver working around Faneuil Hall Market, once, full of tales of other days. It was said, a few years ago, that the reason for the lack of railways in eastern Europe was due to the cheapness of human labor for transportation, both in the carriage of freight and for individual purposes. The peasant found it easier to go afoot than to earn railway fare. So far as this condition applied to Austria, it gave a cogent reason for the great number of industries centring around articles of luxury, for which Austria was famous. That is, Austria's production of this class of goods was not due to the possession of inherent skill, except as it was developed through years of practice, but to the fact that population pressed on the means of subsistence, and jobs had to be found.

To-day, in America, we seem to see an anomaly. Wages are exceedingly high, we are shutting off the supply of labor by rather drastic laws, and yet we have an immense amount of labor and capital tied up in a species of industry that can almost be called unproductive. Cheap jewelry, fantastic post-cards, devoid of sense or taste, shoes not made for protection but for sale and quick destruction, clothing of all degrees of flimsiness, literature from the yellow daily to the yellow novel, all employing thousands of workers, often none too well paid, who might, from the point of view of social ethics, be of more

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use in a thousand other ways. There is the whole group which centres around the use of leisure, to which the name of artist cannot possibly be offered as an excuse for existence—the cheap movies, vaudeville, burlesque, the "amusement" parks, with their host of employees and hangers-on, the "pitch-men" and fakers of all sorts. There has been, and probably must be, always a place, often generous, made for the incurably gipsy souls, those to whom the sporting chance of a bed offers the gayest of lives. But if this excuse is to be made for all the gentry above enumerated, it bears out still further the thesis that the multiplicity of jobs is due to the fact that men must live, and to live will, other things being equal, follow the line of least resistance to their own natures. The meaning to civilization is not so clear.

We are reducing the vehemence of the "natural checks," disease, famine, war. We are of course increasing the chances of the survival of the inept. Without too much dependence upon the validity of the "intelligence tests," open to an endless host of inutilities, we must see that the survival of the less fit makes the existence of the easy jobs, the "soft" places, more and more necessary. The sixteen-dollar-a-day bricklayer is not a result of the scarcity of labor in the bricklaying field, it is because there is a scarcity of men of bricklaying capacity, whether of body or of will. The menace of the undermen is not so much a question of social justice as of biology and moral fibre.

The field of application for this type of investigation into the more profound motives of our civilization is endless. The personal urge to live is responsible for the inventions of a McCormick, the organizing genius of a Carnegie, as well as the machinations of the grafter, the thief, and the blue-sky promoter. I have watched vaudeville acts of the poorer sort, on the rare occasions when I have been misled into enduring them, and thought how infinitely easier and more comfortable it would be to earn one's living scrubbing floors. There is a paucity of scrubwomen too. They get high wages and vacations with pay in my city, and they have unlimited time for gossiping with their friends, according to my observation.

The mills, so to speak, threw a monkey-wrench into the domestic machinery of a hundred years ago. Then came immigrant women from races which we were pleased to regard as inferior, and they took places in our kitchens, until the supply of native American mill-girls gave out, by process of marriage, schoolmarming in the West—and East as well—and by the development of other avenues of work for women, largely due to the Civil War, when women were given men's places, and found that they could fill them. Then our Irish domestics went into the mills to fill the places abandoned by the up-stepping Yankees. In due time they too went on to better places, as they thought, and a succession of "foreigners" took their jobs. The household has suffered, for many reasons. Housework, unmixed with brains, is hard work, sheer drudgery, and, as long as there was cheap labor for it, was run with incredible lack of intelligence. It is still, even by otherwise intelligent women, because of the tradition attached to it. The phrase used by the average woman is significant. If she is without a servant, she says she is "doing her own work." The unprejudiced observer is tempted to ask why, if it is her own work, shouldn't she be doing it. Her regretful accents are a bit ridiculous. Maybe it isn't her own work—that cannot be decided without evidence; but if it is, surely she, and no one else, should do it. One housekeeper, with longing eyes on the heights of Parnassus, averred that a law should be passed compelling German and Swedish girls to come here and work as cooks and housemaids. Not even the Reparations Commission would go as far as that! On the other hand, the same unregenerate "foreigners" will, as wedded wives, work far harder than ever in another woman's domicile. But they expect to "do their own work." So did the grandmothers of most of us, so too our mothers. They did not worry half as much over the help problem, without a quarter of our domestic assistance by way of steam laundries, vacuum cleaners, electrical devices, and the thousand and one things which have been invented to take the work out of housework.

Ah, there now! What about our own fibre? Why worry about the pasty lads and painted flappers who go about from

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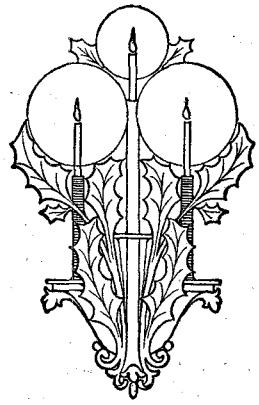
place to place seeking soft snaps? Just what is it we demand from life ourselves? We "Anglo-Saxons," we of "the old stock"? Our ancestors won this country by hard work; we cannot keep it with less. Once upon a time, I taught in a high-school in a small New England city. My classes were made up of many races, though not so many children were very new arrivals, only a few Armenians. A fellow teacher one day spoke regretfully of the fact that the Irish and French children so often out-distanced the Americans of the older race. Yes, I said, but just think what splendid ancestors they are going to make! Yet there is one fallacy in my reasoning—they will, if they go through the same sort of school that my own ancestors went through, when they conquered the wilderness. But I fear they will not.

Our schools suffer from the same letting-down, the same inclination to permit numbers to take the place of work. A great many of the fads and folderols of education are of the sort invented by folk wanting to "escape" the monotony of thoroughness by means of some fancy stunt which can be made attractive by the wiles of the salesman, direct descendant of Ulysses himself. In the beginning of our Republic a wise man pointed out that its chief danger lay in the fact that it substituted rights for duties. Of course we were not unique in so doing. The same thing had been done with very thorough results by Rome.

The point of blame is not important, but the present is before us. We have two forces—the urge to live and the growing desire to live as easily as possible, coupled with an increasing pressure of population. Perhaps these forces are beyond our coping, which is a fundamental premise of those who would deny the fact of progress. But that is a perilous admission. What is true is that we are increasing the breed of those incapable of honestly productive industry, partly by our own demands, as when we prefer beauty-parlor attendants to cooks, by our patronage, or chocolate dippers to housemaids, because we must have our dentist-supporting sweets, and partly because we are not using the brains the Lord gave us, but lying down on the job, and letting things go any way. As a nation we are undoubtedly obese. We need a course of sprouts, much exercise and less food, more hard work to earn it, lest our minds get as fat as our bodies. Our ancestors came here to earn a living; most of our immigrants come with the same laudable purpose, and they do work, many of them, just as our ancestors worked, early and late. We talk a lot of bosh about the danger of lowering the American standard of living—to do so would be about the best thing that could happen to millions of us.

In short, it looks as if our civilization were going to turn on that very pivot, our willingness or unwillingness really to *earn* our living.



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Aunt Cressy never loosened her hold on her trembling husband's collar.—Page 749.

Small Man

BY E. W. KEMBLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"COME HEAH, 'Small Man'! Amble! Amble!"

Aunt Cressy cupped her fat hands and, through the fleshy megaphone, sent her message vibrating to the farthest end of the melon patch. No answer.

"Don't know whar dat hopper-grass ob skin an' bones done secrete hissef, ef he ain't down yonder."

Parson Dibble had called and it was his desire to see "Small Man," "pussonly."

Together they walked down the fringed pathway, past the corn-field and among the bean-poles, the huge woman poking among the hanging vines with her stout cane, and peering through her massive brass-rimmed "spectaclers" as she kept up a rapid fire of invectives.

"It do beat all how dat annex ob mine kin disappear when I wants him, jes' lak he bin swep off de face of de yearth." Again Aunt Cressy called, her voice rising higher and higher. She ceased abruptly as she stretched her neck and gazed at the distant meadow. "Dar he am. Ah see 'im yonder by de creek, an' he lettin' on lak he doan heah me."

Parson Dibble offered to go and fetch him. As he started he was caught suddenly in the vise-like grip of a powerful hand. "Postpone you'sef, brudder! postpone you'sef! Ef dat weazen morsel ob dried flesh see you comin' he gwine ter drap outer sight an' yer cyarnt dissimilate him from de yarbs what yer crush wif yer foots."

Aunt Cressy loosened her hold on the parson's trembling arm and, grasping her cane firmly, started in the direction of her truant husband. Noiselessly, for one of her bulk, she pushed her way through the long grass, bending her huge back and ducking her massive head as she neared her quarry. Before "Small Man" could wriggle his diminutive frame from the

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scene of action, she had a mighty grip on his bedraggled collar and was emphasizing her opinions with vigorous jabs from her stick.

"You hyard me call yer. Ah seen yer duck yer haid. Good-fer-nuffin critter what yer iz! Put yer ter wuk in de melon patch an yer sneaks off an' dangles wif a wum in de creek instid."

"Small Man" squirmed and twisted as he marched ahead of his spouse, shooting his thin legs out before him in an effort to escape the prods he received at every step. He whined and panted in a feeble effort to sooth the towering rage of his irate wife.

"Mummy, please quit dat proddin'. Tun loose on dat. Ah's jes' tryin' fo' a mess er bullhaids fo' supper. Tun loose ma collar! Ah's chokin' up!" The trembling culprit was hauled and mauled as he hustled homeward, Aunt Cressy paying not the slightest heed to his protestations.

As they rounded the melon patch, Parson Dibble emerged from the secluded labyrinth of hanging vines attached to the bean-poles. The reverend exhorter had not been idle during Aunt Cressy's absence, as his pockets testified, for they bulged with bursting pods which he had plucked for his own inner man.

"Small Man" cringed as he saw the preacher, and sliding his dilapidated hat from his shiny bald head, he fumbled it in his bony fingers. Next to the very devil himself, he feared Parson Dibble—feared and hated him in the same thought. But hate was swallowed up in fear, as the preacher was his superior in bulk and argument.

Aunt Cressy never loosened her hold on her trembling husband's collar. When he started to shrink she straightened him up with a vigorous jerk. Parson Dibble assumed the clerical pose and, after clearing his throat, delivered his "pussonal" message.

"Brer Small Man, you hez bin commanded to appear at de Wednesday night meetin' of Zion Chuch an' answer for you'sef de allegations dat am protruded agin you fo' sundry conducts endurin' de las' yeah. An' less you do so in pusson you is to be obliterated from membahship in said Zion Chuch an' branded as a consort ob de ebil one in dis community. Your good wife (a vigorous shake from Aunt Cressy) will see dat you all correspon' wif dis reques'."

The parson tilted his new shiny beaver on the back of his head and pulled a huge bandanna from his inner coat pocket and mopped the perspiration from his greasy face. He parted his thick lips and smiled benignly at Aunt Cressy. "Do dis meet wif you' approval?" he asked, as he replaced the bandanna with a flourish and lifted his hat in compliment to Aunt Cressy's sex.

"It suttinly do, Parson Dibble, an' you hab ma alibi dat he sholy will be on han' at de requisite hour."

"Small Man" never ventured to reply, but hung his head and groaned.

Parson Dibble having fulfilled his mission, strode toward the melon patch, selected the largest and ripest of the scanty crop, and, with a spectacular show of privileged possession, passed from the humble estate of his parishioners down the road which led to his home.

On the appointed day, as the last rays of the setting sun tinged the tree-tops on the hills surrounding the little settlement, "Small Man" sat crouched on the wooden bench outside the cabin door. Aunt Cressy moved about within the shack preparing the evening meal. Mingled with the savory odor of the sizzling bacon came the strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Comin' fer ter Carry Me Home."

It smote upon the heart of the poor humbled negro. Lower his head sank on his breast and as he clasped his wrinkled hands in anguish he groaned: "Oh Lord, hab mussy on his po' nigger, low-down an' sinful, a-sittin' heah an' trimlin' kase he bin treadin' de crooked paff what leads ter perdition an' brimstone." As he finished, he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands. Thus Aunt Cressy found him when she came to announce that supper was ready. She leaned over the crouching figure and, gathering him up gently in her powerful arms, carried him into the house. "Come now, honey," she crooned softly to him. "Yer gwine ter come froo all right. All yer got ter do is ter jes' be a man an' 'fess up dat you all's been a sinner and dat yer gwine ter put on glory an' walk in de straight an' nar-

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rer paff from dis time henceward. Dar! Dar! Dry up dem tears an' quit dem groans!"

Sitting in her huge rocker she held her sorrowing mate on her ample lap and rocked him as gently as she would a child. "Come now, supper done ready an' yer got ter git strong if yer gwine ter rise up on wings an' ovahcome de hosts of Satan, 'deed yer has. An' nuffin gwine ter mak yer dat way mo' dan a mess ob poke an yams cooked to er brown wif gravy chasin' roun' de dish."

"Small Man" raised his head and sniffed: "Reckon you all is right, Mumsie, you shuah is." He dried his eyes on the back of his scrawny hand and slid gently to the floor.

Aunt Cressy was never more attentive to her man than on this special occasion. Unfolding one of her best napkins, she tucked it securely in the sinner's collar, brushed his crinkly side-locks with her enormous hand, patted the crown of his bald head, and, waddling to the stove, waddled back again and placed a steaming dish of the appetizing food, so dear to the negro heart, before the penitent darky. Several huge yams, bursting their russet coats, reposed in a deep dish side by side with the savory pork. Corn pone in golden squares and steaming coffee completed the feast.

Aunt Cressy stood with arms akimbo, beaming at her little man. This was his night to feast, a sort of unburnt offering before the sacrifice. "Small Man" smacked his lips and gurgled. "Don't know, Mumsie, but what dis po' sinner mos' willin' ter be read outen any ole chuch s'long he kin git fed up on fixin's lak dis heah. Dese yer yams do suttinly look lak" . . . he stopped abruptly as he gazed in terror at the object that darkened the doorway . . . the massive frame of Parson Dibble, his new silk hat cocked at a jaunty angle on his bullet-shaped head, a broad smile playing over his elastic features and his eyes snapping as he beheld the spread of savory food displayed upon the table.

Aunt Cressy eyed the preacher with a mild contempt, but recovered herself immediately and boomed a welcome to the unexpected visitor.

"Step right in, Reverend Dibble, and jine us in de festivities what am spread befo' youah gaze."

The big man bowed and removed his glossy head-gear, placed it gingerly on the worn and faded sofa, mopped with his bandanna, coughed and cleared his throat.

"Dis am er unexpected pleasure, Sistah Cressy, 'deed it am." He cast furtive glances at "Small Man" as he spoke. "Ah sholy ain't 'spectin' no such luxuriousness when ah ambled up de paffway."

"Small Man" never lifted his eyes from the dish of "poke" in front of him. In his mind's eye he saw it fading from his view as it passed the flabby portals of the preacher's gullet. He shivered at the thought. With renewed energy he cut a large slice of the juicy meat and conveyed it to his plate. Another liberal helping of succulent yam was likewise dealt with. "Small Man's" desire was to be gratified before Parson Dibble could play havoc with the food. The meal was eaten in comparative silence accompanied by the smacking of lips and heavy breathing of the preacher as he conveyed large portions of the various good things to his inner man. The meal was finished only when the last dish had been relieved of its contents and the plate polished with the remaining crumbs of corn pone.

Parson Dibble did not tarry long. As he placed his shiny beaver on his head, he addressed Aunt Cressy.

"I would hab a few words wif you in private, Sistah."

The big woman smiled feebly in return and together they passed out of the cabin door.

"Small Man" arose and began clearing the table. When the preacher and Aunt Cressy were out of hearing he gave vent to his feelings. "Comin' inter mah home an partakin' of mah victuals while deep down in his hyart he rejoicin' dat he am gwine ter mek me de scapegoat ob de settlement. An' mah only sin am dat ah ain't bin ter meetin' lak ah orter."

Through the window of the cabin he could see Parson Dibble in earnest conversation with Aunt Cressy.

"Settin' mah own wife agin me, dat's what he's doin'. All dat holy man needs am cloven feet an' a spiked tail. Dat silk hat done kiver up he's horns. Whar he git dat shiny head-piece I lak ter know."

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He could not hear the parting advice that the preacher was giving to his better half. He only saw that his whole manner was that of a dictatorial and overbearing bully. Could he have been within hearing distance he would have heard that worthy admonish his bulky parishioner to keep quiet when the question of the short-

"Small Man" never lifted his eyes from the dish of "poke" in front of him.—Page 750.

age in the Missionary fund was brought before the meeting.

"Leave it ter me, Aunt Cressy. Leave it ter me. I will see dat we am exhonerated of all suspicion when a explanation am desired."

Aunt Cressy was somewhat agitated when she entered the cabin. She fell to singing one of her favorite hymns with great vigor—"When I Can Read My Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies." The words boomed out with power and an intensity of feeling that caused "Small Man" to eye her with some show of amazement.

"What dat preacher bin sayin' dat got her so het up wif religion?" he muttered to himself. The hymn rolled on as the agitated woman washed the dishes, dried them, and tucked them away in the little cupboard. Her chore finished, she sank into her favorite rocker. Throwing her head back she closed her eyes and moaned: "Lord have mussy on me a sinner!"

"Small Man" hurried to her side. "What's de matter, Cressy, what am de matter?" he crooned as he sank on his knees beside his trembling wife. "Doan take on so. I'se gwine ter come out clar and clean. I'se gwine ter show dem dat I ain't no mis'able sinner. Ah jes' been slack, dat's all, honey, jes' a lil' slack."

"'Tain't you, 'Small Man'. I'se feelin' lak I oughter be in yer place, po' mis'able sinner dat I am. Lord hab mussy, hab mussy." The little negro gazed at her in a stupefied way. He did not understand. Then his anger rose.

"Hab dat preacher man bin tellin' you dat you is a sinner? Tell me dat. Ef he bin sayin' dat ter you he am a debbil an' a liar from de fiery pit an' I'se a-gwine ter tell him so to his ugly face."

Aunt Cressy rose from her chair and waved her small man away. "No, honey, he ain't call me no names, he jes' kind er set me all a-trimlin! Dat's all he do. Now den, honey, you must git out yer

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good clothes, fo' dis am meetin' night an' yer's gwine ter cum froo all right, ef yer jes' confess dat yer bin a backslider from grace. We is all po' mis'able sinners, but I reckon you all jes' bin a bit de mos' reckless."

"Small Man" groaned as he prepared for the ordeal. He was helped into a stiffly starched shirt by his spouse, brushed, patted, and "slicked up" by her helpful hands.

Together they passed through the little garden path that led from the cabin on down the road that wended its way to Zion Church. It was dusk as they entered the portals of the rude edifice. Around the doorway were grouped a motley crowd of "Small Man's" friends. In low tones they urged him to "buck up." "Don't git skeered of no preacher man! Git yer back up and hit out! He ain't no better dan you is!"

These and other bits of advice were snarled as the dejected negro passed through the door. Aunt Cressy helped her trembling mate to a seat in the very first row of benches. She plumped herself down beside him and began to fan herself vigorously with a huge palm-leaf. Her face was set and she looked neither to the right nor to the left, but fixed her gaze upon the preacher, who lolled back in an easy chair of ample proportions. The godly man mopped his shining face with a large handkerchief of snowy whiteness.

The hymn was announced and soon the melody of "Roll, Jordan, Roll" beat upon the fragile framework of the sanctuary until it seemed as if the shingled roof would tumble in and overwhelm the flock.

A chapter from the Good Book was read. The lesson had to do with the sheep and the goats, and as Parson Dibble gave due emphasis to the harrowing description he cast furtive glances in the direction of "Small Man." The diminutive negro seemed to shrink and shrivel as he sat with bowed head. He groaned and shivered as the narrative proceeded. The lesson finished, the bulky speaker closed the book and, standing with one arm resting on the reading desk, began in slow and solemn tones to announce that a most unpleasant duty had to be performed at this "most unfortunate time."

"Brethren and Sistren," he began, "we is called together to-night to determine what we is goin' to do wif a membah of dis flock who continually wanders away from de fold an' neglects ter jine wif his kind in de singin' of praises on de Sabbath day. One who would rather dangle wif a fish-pole in de near-by creeks dan lend hissef a shinin' example in de community. Ef he wuz not mated to a sistah of de church, I would pass de matter ovah an' say let him perish in de brimstone which he am accumulating fo' his final sizzling. But de mattah cannot pass unheeded. Brer 'Small Man' jined Zion Church fo' yeahs ago an' up ter las' year he bin a regler attendant to dis sanctuary. Den de evil one git a holt of him an' he begin ter backslide. He stay away and he talk agin de church. He laugh at his religion and he seek de companionship of no 'count black trash, an' of a Sunday he done bin seen shootin' craps wif de selfsame low-down mockers of religion. Crap shootin' am de narrer paff to de jail. Ef you will ask dem what wear de striped clothes and wear de ball an' chain what fust started dem on de downward paff—dey will respond, 'crap shootin'. Who, of dis assemblage, kin cast his eyes on a crap shooter an' say 'dar goes a honest man'?"

At this seemly thrust Aunt Cressy raised her head and snorted. Parson Dibble, seeing this, glared at her, as he continued: "Who kin know de innermost sins of any heart except deir own? By de outward signs we must be known an' when our habits is bad, we is suspected. Dat's what sin carries wif it—suspicion. Now, I is gwine ter ask my flock what punishment dey calculate is de best for Brer 'Small Man's' good. What line of action is gwine ter start his feet on de right road, and, after de service I wish de congregation to remain and we will vote on de project."

The parson heaved a great sigh of relief as he mopped his perspiring countenance, and, shifting his position, he smilingly announced that as there was no further business to transact they would all join in singing a hymn. . . . He got no further. A slight commotion in the third row caught his attention.

"Will de Sistah remain in her seat until de service am finished?" he commanded

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in his loudest voice. His eyes bulged as he saw the spare form of Sister Caroline rise slowly and adjust her spectacles as she unfolded a paper. "Will Sistah Caroline keep her seat?" The persistent female refused to do so. Aunt Cressy groaned as she fanned herself vigorously. Parson Dibble started toward the determined interrupter, but before he could get to her she announced in shrill tones that "there was a shortage of seven dollars in the Missionary fund and did Brer 'Small Man' know whar it am done gone, Aunt Cressy bein' de custodian of de collections."

The congregation looked aghast as the accuser stood glaring defiantly at Aunt Cressy. Parson Dibble's face twitched nervously as he grabbed the speaker's desk for support. "Small Man" gazed stupidly into space. Aunt Cressy fanned and perspired. As she started to rise, the preacher commanded her to desist. After quietness had been somewhat restored the agitated parson turned slowly and, directing his gaze at "Small Man," slowly and deliberately asked him: "Does yer heah de accusation dat is projected? What hab yer ter say?"

That was enough. Aunt Cressy rose to her feet, her eyeballs flashing fire. With one mighty sweep of her powerful arm she sent a hymn-book hurling at the head of the astonished preacher.

"Oh you debbil of sin, is dat de way you was gwine ter fix matters? Gwine ter put de blame on dis yer measly specimen of man what's bowed to de ground already wif grief an' shame? Not if I knows it, is yer!" The irate woman pounded her way to the speaker's desk and with a mighty sweep of her open hand sent the parson toppling over into the corner where he lay stunned by the sudden onslaught.

"Let him lay whar he am, till yer heah what I got ter say."

Several deacons rushed to his assistance, but Aunt Cressy beat them off. "Let him lay whar he am, till yer heah what I got ter say," she shouted. The congregation, swayed under the command of the angry amazon, kept their seats. Parson Dibble, recovering from his sudden downfall, crawled toward her on his knees and, with outstretched arms, begged

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her to let him explain. "Explain nuffin," she shouted. "I'se gwine ter explain, so it'll be right. I'se gwine ter lay back mah heart an' tear it wide open wif de grief an' shame dat's pressin' it down, but I ain't gwine ter spare you all, you mis'able sarpint!" The humiliated man covered his face with his hands. Facing the agitated congregation, Aunt Cressy began:

"Brudders and Sistahs, heah de confessions of a mis'able weak sinner. You all done 'spect dat my man was de blackest sheep in de flock, but he ain't, he ain't dat, an when dis wolf in sheep's clothes reckons he gwine ter put a sin on my man's back, when it don't belong dar, he's gwine ter git come up wif. I done took dat seben dollars from de Missionary fund, but what did I tek it fo'? Not fo' ter giddy up mysef, not fo' ter mek my lil' man mo' dressy dan de folks he done 'sociate wif, no indeed, I ain't done it for none ob dem fings. I done it at de 'sistance ob de Reverend Parson Dibble, who tempted me till he got it, got de money dat was meant ter go to de po' preacher in de heathen lands, an' what do yer fink he wanted dat sacred money fo'? Ter—buy—a—silk—hat. He done tek de blood money ob de temple fer ter mek hissef mo' giddy lookin'! I was de sinner in bein' tempted and he was de debbil ter temp' me. An' when he finks dat he kin cast de sin on my man an' mek him de scapegoat, he ain't gwine ter git started befo' I'se on his back wif all mah claws set an' a-diggin' in." Exclamations of approval greeted Aunt Cressy's confession and accusation.

She strode to her seat, her eyes flashing fire. Lifting "Small Man" from his seat, she carried him down the narrow aisle. Halting at the door, she turned squarely, and, facing the cowering preacher, who stood trembling and leaning heavily on the reading desk, she raised her mighty voice: "An' what's mo', dis edifice ain't big enuf ter hol' me and mah lil' man, while dat sarpint's gwine ter hiss honey ter folks what ain't professin' ter be saints lak he am. Amen."

Remembering

BY IMOGEN CLARK

THE little ghosts come thronging close—
  But there's no need to fear!
For one's that joyous smile of hers,
  And one's her laugh, brook-clear.

And one's the rustle of her gown,
  A soft and silken stir,
And one's the touch of her dear hand
  As light as gossamer.

And there amid the little shapes
  Her face shows flower-fair,
And oh! the magic of her voice
  That passes on the air—
. . . . . .

The little ghosts come thronging close,
  In loveliness arrayed,
And to my empty heart they bring
  The sunshine that she made.

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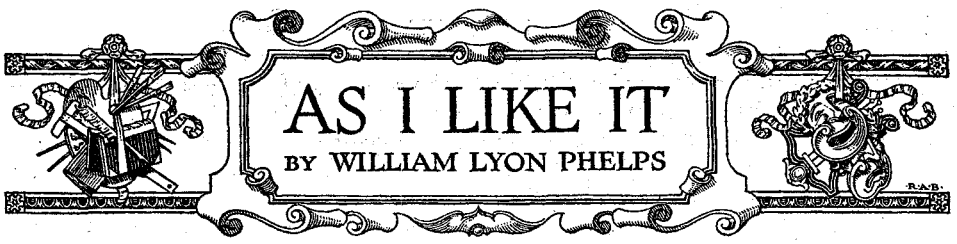

WHAT is the funniest book ever written? In trying to reawaken the echoes of forgotten laughter, let us remember and consider only those books which their authors intended to be funny. An overdone melodrama is funnier than a farce, and serious verse is sometimes more diverting than jingles. If we were to include unintentional humor, I should like a place reserved for "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," and for the catalogue of an American "university" I once read. Statistics? Nothing is funnier than statistics when studied from the proper angle.

The best answer I ever heard to the bizarre theory that the madness of Ophelia was meant to be funny, was given by William Winter, who wrote: "It is strange that if Shakespeare intended her to be funny, he did not make her so."

Arthur E. Bostwick, the admirable St. Louis librarian, in a communication to Christopher Morley's column in the New York *Evening Post*, says "a funny book is a contradiction in terms. Only brief compositions can be funny as a whole." There are exceptions to prove this rule. Frank Stockton's brilliant novel "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" is continuously and irresistibly funny. A still longer book, Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack," is a Marathon of humor. Mr. Bostwick inquires: "Did you ever hear a man tell a funny story an hour long?" No: but I have heard Stephen Leacock talk an hour long and keep his audience laughing; for, like Mark Twain, Professor Leacock is funny both with typewriter and with voice. William J. Locke's "Septimus" made me laugh louder in solitude than almost any other modern novel. George Ade's original "Fables in Slang" were certainly provocative of mirth. Why did he stop writing plays? "The College Widow" was fine farce and fine criticism. For an absolutely side-splitting book—which to be sure is short—let me recommend "In Need of Change," by Julian Street. That masterpiece reduced me to a state of gibbering helplessness, so that like Elymas in the Bible, I "went about seeking some to lead me by the hand."

Every humorist is an interpreter of life and a benefactor of mankind. I suppose that Artemus Ward's "lectures" must have been near perfection, though I don't care for his literary "remains."

One of the anomalies of the twentieth century is A. S. M. Hutchinson, who, in "Once Aboard the Lugger," wrote a novel that is continuously and delightfully humorous, and in "This Freedom" wrote another that failed for the lack of a sense of humor.

A magnificent answer was given by F. P. Adams of the New York *World* to the British novelist D. H. Lawrence. The latter said: "It must be terrible to be witty every day." "No," said Mr. Adams, "not so terrible as never to be witty at all."

The mastery of the art of parody requires peculiar talents. One must not only have the rare gift of mimicry, one must use it like an artist. In technique, one must be the absolute equal of the illustrious victim. It is as fatal to overdo parody as to overdo sentiment; thus most American parodists fail. The best we have is the excellent Louis Untermeyer, who is also one of our leading poets. I suppose the pinnacle of parody was attained by C. S. Calverley, in "Fly Leaves." It is curious, remembering Milne's drama, "The Truth about Blayds," that Calverley's grandfather had changed the youth's name to Blayds, and in later years the parodist reverted to the correct family name. Did he have prescience of present obloquy? Swinburne, in his volume, "The Heptalogia: or The Seven against Sense," showed himself to be a master of parody. His series of verses, "John

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Jones," a parody of Browning's "James Lee," is the most brilliant burlesque of Browning I ever saw, and there are many. Swinburne afterward suppressed this volume, though he had parodied himself in it; but it was once more made available by the late Thomas B. Mosher of Maine, whom all book-lovers will remember with affection. "John Jones" is as impressive technically as it is disarmingly hilarious.

J. C. Squire is one of the most accomplished parodists in activity. He can and does reproduce the manneristic tricks of many kinds of writers, from classic poets to mortal book-reviewers. To all who enjoy that sort of thing, let me recommend Mr. Squire's "Collected Parodies." Almost every week *Punch* contains a good illustration of this delicate art; and in the present year of grace, E. V. Knox, one of *Punch's* leading contributors, has brought a score of his pieces together in a little volume called "These Liberties." He gives his own versions of A. S. M. Hutchinson, Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, and others. His accuracy is admirable. He is as happy in quotation as in his original work: could anything be better than the passage from "Macbeth" which adorns his title-page?

> "their virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of their taking-off."

One of the most tragic moments in my life at school was during the required exercises in elocution. I had chosen Poe's "Raven," and the boy who immediately preceded me spoke a jovial parody of the same poem. Then came my turn, and I had no other load to fire. I suffered worse than the hero of the poem, arousing at every line much more laughter than my predecessor. At the end I sat despondent, knowing there was no nepenthe. I was little comforted by the instructor's saying that my version would live longer than the other's. I did not want to live at all.

Are all humorists sad? They say that Josh Billings cried most of the time. A man called on him when he was busy, and the person who took the visitor's card said that Billings was at that moment writing and crying. His friend was sympathetic, and wished to know what was the matter. "Oh, nothing; he always cries while he is writing." Just then the fresh copy came out for the printer; the manuscript was wet with the author's tears. He had written, "Nothing can cure a man of laziness; but a second wife will sometimes help."

An American traveller this summer sent me an extract from a Belgian newspaper which proves that the famous joke about the man carrying the tall clock is now current in Brussels.

> Un déménageur qui sortait d'un immeuble en portant sur le dos un énorme coffre d'horloge ancienne, heurte, sur le trottoir, un monsieur, et s'excuse:
> —Pardon, M'sieu. . . .
> Et celui-ci de répliquer amer, regardant le porteur, la lourde boîte et le cadran:
> —Vous ne pourriez pas porter une montre-bracelet, comme tout le monde?

Curiously enough, another funny story is analogously reproduced in all seriousness in a popular play now running in New York, where a man shows his courage and composure by killing somebody and then coolly eating ham-and-eggs. The story is of the confirmed drinker who was told by a physician that he could cure himself of the habit if every time he felt an acute desire for a drink he would immediately *eat* something. The result was that he was nearly arrested as a lunatic. For one night in a hotel a man in the next room shot himself; our friend rose, peeped into the apartment where he had heard the noise, rushed down-stairs, and roared at the night clerk: "The man in Room 102 has just killed himself; for God's sake give me a ham-and-eggs!"

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THE last word on the smells controversy shall be pronounced by one of the foremost physiological-psychologists in America, who writes me:

> Memory for smell is for most people vicarious and occurs in the form of other kinds of imagery—particularly verbal. That is to say there is no re-arousal in the form of an olfactory image of the original sensation—as commonly occurs, for example, in visual experiences. But one can "remember" a smell in a perfectly practical way without reinstating it as an olfactory image. Not a few persons, however, can re-excite olfactory images just as you evidently do visual images—and in that case may elicit just such organic reac-

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tions as were occasioned by the original sensation, *e. g.*, nausea.

These persons are relatively rare, however, and while almost every one can by practice display some power of olfactory imagination and so of memory, in most persons it is very poorly developed. . . .

It depends a good deal what you mean, too, when you say that "the sense of smell in man is not nearly so strong as the sense of sight." True, it is used much less. But the nose can detect minute amounts of certain odorous substances of an order of magnitude which makes the most delicate performances of the eye look coarse by contrast.

Mr. Hudson evidently knew little of comparative zoology and embryology or he would have known that the reason for grouping taste and smell together and in some ways in distinction from vision and hearing, is quite different from what he assumes and mentions. Mr. Hudson is simply assuming that his own experiences are a valid basis for generalization. They are not. Individual variation is nowhere more extreme than in the field where he has ventured to dogmatize.

I leave the scientist in command of the field, and am grateful for his information and for his trouble.

♣ ♣ ♣

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, who ought to live forever as a witness to truth in every successive age of falsehood, has been writing some remarkable articles in the Boston *Transcript*, which I hope he will ultimately collect in the more permanent form of a book. His article on the degeneration of American universities into business schools is particularly valuable because acutely needed. We are in danger of forgetting the true purpose of institutions of higher learning. Some time ago I read a series of articles on American colleges in which everything was emphasized except learning. It seemed to be assumed that the one essential was a spirit of democracy. If it could be proved that boys who waited on table, took care of furnaces, and in other ways supported themselves were treated as equals by the richer students, then the university in question was perfect and fulfilling all its ideals. It is a splendid thing to see a young man "work his way" in college or anywhere else; but surely he should know why he is doing it.

By the way, having in olden times read many attacks on Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, in which they were represented as sinks of iniquity, it is rather amusing just now to see the novels devoted to the "study of life" in American State universities, where the students are depicted as caring for nothing except societies, athletics, and dissipation. It is amusing because formerly students in those institutions now so bitterly attacked were held up to us degenerates as models of noble, democratic, ambitious, hard-working sons and daughters of the soil. Furthermore, I observe that the huge co-educational "plants" are attacked for precisely opposite reasons. Some plaintiffs urge that the boys care nothing for the girls; others, that they care for nothing else.

♣ ♣ ♣

TO those care-ridden moralists who imagine that the young people are all going to the devil, let me recommend a letter in the interesting "Memoir of Lady Rose Weigall," written July 24, 1862.

> I sat at dinner by the Duke of Hamilton, who inquired much after you. He is still wonderfully handsome, and I was much struck by his *gracefulness* in dancing, which he did with several other middle-aged after dinner. It was a contrast to the *slouching walk* which the young men call dancing.

The italics are not mine.

I am grateful to Rachel Weigall for publishing her mother's letters. They extend in time from 1846 to 1920, and as she "knew everybody" in England and on the Continent, the intimate references to Browning, Gladstone, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, and others make thrilling reading. Here we are told for the first time how that best of all novels of school life, "Tom Brown at Rugby," came to be written. Those who like a close view of royalty will have their curiosity abundantly satisfied. Finally it is interesting to see the letters that passed between Lady Rose Weigall and Admiral von Eisendecher during the World War. It is impossible to imagine letters more difficult to write, and the success of both is the highest tribute. The letter to Lady Rose from her son in 1913, giving an account of an interview with Admiral von Tirpitz, will be eagerly read. It is pleasant to observe that the lifelong friendship between Lady Rose and the Grand Duchess of Baden was not broken by the war;

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although in 1916 Lady Rose speaks sadly of the bombs dropped on London by the Zeppelins, and the Grand Duchess speaks with equal sorrow of the bombs dropped on Karlsruhe. "We passed through moments too sad to be put into words. So many children taken from their parents, so many mothers from their children," wrote the German duchess.

THE "Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell" (some of which were printed in this magazine in May, 1923) are now in book form, published in London and San Francisco, and limited to an edition of 850 copies (the type has been distributed). It is a beautiful book mechanically and spiritually. The correspondence covers the years 1896–1909, and the accompanying annotations show both discernment and good taste. Mr. Meredith was attracted to Alice Meynell by reading her weekly column in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He did not know the name of the author, but felt a kind of sacred love toward the personality which the articles revealed. At that time (1895) the brilliant Harry Cust, whose posthumous poems appeared in 1918, was the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club, at which both Meredith and Cust were present, the novelist's curiosity was satisfied. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Meynell, and an intimate friendship resulted; when she and her husband came to visit him at Box Hill, he found her conversation as stimulating as her formal compositions. His letters to her and her family are deeply affectionate. There are many interesting allusions to contemporary authors; Meredith was difficult to please and though he did his best to share Mrs. Meynell's enthusiasms, it was only occasionally that he succeeded. There is, however, a prophetic phrase on Edith Wharton at the outset of her career (1902): "She has only to rebuke her facility, and she will do very good work." His resolute stoical acceptance of life appears in his last letter, written only three months before his death. "For me, I drag on counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful."

His comment on "The Pilgrim's Scrip" of "Richard Feverel" will surprise many readers. "It is hard on me that the Scrip should be laid to my charge. These aphorisms came in the run of the pen, as dramatizings of the mind of the System-maker. I would not have owned to half a dozen of them."

MR. ALFRED A. SPENCER, in an article on "Book Postage and Popular Education," is endeavoring to aid the farmers in an original but effective manner. In an explanatory letter, he writes me:

> The fact is, as you may know, that the librarians are not getting anywhere with the farm population, their most important field, so far as educational extension is concerned. Several years ago I projected into the library world the somewhat heretical statement that the way to reach the farmers was to make it as easy for them to borrow and return the books as it now is for the city man. For this there is no other means as comprehensive as the daily service of the rural delivery. That this service also needs the traffic will be apparent when I quote from official figures that the average load of the rural carrier, paid and equipped to carry from 250 to 500 pounds, is but 25 pounds . . . we also seek such general reduction in the rate for public-library books as is justified by their superior economy as parcels as compared with the bulky, ill-shaped, perishable, fragile, or periodically congestive packages that make up the mail.

Anything that brings public libraries and the public together is worthy of public support.

MY remarks in the August number on the general ignorance of parliamentary law brought good news from West Hartford, Conn. The Associate Superintendent of the Public Schools informs me that

> during the past school year, I have conducted classes in civics, making a practical application of the instruction, by considering each schoolroom as a community, each scholar as a citizen, and by giving each scholar opportunity to practise the performance of the duties of citizenship. This involves parliamentary law practice in conducting meetings, elections, etc., and I am sure you would have been much pleased if you could

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have witnessed the admirable way in which scholars of the fifth and sixth grades, some of them not more than ten years of age, performed their respective duties.

There is no reason why this method should not be generally adopted.

A professor of mathematics in the University of California, after denouncing the shop-worn phrase "in the last analysis," to which I should like to add the tiresome "acid test," writes with professional authority about an expression almost equally common:

There is still another phrase which I as a mathematician and a lover of careful thinking and expression find particularly abominable. If a mouth-filling superlative is desired which shall also give an impression of mathematical profundity, the stupid phrase "to the nth degree" is called in. Now the "nth degree" is "any degree," and may mean the first degree, the second degree, or the thousandth, and if you recall the meaning of a negative exponent [I don't] you will see that the "nth degree" may stand for a quantity as small as one may wish.

Which shows what an ignoramus I am. I had always supposed that the nth degree was an honorary degree, ranking above all others. I thought it was like that infinity where parallel lines meet. (How absurd to say that parallel lines meet only in infinity, when any one can stand on the rear platform of a moving train, and see them meet a quarter of a mile away!) However, no more nth degree for me. I'm through.

♣ ♣ ♣

WHAT are we to think of this press despatch coming out of Russia?

Krupslayia, wife of Nikolai Lenin, dictator of Soviet Russia, is a noted educator, having written several thousand text-books on teaching. She is also a poet, her lyrics having attracted much favorable praise in Russian literary circles. She has also written much on social problems, especially on suffrage.

She must be a pedagogue to the nth degree. (Oh, I forgot!) It is pleasant to note also that her poems have attracted "favorable praise." That is better than being damned by the faint kind. Anyhow, she seems busy.

Speaking of the moon in fiction, a missionary in China writes me that she has just discovered the following contribution to science in a novel by the late Mrs. Humphry Ward. "It was ten o'clock, and the harvest moon, as yet only a brilliant sickle, was rising." To this sentence I award the prize. My correspondent may be pardoned for suggesting that the Bible is as a rule more scientifically accurate than the general run of modern novelists.

♣ ♣ ♣

IN my remarks on Barnum, I made a bad blunder when I spoke of "the long weeks without hardly any sleep." It is pleasant to record the fact that up to this moment I have received some thirty letters correcting me. I wish that were my only mistake. However, the record for bad English is still held by a man who was not long ago a governor of one of our large States. He performed the unusual feat of making three grammatical errors in a sentence composed of two words. *Them's them!*

♣ ♣ ♣

IT is becoming increasingly common to discover bookshops where the proprietor not only knows books, but loves them. Formerly, if you went into other shops you could assume that the managers and the clerks knew something about the articles advertised for sale; but in most bookshops, it was impossible to find any one who had even an adumbration of knowledge. Things are improving. The ideal bookshop is Parker's, in Los Angeles, where the proprietor is a veritable host, knowing every item on the bill of fare. He sits up all night reading. Another good shop is Beach's, in Indianapolis; his favorite place for reading is the street-car, and he adds, "I forget to get off where I should. But that doesn't matter!" I sometimes wonder what the bookmen buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

There is still room for improvement. A friend of mine recently entered a bookshop near Chicago, wishing to buy one of Shakespeare's plays, and the proprietor had never heard of the author.

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ARTHUR S. HILDEBRAND has written a remarkable and true tale of adventure in "Blue Water." He and

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two friends bought a yawl in Scotland and sailed to the Isles of Greece, taking frequent and prolonged shore leave. The story would be interesting even if unskilfully told; but the book is more notable for its literary art than for the incidents. Mr. Hildebrand was graduated from Yale in the class of 1910, and this year has seen the publication of three novels by three of his classmates. "The Seven Hills," by Meade Minnigerode, "Family," by Wayland Williams; "Trodden Gold," by Howard Vincent O'Brien—all three emphatically worth reading. The novelist Waldo Frank also really belongs to this class, for in 1910 he had completed the work for the B. A. degree; he preferred to be enrolled with 1911, and remained for an M. A.

Those who like a breathlessly exciting detective story will enjoy William Garrett's "Friday to Monday," and will read it in much less time than that.

Nineteen twenty-three has been a notable year for the activity displayed by American novelists of established reputation. Edith Wharton, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Elsie Singmaster, Ernest Poole, Joseph Lincoln, Ethel Kelley, Mary S. Watts, Herbert Quick, have all produced new novels of importance. With the one exception of "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton's "A Son at the Front," which appeared serially in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, is probably her best work; her command of style has never seemed more resourceful. The title should not repel; it is not a son at the front, but a father somewhere else, who is the protagonist.

A new author, Alfred B. Stanford, shows such originality and power in "The Ground Swell," that I am already looking forward to his next book. He is, I believe, a pupil of the accomplished poet, dramatist, and critic, Stark Young.

Among new books from England John Galsworthy's collection of short stories, "Captures," and the late Katherine Mansfield's "The Doves' Nest," are especially worthy of attention; both are marked by an economy of style that is one of the surest evidences of distinction. And Sheila Kaye-Smith has surpassed her best previous efforts in "The End of the House of Alard."

The president of the University of Michigan made a sensational addition to his faculty for the present year in securing the Poet Laureate of England. Although I am not thrilled by the poems of Doctor Bridges, there is no more scholarly poet in the world, none more fitted to fill a university professorship. And there is no college anywhere that would not be honored by his presence.

BROWNING'S Pied Piper refuses to remain in the misty region of legend. Last year a piper appeared in Budapest, who, according to the press despatches, saved a section of the city from a plague of rats by bewitching the animals with music. Then the city authorities refused to pay the piper. Now the New York *Tribune* informs me that a young veteran of the A. E. F., John Rogoff, is the Pied Piper of the East Side. Mr. Rogoff goes into a cellar, whistles in a peculiarly compelling fashion, and out come the rats. They stream toward him and eat from his hands. He gave a demonstration of his power to a sceptical observer, who, after counting seven rats in thirty seconds, incontinently fled. He was afraid, not of the beasts, but of the whistling. "It had a strange influence on him. He was afraid he'd get up and snatch a piece of bread himself."

TO turn from music for rats to music for men, it is pleasant to note that Walter Damrosch is to celebrate the centenary of the Ninth Symphony by giving in order all the symphonies of Beethoven. The announcements for the year would convince any one that New York is the musical capital of the world. Among the vast number of distinguished visitors are Siegfried Wagner, Chaliapin, and Vladimir de Pachmann. The last-named has been giving out interviews that are of no importance except as amusing self-revelations. His opinions fortunately have nothing to do with his skill. He may be irritating, even maddening, when he talks; but I had rather hear him play Chopin than hear any one else. The late Mr. Huneker gave him a name that stuck —the Chopinzee.

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THE theatre season in New York will be at its height when these lines appear in print; I am writing at my Michigan farm, where the most dramatic event thus far has been the annual separation of the sheep from their lambs. Both older and younger generation feel this acutely for exactly one night; then they forget all about it and proceed with their quotidian and eternal occupation—eating grass. This diet is not so monotonous as might at first thought appear; one blade of grass differeth from another in glory. Furthermore grass with a heavy morning dew and grass immediately after rain have entirely different flavors from grass in prolonged drought. It is like eating shredded wheat with and without cream. It is curious that sheep, wearing heavy woollen clothing, are so seldom thirsty; wool in sultry weather should produce a thirst. Now as a matter of fact sheep can live in a fair degree of comfort for three months without once taking a drink; and some farmers never water them during the winter, though it is better to do so. I asked a neighbor who keeps many sheep if he had ever seen one voluntarily drink; he never had. My sheep have access at any hour of the day or night in the summertime to a creek; but not in thirty years have I ever seen one drinking.

But to reverse the proverb, let us turn away from our muttons. So far as I can judge by announcements and by reading dramatic criticisms, the season in New York will be like the city itself, containing the best and the worst things in America. Shakespeare will be the most popular playwright, as more of his plays will be acted than those by any other author; Walter Hampden has a magnificent programme; Sothern and Marlowe will give among other productions, "Cymbeline," which I never saw but once, when it was presented by Margaret Mather. Two interpretations of King Lear, by Schildkraut and by Warfield, are promised; John Barrymore will in every way revive "Hamlet"; "Measure for Measure" and "Antony and Cleopatra" are coming. I shall also be particularly interested in seeing Walter Hampden in the stage version of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Booth Tarkington has two successful plays now running, and Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Changelings," with a remarkable cast, is an outstanding feature. On the other hand, there are some shows—a good name for them—that are so cynically defiant of decency that I have actually read rumors to the effect that many people have decided to stay away from the theatres altogether—a boycott that may become effective. No moralist's antagonism to the theatre has ever done the institution so much harm as that accomplished by those theatrical managers and producers who will apparently do anything for money. It is the traitor and not the open foe who injures any cause, and I say that all those concerned in the production of a play or spectacle that violates what is generally accepted as decency are traitors.

Outside of New York, the hope of dramatic art is in the Community Theatres and in the so-called Little Theatres. No city in America deserves more credit in this important work than Pasadena. The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association not only publishes an annual programme of plays produced, but a financial balance-sheet; and it has reason to be proud of both. It has survived six seasons, and in three years built up a membership from 42 to 1,442. In the summer courses of instruction are given in everything pertaining to dramatic and histrionic work. The seventh season, 1923–1924, includes "Candida," and during the past there have been played "King Lear," "His House in Order," "The Great Divide," "The Yellow Jacket," "Beyond the Horizon," "Potash & Perlmutter," "Strife," and many others, the mention of which sufficiently illustrates both variety and excellence. Pasadena is a model, and I advise all communities who are interested to write to the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association.

The death of Franklin H. Sargent was a loss to the drama and a personal loss to me, for I always felt honored by his friendship. In addition to directing an admirable academy for many years, it is owing to his efforts and example that so many universities and communities have had the impulse to produce Elizabethan drama. This general movement had its origin in Mr. Sargent's revival in 1895 of "The Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

Some Discursive Reflections on the Art of Art Criticism

THE most interesting thing in the world for the art critic this summer was the play of the limelight around —the art critic. Ordinarily he is one of the least conspicuous of mortals. In a practical age he is dedicated to the disinterested pursuit of ideas having no practical value. He exercises functions which have nothing on earth to do with the affairs engaging the majority of mankind. He is to a captain of industry what an astronomer is to a movie star. He could not, if he would, buy an old master; he can only talk about it. But in the year 1923 this talk of his for a little while shared public attention with the occupation of the Ruhr, the divagations of Signor Mussolini, and all the other high-erected themes of a distracted period. With the tidy sum of half a million dollars involved, it was deemed worth while to call in the art critic, a circumstance almost giving him a "practical" status, almost allying him with "big business."

I refer to the *cause célèbre* of "La Belle Ferronnière," the lady otherwise known as Lucrezia Crivelli, whose portrait by Leonardo da Vinci has long been one of the treasures of the Louvre. Mrs. Andrée Hahn, of Kansas City, owns a portrait of the same subject which she attributes to the same master, and which she has proposed to sell to the Kansas City Museum for $500,000. Sir Joseph Duveen's assertion that the painting was not a Leonardo held up the transaction, whereupon Mrs. Hahn brought suit to recover from him the amount named. As I write the case is pending in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. I have not seen the picture. I have no opinion to express upon it. But I have been fascinated by that other picture presented by the situation developed in preparation for the trial. Mrs. Hahn's painting was submitted in Paris to the scrutiny of a galaxy of all the critical talents, gathered together by Sir Joseph Duveen. Mr. Bernard Berenson came over from Italy. Sir Charles Holmes, of the National Gallery, arrived from London. Herr Bode was expected from Berlin, but, I believe, could not come. This was, perhaps, as well, since Mrs. Hahn's attorney, who was present at all these proceedings, might have dragged in disconcerting allusions to another Leonardesque incident, that of the famous wax bust. But it is not my object to enumerate here the entire personnel of the critical clan. The point is simply that the clan was summoned, and that the world on both sides of the Atlantic respectfully listened to what it had to say. Mrs. Hahn's experts, I suppose, will receive the same kind of attention when they are cited. Meanwhile, waiting to see which side shall prevail, many observers have doubtless been moved to reflection and inquiry on the whole broad question of the rôle of the critic. If he is to play his part in court along with the other experts familiar there, with the authorities on chemistry, engineering, lunacy, and so on, how far do his credentials go and what is the story of their establishment?

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IN the eyes of a multitude of artists the critic is an enemy of mankind, and it is easy to see how this notion has arisen. Consider the difference between the chemist and the art critic, functioning as experts. It embraces a crucial element. One deals with insensate things; the other with the works of human beings. The chemist hurts no feelings; the art critic

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sometimes rasps them horribly. Judge Parry, in a delightful paper on the celebrated case of Whistler *vs.* Ruskin, in which his father, Sergeant Parry, appeared for the plaintiff, recalls an apposite story. Ruskin wrote to a friend that he hoped a devastating criticism he had published on that individual's picture would make no difference in their friendship. "Dear Ruskin," replied the artist, "next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship." There is the nubbin of the question as it lies between the artist and the critic. Wounded *amour propre* has never yet permitted a man to reason impersonally. The validity of criticism as an art passes right out of the consciousness of an artist who has been rubbed the wrong way. This leads to some droll attitudes. An actor, for example, will tell you that the fate of a play, by which we may suppose him to mean judgment on its merits, depends upon the opinions passing in conversation amongst theatre-goers. He will respect the simple statement of "Good" or "Rotten," which may be heard as the audi-

La Belle Ferronnière.

From the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli by Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre.

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ence disperses. The statement, of course, may be made by an auditor who knows nothing about the art of the stage, who knows only what he likes, who knows only whether he has been entertained or bored. On the other hand, the trained critic who not only says that the thing is bad but gives his reasons, gets the actor's goat.

It is in the nature of things. It will always be so. But it sheds no light on our problem. Let us return to Whistler. He won damages of but a farthing out of the trial. Forthwith he set out to get even in his own way. Summing up what he called "the *fin mot* and spirit of this matter," he proceeded to belabor Ruskin and, through him, all art critics. He raised some good laughs, laughs to be enjoyed with him to this day by any open-minded reader, whether he be artist or critic; but he failed to contribute a feather's weight to the philosophy of the subject. I may note his principal fallacy. "He [the critic] brands himself as the necessary blister for the health of the painter, and writes that he may do good to his art." The critic does nothing of the sort. The point that Whistler overlooked is that evaluation is description. To say that a picture is bad in this or that respect is only incidentally to admonish the artist; the real purpose is to tell the lay reader what it is like.

Whistler is the salient exponent of the argument that the artist alone is the person to tell you what a work of art is like, or worth. "Shall the painter then decide upon painting? Shall *he* be the critic and sole authority? Aggressive as is this supposition, I fear that, in the length of time, his assertion alone has established what even the gentlemen of the quill accept as the canons of art and recognize as the masterpieces of work." It is a plausible dictum and only gains in plausibility as you turn to some of the sayings of artists. Read the "Pensées" of Ingres, or Delacroix, or Rodin. Read one of the most beautiful books on art ever printed, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," written by Fromentin, an artist. Whistler himself, in his "Ten O'Clock," delivered some precious observations. In the invaluable "Impressions sur la Peinture" of Alfred Stevens, the Franco-Belgian master, there is a reflection which it is impossible to deny: *Un grand artiste est en général un bon critique, parce qu'il pénètre mieux dans les arcanes des choses.* The most illuminating talk on art to which I have ever listened was that of John La Farge. I need not labor the subject. From Leonardo down there have been artists who were magnificently eloquent and instructive on their mystery. But that, I maintain, means simply that from time to time—and not very often—the artist has been doubled with the philosopher and the critic. He has happened to possess, in addition to his artistic gift, the critical faculty, which is a thing by itself. He has been a good critic not merely because he has been an artist but because the gods have given him a dual nature.

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THERE is the familiar hypothesis that the critic is an artist who has failed, but I need not dwell on this. It is refuted by the testimony of uncounted exhibitions that, along with his betters, the artist who has failed goes right on painting. Nor is the artist who has succeeded necessarily a profitable guide. Stevens has noted the intense preoccupation of the successful painter with the formulas through which he has won his success. It is the foible of most artists, standing forever in the way of their exercising a catholic and sympathetic judgment in matters of art. They see things too much in the light of what they have themselves done. I speak here not from theory but from observation. No, we must seek elsewhere than among artists for criticism. Stevens himself gives us a helpful clew when he says: *L'opinion d'un connaisseur est plus flatteuse que les suffrages de la foule ignorante.* In connoisseurship resides the key to criticism, in knowledge, vitalized by natural taste and *flair*. It corresponds in art to what Matthew Arnold was driving at in letters when he talked about the critic's knowing the best that had been thought and said in the world.

In knowing. It is the corner-stone of criticism. I have at my elbow one of the classical achievements in art criticism, the yellowed pages of a series of articles printed long ago in the *Gazette des Beaux-*

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Arts. They were written by the French critic Thoré, over the name of "W. Burger," and they announce his reconstitution of the works of Vermeer of Delft. Jan Vermeer was known before him, but his works were largely hidden under other names in the galleries of Europe. Thoré divined him and restored to him his lost masterpieces. With inexhaustible patience and industry in research, with "conviction, ardor, and passion," as Havard says, with intuition and with knowledge, he plodded through the museums, spotted the previously unknown Vermeers, and gave a great painter to fame. I wonder if any painter, in the rôle assigned to him by Whistler in the passage I have quoted, has ever performed a similar service to the cause of art? How often does the painter have the time, or the temperament, to delve as the critic delves? How much pains does he take to *know?*

Thoré's great *coup* dates from 1866. It was in the early seventies that Giovanni Morelli, an Italian writing in German over a Russian name, that of "Ivan Lermolieff," made his first excursions in the art of art criticism and demonstrated that if it was an art it was also to some extent susceptible of approximation to an exact science. In studies of the works of certain masters in German and Italian galleries he developed a method as painstaking as that of Thoré, with traits of its own placing the whole matter upon a firmer basis than it had ever had before. He analyzed the characteristics of a painter with the systematic thoroughness of an anatomist. He turned comparison from an odious thing into a source of illumination. His method has been in use ever since, and largely through its influence art criticism, in the modern sense, has been as fully professionalized as art itself, strong in research and documentation, coming into court with emphasis upon facts as well as upon imponderables.

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THERE has just been published by an American critic a book which is very germane to our subject. Professor John C. Van Dyke, who has been teaching and writing on art for forty years, developed early in his career a scepticism as to many Rembrandt attributions. There are in the world between six and seven hundred paintings given to the Dutch master. Sifting them as the years have gone on, this critic has now written the book aforesaid, "Rembrandt and his School," to suggest that the bulk of that tremendous mass of work was done by pupils and followers. He draws up a list of pictures unquestionably by Rembrandt, in his opinion, and it contains less than fifty titles! Such revision of the accepted catalogue is prodigious. If matters of art were as popular as baseball the book would set all the newsboys to crying "Extra!" It is enough to make European and American collectors and dealers feel as though the ground were rocking under their feet. There is no limit to the ruthlessness of the critic. Seeing the whole Rembrandt *œuvre* as "a huge snowball that had gathered to itself the work of the school," he stoutly breaks up the ball, resolves it into what he considers its true ingredients, and, without weakening Rembrandt, as he would maintain, enormously enriches a lot of his disciples. In 1921 there were twenty-six paintings listed as Rembrandts in the Berlin Museum. Professor Van Dyke reduces the number of genuine Rembrandts to three and has "a shade of doubt" about each one of them. He won't accept the Rembrandts in our own Metropolitan Museum. "Not one of the pictures put down to Rembrandt is by him." That renowned masterpiece, the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails," which he does not think is a masterpiece at all, he says is by Nicolaes Maes. The "Oriental" and the "Pilate" he gives to Salomon Koninck, the "Hendrickje Stoffels" to Bernaert Fabritius, and so on.

To justify these and scores of other reattributions he goes deeply into questions of mentality, emotion, and technique as these things are disclosed in the characteristic productions of the painters concerned, making incessantly minute comparisons. His illustrations are chosen to give the reader practical aid in following his thesis. Thus he puts side by side the portraits of Rembrandt's sister given to the master in the Liechtenstein gallery and the Brera. Following his analysis step by step, it is next to impossible to reject his conclusion that whereas the por-

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trait at Vienna is by Rembrandt, the one at Milan is as clearly by Jan Lievens. It is an exciting book. The author is another Sherlock Holmes. Repeatedly you feel that he has pounced upon his prey. Often, too, you feel that he has carried the chase too far and has brought home doubtful quarry. For my own part, I can-

Rembrandt's Sister.

From the portrait by Rembrandt in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.

Rembrandt's Sister.

From the portrait by Rembrandt in the Brera, Milan, attributed by Professor Van Dyke to Jan Lievens.

not believe that the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" is by Maes, that the "Blinding of Samson," at Frankfort, is by Horst, that the "Manoah's Offering," at Dresden, is by some nameless pupil. But I do not pause here upon the specific questions raised in the book. Those need to be traversed by themselves, at length. I dwell now rather upon the broad suggestiveness of Professor Van Dyke's argument and upon the remarkable machinery supplied for examination into unnumbered riddles. Here is a delightful example of the critical faculty in operation, a demonstration of what scholarship and industry can do to clarify a confessedly murky situation. It shows that art criticism is not a matter of casual and capricious impressionism, but a reasoned activity of the mind.

The indisposition of some commentators to regard it in that light is partly explained by the fact that once in so often the critic perpetrates a perfectly gorgeous howler. In 1909 Bode bought in London, for £8,000, for the Berlin Museum, a wax bust of "Flora" which he attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It presently turned out to be the work of a deceased British sculptor named Lucas. When the inside of it was explored it yielded a fragment of a mid-Victorian bedquilt. In 1910 Mr. James Grieg, an English critic, tried to persuade the world that the famous "Rokeby Venus" was painted, not by Velasquez, but by Raphael Mengs. Decidedly your art critic is like everybody else, a fallible creature, and he is never so near to discrediting himself as when he sets up to be a pope. But that is an error which may overtake a man in any walk of life. It doesn't touch the essentials of valid art criticism, which are knowledge, experience, research, scientific system—

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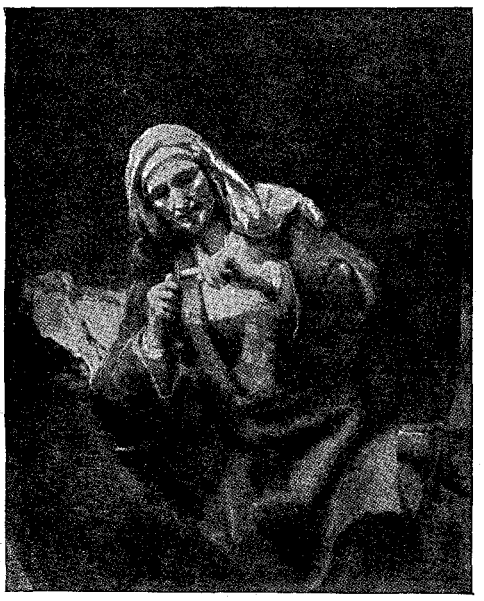
all endued with a force sprung from that mysterious thing called *flair*. For art criticism is nothing if not, with all its other resources, clairvoyant. One of Berenson's comments on the Hahn picture, quoted in the cables, provides a useful illustration. "It hasn't," he said, "the severity of a true Leonardo." Severity, no less. How are you to weigh and measure that? Can you touch and handle it? How are you to prove or disprove its presence in a given picture? You can't settle the question by rule of thumb. Either you feel Leonardo's severity or you don't. I remember looking some thirty years ago at the "Madonna of San Onofrio," on the Janiculum, and wondering why it was called a Leonardo. It seemed to me, as it seemed to others, to have been painted by Boltraffio. But nobody that I know of has ever been able conclusively to demonstrate that attribution, which is nevertheless now generally accepted. Imagine a drawing, falsely given to Botticelli, and submitted to a critic of Italian art. Ask him why he rejects it. If he tells you that the line is rigid, inelastic, where Botticelli's line is supple, flowing, do you expect him to tell you how he knows? How, save through a power of perception residing only partly in his eyes. Knowledge of Botticelli's drawings helps him. So does instinct, *flair*.

The Sleeping Woman.

From the painting by Nicolaes Maes in the Brussels Museum.



Old Woman Cutting Her Nails.

From the painting by Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum, attributed by Professor Van Dyke to Nicolaes Maes.

I THOUGHT of the effect of the play of that instinct this summer, when the death of Sorolla revived discussion of his art. Everybody remembers the sensation that he made when an immense collection of his works was shown at the Hispanic Museum some years ago. The *foule ignorante* hailed him tumultuously as the opener of a new heaven and a new earth. He was an accomplished painter. He knew how to depict figures moving in the open air and in the water, under blazing sunshine, and he turned his clever trick to something like perfection. There never were more joyous pictures. Only they were not the evidences of a great creative art. It was the business of the art critic to enforce that point, to enforce

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the discrimination which is the central principle in the enjoyment of works of art; and as he reflects upon the altered status of Sorolla, abundantly honorable but not by any means what it was at the Hispanic show, he may be forgiven if he smiles at the Whistlers of this world, with their *ipse dixits* as to who shall and who shall not open his mouth about painting. I see Berenson in my mind's eye as he was described in the despatches, "with immaculately white-gloved hands," pointing out what he saw in the picture before him. I am aware of his learning, of his long study of Leonardo. Speaking of the picture in the Louvre he said that forty years ago he had been just ignorant enough to doubt its authenticity. Now the doubts were all gone. Greater knowledge had worked the change in his opinion. Also the source of his later thought was that instinct which guided him in the matter of Leonardo's "severity," a thing not so much to be seen as felt. This, as I have said, has come to be a factor in tangible affairs, a factor to be reckoned with in courts. Study of facts has come to fortify a spiritual thing. With the passage of time, a new sanction has been conferred upon the great saying of Keats: "When I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine."

Water Joy.
From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Business Situation Begins to Define Itself

CHANGE IN VIEWS OF FINANCIAL OBSERVERS—NEW THEORIES OF THE REACTION SINCE LAST SPRING—THE QUESTION OF EUROPE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT would not be overstating the case to say that at no time since the Great War ended, and possibly at no time since the war began, has there been so industrious an effort as this autumn's at diagnosis of the actual business situation. We have had, as it were, a continuous consultation of the experts, their finger always on the economic pulse. It happens often enough in every-day life that the consulting physicians differ on what is the matter with the patient. It is not so usual for them to differ as to whether anything is the matter with him.

Taking the Economic Pulse

In the nine or ten past years there have perhaps been only two occasions when the business community was entirely at loss in measuring the real conditions of the moment and trying to judge from them what was to happen next. One was in the closing weeks of 1914, when the idea of an avalanche of American securities, to be thrown back on us by Europe as soon as our markets should reopen, still had such influence on financial opinion as to offset in the formulation of financial judgment all other signs of American financial strength. The other happened in the early weeks of 1919, when the visible evidence of high demand for goods and active general trade could not dispel the underlying belief that the ending of the war must somehow be followed by world-wide economic reaction.

IN each of these instances, as it happened, the main assumption was correct. Europe did eventually "unload" its American securities on our markets after 1914, and the world-wide reaction duly arrived after 1919. But people who based their judgment of the financial situation wholly on these expectations were mistaken, in the one case as to the manner in which the prediction would be fulfilled, and in the other case as to the time of its fulfilment. The peculiar fact about the recent uncertainty of the financial mind was that no definite considerations of that nature, favorable or unfavorable, seemed to figure in the discussion; which consisted merely of repetition of the inquiry as to what the situation really was.

Other Occasions of Great Perplexity

There have been numerous answers from the experts, and they have varied rather widely. Reports from the Federal Reserve authorities did not indicate the existence of reaction. At the end of October the Reserve Board itself testified that wholesale business in the United States, measured by actual transactions, reached this autumn "the highest total value of any month since October, 1920." In the Middle West, monthly bulletins of the Reserve Banks reported "distinct improvement in expectations for fall and winter trade," "more confident feeling with respect to the underlying soundness of business in general," even "substantial increase in the volume of trade." They disputed even the familiar contention that hard times on the farms would prevent prosperity.

ONE Reserve Bank in the agricultural Northwest, where the low price of wheat was alleged to have impoverished

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producers, estimated in its end-of-October report that, notwithstanding a decrease of $58,000,000 in value of the district's wheat crop, compared with a year ago, the value of all its cereal crops, including wheat, had increased $70,000,000. Addressing the National Bankers' Convention, the president of the largest American bank described the business situation, because of what he considered its absolute soundness, as "the most favorable the country has known since our entry in the Great War." The president of the United States Steel Corporation, speaking to the annual meeting of the trade, declared "with confidence that the outlook is good"; that demand from consumers might be expected "to materially increase in volume during the next six months, unless something unforeseen and unwarranted should be precipitated." The Steel Corporation itself, instead of conserving all available resources against an expected collapse of business profits (as in the autumn of 1920), increased the dividend on its stock at the close of October.

Some Cheerful Forecasts

But, on the other hand, there was abundant recognition of a spirit of hesitation. The governor of the Federal Reserve Board referred in a public speech to "the general disposition to conservatism in both industry and finance," and this view was at least supported, not only by the hesitant stock market, but by the falling off of 31 per cent in monthly iron production as compared with the high mark of last spring, the similar reduction of 32 per cent in the unfilled orders on the United States Steel Corporation's books, and the decrease of 16 per cent in exchange of bank checks at the country's clearing-houses. If all that the bankers said of continuing business activity was true, how was this to be explained, occurring as it did in the usual season of maximum commercial activity?

ONE explanation was that the buyer of retail merchandise, the "ultimate consumer," was dissatisfied with the higher prices, and that the middlemen would not place orders freely for future delivery because they did not see their way clear to disposing of the goods at current prices. This has undoubtedly been true of the cotton trade, whose peculiar situation has been that the huge "carry-over" of surplus production from the large crops of 1919 and 1920 was used up in supplementing the deficient production of 1921 and 1922; that another deficient crop has been picked in 1923, and that a deadlock is being created between producers who want prices one-third higher than the fairly high prices of a year ago and spinners who do not believe that consumers will pay any such advance in the finished goods. But it is not true of prices as a whole, whose average is 7 per cent below what it was last spring, when merchants were buying with the utmost freedom.

Why there Should Be Reaction?

Another theory, which undoubtedly has much truth, was advanced by one of the national mercantile agencies, which suggested that "the heavy commitments" made by merchants in the spring months, when "many requirements were covered for months ahead," was the reason for the merchant's "delay in buying now." A good many experienced observers of the markets predicted, even in March and April, that "forward purchases" made then in such volume and so suddenly had probably removed the chance of a similarly active autumn market; so that this might be only a reasonable sequel.

THERE was a third explanation offered, with larger scope to its implications, which holds that the American business community has learned the lesson of self-restraint; that, taking a leaf from the disastrous experience of 1920, the path of conservatism has been chosen. The present quiet business season, without either violent expansion or violent reaction, has been described by one well-known financial critic as marking a real achievement in "the forbearance and prudence of our individual bankers, the skill of our credit men and the sagacity and prudence of our merchants, manufacturers, and other borrowers."

The Theory of Conservatism

There has, in fact, been an organized effort, conducted under strong auspices, to promote such practices of conservatism in trade. The purpose of this undertaking is ambitious; it is nothing less than to

(Financial Situation, continued on page 101)

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